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ERRATA in Vol. XCIX.

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280. l. 15. from bott., place a turned comma after ‘ appearanc

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For SEPTEMBER, 1822.

Art. I. *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa.* By William J. Burchell, Esq. Vol. I. 4to. With an entirely new Map, and numerous Engravings. pp. 600. 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* in Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

Prompted by the purest spirit of independence, and undismayed by the formidable and mournful discouragements which have attended most of the recent explorations of Africa, the intrepid author of these travels has consecrated several of the prime years of his life to a deliberate survey of unfrequented scenes, to an ample collection of specimens of natural productions, and to the preparation of his original narrative for the press: all this, too, he has accomplished on the sole strength of his own resources, and under every discomfort, toil, and peril. The principles on which he constructed his map are distinctly unfolded in the geographical remarks; and the colored plates, and even the vignettes, are accurately rendered from his own drawings. The feelings of the modest reader are respected throughout, and the writer's paramount object is to convey genuine information, by recording facts and observations as they really occurred. In the very first sentence, he brings us in sight of the Cape of Good Hope; and, on nearing this striking and romantic promontory, he indulges in a train of appropriate reflection. In consequence, however, of a violent tempest, he was driven out again to sea, and exposed to the most imminent danger. 'The captain, whose careful eye was unceasingly surveying every part of his ship, discovered that the try-sail, which was an old one, showed in several parts the first symptoms of splitting, some of the threads having already given way. Knowing that on this sail depended the maintenance of the balance of wind necessary for keeping the vessel's head either from falling off or broaching too, he began, with evident melancholy, to express to me his fears. At such a time as this, and indeed on every occasion, when the safety or right management of the ship is in question, a passenger (and here I was the only one) will naturally feel as anxious and wacthful as those to whom that safety is entrusted. I saw that our fate depend on the sail, and we knew that to replace it by another w impracticable at this time. After devising various plan I proposed that another sail should be hoisted under the l of it, so that in the event of its giving way, the pressure the wind would then be sustained by the lee sail. This su gestion was instantly approved, and no time was lost in carr ing it into execution.' — At length, on the 26th of Novemb 1810, the journalist first set foot on African soil.

For the convenience of making excursions in the neig bourhood, of procuring various articles requisite for the fu therance of his travels, and particularly with the view becoming acquainted with the Hottentots and their mode conversing in Dutch, Mr. Burchell resolved to fix his hea quarters for some months at Cape Town. Having devot two or three days to the landing of his baggage, and maki introductory visits to the official individuals and others whom he had recommendations, he sallied forth to the Lion Mountain; accompanied by Mr. Hesse, the Lutheran clerg man, under whose hospitable roof he resided, and with who he contracted an intimate friendship. In the course of th stroll, he found all the botanical riches of the Cape, which h fancy had pictured, greatly surpassed in reality: but a st more copious store of vegetable specimens rewarded his her orizing ramble in the direction of the Table Mountain; fo in the space of four hours and a half, he gleaned not few than one hundred and five distinct species of plants, with the limited compass of an English mile; and, at a mo favorable season of the year, it is reasonable to presume th double the number might have been procured. The beau ful and choice productions of the soil are, however, general despised as weeds by the colonists, who cultivate the mo common garden-flowers of Europe; and the various speci of the elegant tribe of heaths are not even distinguished name, but indiscriminately denominated *bushes*. Where t diversified and magnificent charms of Flora are viewed wi such frigid indifference, we cannot indulge in any very sa guine anticipations of a botanic garden and a museum: b we do not deny that such establishments might contribute improve the residents of the Cape in their acquaintance wi the rarities within their reach, and to promote the extensi of natural science in Europe.

In an excursion to Camps Bay, numerous additions we again made to the herbarium: but the range of Mr. Burchel observant and penetrating eye is by no means circumscrib by the circle of mere physical appearances; for the mo

conditi

condition of his own species at Cape Town, and particularly that of the Hottentot, Malay, Mozambique, and Madagascar slaves, also obtain a due share of his attention and considerate regard. His remarks on this interesting subject are thus introduced on the 1st of January, 1811:

'This day is generally kept by the Dutch as the greatest holiday in the year. The custom of sending to each other new-year's gifts is still kept up among them; and, in many families, the slaves are permitted to enjoy the day with their own friends; on which occasion, they dress in all their best clothes. It certainly softens some part of the horrid idea of slavery, to see that slaves possess, notwithstanding their humiliated condition, a mind which allows them to enjoy happiness whenever it may fall within their reach; or whenever their masters are fortunately of so humane and just a disposition as to look upon them as fellow-creatures, and to consider them as entitled to some reasonable share of the comforts of life. It would be unjust not to add, that this disposition in their masters is very common, especially in Cape Town. And though, probably, their humanity may often be attributable to self-interest, which bids them take every care of so valuable a part of their property, yet it is not for us to make a nice distinction in the motives, so long as the benefit which the poor slave enjoys from it is equal in both cases.'

In another passage, Mr. B. expresses, in a short sentence, the essence of the argument against a traffic which has imprinted an indelible stain on the annals of our race. 'Nothing,' says he, 'that the most able and ingenious advocates for slavery have advanced, can stand against that powerful objection, that it is a practice morally wrong, and directly contrary to the best and dearest feelings of human nature.'

A visit to *Paradise*, and to the summit of the Table Mountain, still greatly increased the catalogue of plants and specimens: but, with all this prodigality of specious vegetation, the environs of Cape Town are miserably deficient in pasture; while the prevalence of heavy sands, and remoteness from the inland-stations, are peculiarly adverse to a reciprocal interchange of commodities. The poorer classes of the inhabitants are constantly destroying the roots and branches of shrubs and bushes for fuel, so that the isthmus threatens to be converted into a sandy desart; whereas, by encouraging the growth and dissemination of such plants as bind the loose soil, whole tracts might be consolidated and rendered productive.

'We arrived at Constantia,' says the traveller, 'about two o'clock, and having received a general invitation from Mr. Cloete, the proprietor, we intended to profit by it this day, and take a view of the vineyards and cellars; after which, to have resumed our ramble over the heath, and dined amongst the bushes. But our intention was partly frustrated; for, the slaves having carried to him the information of our arrival, he came out of the house, and in a friendly manner insisted on our entering, as he was just sitting down to dinner. We therefore took our seat, and although treated with marked hospitality, were more anxious soon to leave the table and pursue the objects of our excursion, than to indulge in the variety of excellent wines which were placed before us. For my part, I had not the gift of distinguishing the relative merits of all these sorts. The red Constantia, as it is called, was of a very agreeable taste; but all were excellent.

'After this I was shown the cellar, a long building above ground, and shaded by trees. On each side, a range of large casks, with two of much larger dimensions, contains the valuable wine which has caused the name of this place to be so well known in Europe. We were next conducted to the vineyard, which, however, is managed in a manner not at all different from the other vineyards in the colony; the vines are pruned and kept in the form of dwarf-bushes, much resembling currant-bushes; and are planted in rows about six feet apart. At this time they still remained loaded with bunches of fine grapes, and the only peculiarity I could observe was, that they were allowed to hang on the vine to ripen so long, that they had begun to shrivel, and the juice was become almost a syrup. Whatever may be the cause, or whether there be any cause really existing, it is said, and believed, that wine of the quality of Constantia wine cannot be made on any other spot on the colony; a most fortunate circumstance for the proprietor, whose affluence, and that of his family before him, have probably been derived from it. But this is not literally a monopoly; for the adjoining vineyard, called Little Constantia produces wine scarcely inferior.'

The view from the hill of Wynberg is represented as on of the most enchanting landscapes in the neighbourhood o the Cape; and Mr. Burchell enjoyed the contemplation of i under the auspices of a fine evening sun.

Some pertinent remarks occur on the style of the publi and private buildings at Cape Town, its principal establishments, the temperature of the climate, the hot springs a Zwarteberg, and the Moravian mission at Genadendal. Wit regard to the proceedings of missionaries in general, th author, in different parts of his work, draws a marked line o distinction between such as emanate from an enlightened an pious philanthropy, and such as are dictated by the ravings o ignorance, fanaticism, or dogmatism. The good sense an humanity of the Moravian brethren are evinced in their successful efforts to reconcile their untutored fellow-beings t habits of civilization and industry, and previously to fit the for the reception of truths which few savages are capable o apprehending. Through the whole valley of Genadenda th the huts are constructed in a superior style, and the inhabitants obviously study cleanliness and comfort. Horticulture, too, has experienced some progress among them; and several of them are employed in making knives, forging iron-work for waggons, &c.: exercising their respective callings with a peaceful industry which would do credit to the members of a more refined community.

Most of the farm-houses in the colony, where the soil is of the proper consistency, are constructed of mud, which is well tempered, and stiff enough to remain in layers, without falling out of shape. The copious hot-springs in Brand Valley appear to have no appropriate mineral qualities, being merely water naturally heated to 144° of Fahrenheit. — Tulbagh, the next station visited, is described as a neat village, in a romantic situation, but of difficult access from every quarter except the south, so that its prosperity is still problematical. —An excursion to the top of Witsenberg, a mountainous ridge to the east of the village, was rewarded by a rich harvest of plants; and the discovery, if we may so call it, of the following compendious mode of preserving botanical specimens:

'My first care this morning was to preserve the botanical specimens which I collected yesterday; and, as I had not the means of pressing and drying them in the usual manner between paper, I tied them carefully up in a large bundle, measuring about three feet long and a foot in diameter, binding them round as tightly as possible with twine, and wrapping the whole with strong paper. This I left to be sent after me to Cape Town by the first opportunity, intending afterwards to press and dry them properly.

'This bundle, however, did not find its way to Cape Town till more than a twelvemonth afterwards, and remained in the same state for eight years, when, on unpacking it, every specimen was found to be in as good condition as if it had been dried in the regular manner, and to be equally fit for every purpose of scientific investigation. A few, indeed, were the worse for having been left to shrivel up; but many, especially the more hard-leaved plants, preserved a more natural form than they would have done, had they been pressed. The chief inconvenience was found to consist in their not lying flat in the herbarium; but, by folding them up in a wet cloth, they became sufficiently relaxed to admit, with a little care, of being pressed flat enough for that purpose.

'I much regret that I was unacquainted with these facts at the time when I first travelled from Klaarwater to Graaffreynett. I had then no convenience for drying plants, but could, had I been aware of this method, have preserved, without trouble, any number of specimens I might have desired.

'I have been particular in relating these circumstances, because a knowledge of the complete success of such an experiment may be of use to those travellers who would desire to bring home specimens of the botany of some rarely-visited country, but who might have neither the means nor the time for the usual method. I would recommend for this purpose a pasteboard box, having a good number of large pin-holes pierced in the sides, for the purpose of admitting air till the plants be sufficiently dried; and which, for safety while on the road, may be enclosed in a box of wood. It is unnecessary to give a more detailed explanation, as the above hints will readily suggest other particulars, and some further advantages of this method: but it should never be resorted to when the regular mode is practicable. There are, however, a multitude of plants which make the best specimens, and preserve the greatest resemblance to nature, when they are dried without any pressure at all.'

The Paarl is described as a handsome cheerful village, embosomed in rural beauties; though Stellenbosch is considerably more populous, and better known to foreigners and to the English, than the other villages in the colony: but the expence of living there is reckoned to be nearly the same as at Cape Town.

Having procured a stout waggon, the construction of which is minutely described, with the requisite number of oxen, and having hired his Hottentot attendants, Mr. Burchell was busied in making his other preparations for his expedition into the interior; when, on the 2d of June, 1811, the day being warmer and more hazy than usual at that season, he was aroused by two very loud explosions and a tremulous motion, which caused the people instantly to rush out of their houses, in a state of the greatest alarm. Fortunately, however, the shock did not last above five or six seconds; and, though many of the houses were much rent, none were thrown down. The details of the previous arrangements for the journey may be of service to those who may be induced to engage in a similar undertaking: but they cannot conveniently find a place in our cursory report. Suffice it to mention that twenty oxen, the waggon, and its contents, had already cost 600*l.*; and that the vehicle moved forwards to the first stage on the 18th of June, its owner returning on horseback to the Cape, to dine with the Governor, and take leave. On the next morning, the inhabitants were again alarmed by an earthquake; which, however, was accompanied with no explosion, and quickly subsided, without causing any material damage to the houses. The author, attended by such of his friends as took a deep interest in his success, now rode forwards to Salt River to rejoin his waggon, which he mounted with a mind not wholly free from anxiety and perturbation. A missionary waggon, destined to Klaarwater, was also of the party. The tardy progress of these carriages easily allowed Mr. B. to keep up with them on foot, a most desirable circumstance for an observer, and especially a botanist. It soon became manifest, however, that the waggon was considerably overloaded, and once or twice it narrowly escaped from being sunken in the softer portions of the soil. — At Pampoen Kraal, *Euphorbia tuberosa*, which grows in abundance, is apt to affect the oxen with strangury, at a particular season of the year. Here, too, were observed stones and veins of an apparently volcanic nature:

> 'Standing attentive to all that was going on, and noticing the manner in which my men yoked the oxen to the waggon, I was surprised to find they all were as well acquainted with the name of every individual ox, and knew the place in the team where each had been trained to draw, as if they had been used to them for several years. Their quickness and memory, in every thing relating to cattle, is really astonishing; of which numberless proofs have occurred in the course of these travels. When Magers and his companion were sent into the Bokkeveld to fetch home the oxen, the farmer of whom they were bought, having mustered the whole, merely repeated their names and places in the team. These he correctly retained in his memory, and afterwards again repeated to Jan Kok, Philip, and Speelman, who now called each ox by his name with the utmost readiness. This faculty, common to Hottentots, and to all the African tribes that I visited, shows the high degree of perfection to which any particular use of the mind may be brought by constant exercise; for, with these people, tending and managing their cattle is the grand employment of life. For myself, it was a long time before I was able to distinguish my own team, even from those belonging to the other waggons.'

These Hottentots, however, evinced much less address in extricating the waggon when it sunk to the axle-tree; the only resource that occurred to them being that of the application of brute force, by putting more cattle to the team. At Winterhoek, a lighter waggon, which now appeared a necessary addition to the equipment, was purchased and repaired.

When they had passed through the romantic defile of the Hex River Kloof, where the strata seem to have been thrown into confusion, the party entered the vale of the same river, and halted under a range of mountains, which at this season had their rugged summits covered with snow. Lyciums and Cape Acacias, now becoming common, denoted a difference of climate, the rainy season no longer occurring in the winter-months; so that a deficiency of water and pasture was among the serious evils with which the travellers had to contend. — At a farm-house, the author first encountered one of those *Meesters*, or *travelling tutors*, who perambulate the colony, and profess to *complete the* education of a family in twelve *months, (that is, to teach* them to read, write, and to cast accounts,) but whose talents and acquirements are generally as moderate as their salary. When entering on the Karro desart, the *Ericæ*, *Diosmæ*, and the *Proteaceous* and *Restaceous* tribes of plants, entirely disappear. Besides a great variety of succulent species, the extensive plains, through which the route of the travellers now lay, yielded *Poa Spinosa;* the panicles of which consist of strong, rigid, and sharp thorns. From the dried corollæ of a small shrub, pertaining to the order of *Thymeleæ*, Mr. Burchell procured a pleasant yellow ink, which, in the course of ten years, lost none of its original brightness.

On the posterior protuberance of the Hottentot women, we meet with the ensuing short annotation, which we transcribe the more readily because it may serve to correct the popular notions on the subject:

> ' The exhibition of a woman of this description, in the principal countries of Europe, has made the subject well known to all those who are curious in such matters; and I readily take advantage of that circumstance, to excuse myself from further digression. But I ought not to allow this occasion to pass by, without endeavouring to correct some erroneous notions, which the debates of both the learned, and the unlearned, have equally contributed to render current. It is not a fact, that the whole of the Hottentot race are thus formed; neither is there any particular tribe to which this *steätopyga*, as it may be called, is peculiar: nor is it more common to the Bushman (Bosjesman) tribe than to other Hottentots. It will not greatly mislead, if our idea of its frequency be formed by comparing it with the corpulency of individuals among European nations. It is true, that the Hottentot race affords numerous examples of it; while, on the other hand, I do not recollect to have seen any very remarkable instance of it in the other African tribes which I visited in this journey.'

The beautiful and elegant *Nectarinia chalybea*, or Sugar Bird, was observed in the acacia groves, extracting the sweet juice of flowers with its long, slender, and curved bill. In consequence of protracted drought, the author's oxen had now become lean and weary; and intelligence was received that a party of Caffres was lying in wait to attack the caravan in the mountains. A transient visit from two friendly Bushmen, mounted on oxen, exemplified the adroitness and facility with which the Hottentots manage these animals; training them to walk, trot, or gallop, at the will of the rider. When hard pushed, they will, on an emergency, gallop at the rate of seven or eight miles in an hour. The faculty which these people possess, of distinguishing the features of individual sheep, is likewise almost incredible.

From the elevated summit of the Roggeveld chain, which is attained with great difficulty, a country interspersed with hills, and without any very perceptible descent, stretches to the north. Some notion of the height of the surface may be formed from the consideration that the air, throughout the year, is much colder than we might expect in such a latitude; and that, on the top of the mountain, Fahrenheit's thermometer was 3½ below the freezing point. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to presume that many of the native plants of this ridge may endure the cold of England; especially as the experience of five years has ascertained that several species of *Lycium*, the seeds of which were gathered in the Karro, and in low lands, survive our winters without injury.

Mr. B. and his caravan had now taken leave of the inhabited part of the colony, and of all intercourse with white men; being fated to roam over an almost trackless land, and to rely entirely on their own resources. — On the 9th of August, between nine o'clock A.M. and three P.M., the thermometer ranged from 33° to 72°. — On the 16th of the same month, by the junction of missionaries and Hottentots on their way to Klaarwater, the party, including women and children, amounted to 97 persons, having with them eight waggons, and the usual proportion of oxen, besides horses and sheep; and ten more waggons joined on the first of September. — Advancing from the confines of the colony, the travellers directed their route through the country of the Bushmen to the Gariep river; traversing a hard, bare, and open territory, of which the monotony was occasionally relieved by broad and far-stretching undulations: while quaggas and lions were sometimes observed, and sometimes shot.

'8th. Hitherto,' says Mr. Burchell, 'we had not seen a single native; a circumstance occasioned, most probably, by their universal distrust of all strange visitors from out of the colony. But having, by their spies and observations, satisfied themselves that we were friends, a party of eleven *Bushmen*, with three women, paid us a visit this morning. They were, in stature, all below five feet; and the women still shorter; their skin was of a sallow brown color, much darkened by dirt and grease. Their clothing appeared, in my eyes, wretched in the extreme; but, doubtless, not so to them, as they all seemed contented enough; although, when we first met, I observed in their looks great mistrust, and symptoms of much fear. These gradually wore off; and, after we had confirmed the assurances of our peaceable intentions, by presents of tobacco and beads, they recovered their natural tone, and chattered and clacked with each other in a very lively manner.

'Among them were some young men, whom, with all the remains of ancient prejudices, I could not help viewing as interesting,

ing. Though small, and delicately made, they appeared firm and hardy; and my attention was forcibly struck by the proportional smallness, and neatness of their hands and feet. This conformation is common (perhaps in Africa, peculiar,) to all the Hottentot race.

'The women were young; their countenances had a cast of prettiness, and, I fancied, too, of innocence; their manners were modest, though unreserved. Their hair was ornamented with small Cowry shells, and old copper buttons, which were interwoven with it. One of them wore a high cap of leather, the edge of which protected her eyes from the sun: at her back, and entirely hid excepting the head, she carried her infant, whose exceedingly small features presented to me an amusing novelty. The poor little thing bore all the rough jolting motion with a degree of patience and unconcern which plainly showed it to have been used to it from the day of its birth. While her head was turned aside to talk to her companions, I drew a sketch of her unperceived.

'From the concurrent assertions of all the Hottentots, I now learnt the singular fact, that the teeth of the Bushmen do not, in the course of time, decay, as those of most other nations do; but become, in old age, quite ground down by use, in the same manner as those of sheep. I have frequently, in corroboration of this, noticed that the front teeth of old people had the appearance of being worn down to mere stumps; but I confess I never had an opportunity of confirming it by a closer examination, and therefore leave the assertion as I found it.'

The next morning unfolded a strikingly desolate scene o rock and aridity, with the singular group of the Karreeberge or Dry Mountains in front, characterized by their flat an table-like summits. The station of Carel Krieger's Grave i so denominated from the tragical fate of an adventurous huntsman, who was dashed in pieces by an enraged elephant whic he had wounded. The want of drinkable water now becam a serious and painful privation both to the people and th cattle; and some of the latter had disappeared in the darknes of the night, having probably been either devoured by lion or purloined by the Bushmen. A change in the geology o the country was observed on the 13th, when the tops of quart rocks were distinctly visible; and this mutation in the rock was attended by one equally marked in the vegetable department; but the most precious discovery was that of a pond o fine clear water. Among the natural productions observe on the following day, were the *Acacia detinens*, which ca scarcely be handled with impunity, and a *Mesembryanthemum* and a *Gryllus*, both much assimilated in external appearanc to the pebbles among which they occurred.—The *Antilop Oreas*, or *Eland*, was frequently hunted, and the meat cut u into flaps and dried on bushes in the sun. This is the onl

specie

species of the family that affords any considerable quantity of fat, on which account it is much prized by the Hottentots; and the flesh of the young animal has a better flavor than the finest beef. — Between the Roggeveld Mountains and the Gariep, a distance of 360 miles, the bushes, though ligneous, are all dwarfish, and more resemble trees in miniature than shrubs. — The abruptness and local limitation of a thunder-storm in this quarter of the world are thus strikingly exemplified:

> 'We had scarcely travelled three miles before the lightning began to flash, and the most tremendous peals of thunder burst over our heads. In an instant, without perhaps more than one minute's notice, a black cloud which had formed suddenly, emptied its contents upon us, pouring down like a torrent, and drenching every thing with water. The parched earth became, in the short time of five minutes, covered with ponds. The rain ceased as suddenly as it came on; leaving me both startled and surprised, at this specimen of an *African thunder shower.* We passed all at once from the deluged, to the arid and dusty ground; the distance of thirty or forty yards being all that intervened between these extremes. Mention had often been made to me while in Cape Town, of the heavy thunder showers of the interior; but their sudden violence far exceeded all that I had imagined.'

Trees again made their appearance on the banks of the Gariep, which is by far the largest stream in Southern Africa, without the tropics. Here, accordingly, the party, many of whom reckoned themselves at home, breathed from their fatigues and privations; while the author enjoyed the contemplation of the most delightful landscape, and made considerable additions to his collections: including a willow nearly allied to the weeping variety, and a poppy, four feet in height, resembling the common corn-species of our northern fields. The breadth of the river, as measured at one of the narrowest places, was 930 feet: but its average breadth, during its lowest state, was conjectured to be about 350 yards, and, when inundated, from a quarter of a mile to a mile. A portion of the water conveyed by this fine stream into the sea can scarcely have travelled less than 1000 miles. A river of such extent naturally forms a boundary to the dissemination of certain animals and plants, making the southernmost range of some and the northernmost of others. The latitude of the first halting station was 29° 40′ 52″ S.: but, in order to get at a fordable pass, the caravan was obliged to move about nine miles higher up; and the crossing was safely effected in less than three hours.

The Asbestos Mountains are formed of rocks, or a series of thin strata, or rather horizontal laminæ, of clay-slate, between which are found veins of asbestos, of various thickness, but seldom exceeding half an inch; also a substance intermediate between asbestos and cat's eye, a brown jasper, with black stripes, and a green opal, or pitch-stone. In the neighbourhood of these mountains, many of the Hottentots rejoined their friends and relatives in the settlement of the Kloof, which had been for some time under the spiritual superintendance of Mr. Anderson and Mr. Kramer, two of the author's fellow-travellers. After a pause of some days, the reduced company cleared the Asbestos Mountains, and entered on an extensive plain of clay or sand, or a mixture of both. At Wittewater, they encountered the whole population of a *Kraal*, or village of *Koras*, or *Koranas*, a tribe of Hottentot race, but of larger stature and more civilized than the Bushmen, and who mostly lead a pastoral and insulated life. With the impatience of curiosity, yet with complaisance and good humour, they paid their respects to the *white stranger*, and were much amused with the exhibition of a looking-glass. They are spread as far northwards as Litákun, but can hardly be said to have any fixed or permanent territory; for, when they have exhausted the water and pasturage of one spot, they repair to another.

At Klaarwater, Mr. Burchell took up his abode for four months, in order to recruit the cattle, reconnoitre the country, and make the suitable arrangements for his future progress. His account of the missionary transactions at this settlement is calculated to leave on our minds a doubtful impression of the *absolute wisdom* from which they have emanated. It likewise appears that Stephanus, a native of Courland, who fled from Cape Town to escape the punishment due to forgery, and who practised the most flagitious impositions, had acquired over the Hottentots a higher degree of influence than their present pastors had been able to attain. The greater part of the natives are still unwilling to submit to the marriage of one wife, or to refrain from beating their spouses. They are keen hunters of all sorts of game, but ardent in no other pursuit; and they consume with great improvidence such temporary resources as happen to be within their reach, at the same time participating, without ceremony, in the repasts of their neighbours. They cultivate a little wheat, which is sown in June, reaped in December, thrashed, or trodden out by horses, and ground by a hand-mill. The land is tolerably well ploughed by oxen, and either with the beam or wheel plough: but the number of importunate idlers, who hang on the industrious few, tends greatly to discourage the steady exertions of the latter. In January, the hottest month in the year, the average mid-day heat was found to be 89° Fahr. and, in May, 60°. In October, an observation was noted so low as 24°, when there was ice half an inch thick. The greatest heat at noon in January was 96°. — Among the most frequent complaints to which the natives are subject, are ophthalmia, small-pox, and a cancerous ulcer, called the *Hottentot sore.* On the whole, however, the catalogue of diseases is not numerous, and the climate is generally healthy.

Leaving his spare baggage and still jaded oxen at Klaarwater, the author prepared for a digressive excursion to the upper part of the Gariep, and to two or three of its great branches; several Hottentot families volunteering their services, and joining the muster, insomuch that not fewer than ten waggons were put in motion on the 24th of October. Near to Spuigslang Fontein, the first night's halting place, were found numerous and ingenious pitfalls, constructed by the Bushmen, for ensnaring antelopes and quaggas. — On approaching the confluence of the *New Gariep*, or *Black River*, with the Gariep, the most striking spectacle was the enormous height to which the latter had risen, in consequence of the rapid stream discharged by the former. We should not omit to mention that Mr. Burchell had the heartfelt gratification of saving the life of a child, who was on the point of dying in consequence of the bite of a venomous snake:

> 'I immediately,' says he, 'forced the child to swallow ten drops of the solution of ammonia in two ounces of water; and, having with a penknife scarified the parts around the wound, which operation, however, drew very little blood, I bathed the place with a mixture of the same medicine prepared of four times the strength. In five minutes after this, another draught was administered; and in about ten minutes afterwards, a slight vomiting ensued: but whether occasioned by the medicine, or by the poison, it is uncertain. As I attentively watched the progress of the remedy, I saw within the next quarter of an hour, with no little surprise and pleasure, that the force of the venom was evidently subdued; that the blood began to circulate more freely, and that there was a fair prospect of saving the child's life. The cure was actually completed before the following morning; at which time I found him playing as well as usual; nor did I afterwards hear that this bite left, ultimately, any unpleasant result behind.'

In an enviable shady station, on the banks of the *Ky-Gariep*, or *Yellow River*, Mr. Burchell and his people were visited by a party of Bushmen, who swam across the river; and who, on experiencing a friendly reception, quickly banished mistrust, and seemed to consider themselves as quite at home. By a bribe of tobacco, and a little finesse, one of the them was induced to sit quietly till the author hastily sketched his portrait; at the risk, however, had any untoward accident befallen the man, of being devoted, as a conjuror, to the revenge of his kindred. The description of a young Hippopotamus, which was shot and dragged on shore, is one of the most interesting passages in the work, but too long for our insertion. Two or three full-grown specimens of this enormous quadruped were killed, a few days afterward; and in the stomach of one of them were found upwards of six bushels of chewed grass: its largest intestine, when inflated, measured eight inches in diameter. — As the *Acacia Capensis* yields Gum-Arabic not inferior to that of the *Vera*, it is hinted that, under proper management, a sufficient quantity of that substance might be procured in the extra-tropical regions of Southern Africa to supply the consumption of Great Britain. — The surprize and astonishment expressed by some Koras, on seeing the drawing of a fish which they had recently caught, are well related, and strongly exemplify the workings of simple and untutored minds.

From the Ky-Gariep, the traveller and a few of his attendants returned to Klaarwater, proceeding by a new route, for the sake of exploring more of the country. On the night of the 14th November, during a violent storm of thunder and rain, which seems not to deter the king of beasts from the pursuit of his prey,

> ' The dogs commenced a barking and howling; the whole of the oxen suddenly made efforts to get loose, and began to express that peculiar kind of uneasiness which, in a very intelligible manner, told us that a lion was not far off. There is probably something in the smell of this beast quite different from that of others, by which, at a great distance, especially if to windward, his prey perceive his approach, and are warned to escape their danger, by instant flight. It was this natural or instinctive propensity to fly, which occasioned our oxen to struggle and endeavour to get loose; but fortunately for them, the strength of the *reims* prevented their doing this. Yet their efforts to disengage themselves were so violent, that my waggon was in great risk of being overturned; and for some time it was unsafe to remain in it. A fire is generally sufficient to hold the lion at a distance; but ours was at this time extinguished by the rain; on which account he pressed closer upon us. Fortunately, some muskets fired at random, or aimed only by guess, had the effect not only of keeping him off, but of quieting, in a great degree, the restlessness of the cattle. The Hottentots say that the oxen have sagacity enough to know that the discharge of muskets, under such circumstances, is for the purpose of driving away their dreaded enemy; and, whatever may be the notions of these poor animals on the subject, such is certainly the effect commonly produced on

them, as I often myself witnessed on subsequent occasions. Perhaps it is, that a certain instinct they may possess, enables them to discover that the beast does actually retreat when muskets are fired off. We could discover, from an unusual and peculiar barking of the dogs, that he continued prowling round us till midnight; but his fears to encounter man were the only obstacle to prevent his carrying off his prey; and finding it thus too strongly protected, he at last withdrew.'

On passing up the Kloof, the men toiled under a burning sun to render the road more passable for waggons, contrary to the indolent disposition of native travellers, who seldom labor for a common advantage, even though they themselves should reap the first benefit from it. — In this neighbourhood, a kraal of Bushmen exhibited individuals of our species in the lowest degree of the scale of humanity.

'Their numbers did not exceed twenty, and their abode was merely a cavern in the side of the mountain, sheltered by huge impending crags. They had no earthly possessions whatever, excepting the miserable bit of dirty skin which hung round them; their bows and arrows, a few hassagays, a knife, and two or three ostrich egg-shells. They had not even a hut, or a few mats, like most of their countrymen. Neither beads, nor any thing intended as ornament, were to be seen upon them; their persons, meagre and filthy, too plainly bespoke that hunger had often been their lot. Except when any game was caught in their pitfalls, which, they complained, seldom happened, the only procurable support of life was the wild roots which they daily dug up in the plains; and these not found but by long and wearisome search: the eggs of ants, the bodies of snakes or lizards, a tortoise, or an ostrich egg, met with accidentally, formed the only variety in their wretched food. Their life, and that of the wild beasts, their fellow-inhabitants of the land, were the same. Of both, the only care seemed to be that of feeding themselves, and of bringing up their young. The four men who visited us to-day exhibited their lank, shrivelled bodies, and dry parched arms and legs, to convince us how much they needed provisions, and how long they had been without grease or animal food. They looked first wishfully at our pots which stood on the fire, and then submissively at us. Truly, these were the most destitute of beings, and the lowest in the scale of man. Their miserable poverty-stricken appearance excited the greatest compassion; and as they stood before me, this wretched picture of human nature created a train of reflections perfectly new to my mind. What I had as yet seen of man in a wild state had amused while it interested and instructed me; but this sad resemblance, in outward shape, to those great, intellectual, and elevated characters, whose genius and talents have made their names immortal among us, distressed me to melancholy; and while my eyes were fixed in painful observation on their vacant countenances, I asked myself, What is man? and had almost said, Surely all the inhabitants of the globe never sprang from the same origin! These men seemed, indeed, the outcast of the Bushman race. Yet, not to be unjust to them, I must own that I have seen many like them; but not, however, till a later period of my travels. I have now, I think, beheld and known the lowest of the human species; and it has taught me a lesson of humility and gratitude; it has rendered still greater my admiration and respect for men of intellect and cultivated minds; it has also taught me to be thankful to the industrious workman; to feel kind compassion for the uneducated and the uncivilized; and to despise the idle, the arrogant, and vain.'

The portrait of the females is perfectly disgusting; and the intellect of the groupe, as far as it could be ascertained through the medium of an interpreter, was extremely obtuse and limited. In the short space of four days, however, their emaciated aspect had disappeared, in consequence of the good fare of which they had so liberally partaken.

The party having gained the summit of a mountain-range, a most extensive view lay open to the south; while the surrounding soil presented in profusion *Tulbaghia alliacea*, which smells strongly of garlic during the day, though the flowers give out a sweet and pleasant odor towards the evening.

The principal transactions at Klaarwater, from the 21st of November to the end of the year, consisted in arranging the specimens and observations, in dressing the wounds of one of the attendants whose hand was shattered by the bursting of a gun, and in attempts to procure a sufficient number of Hottentots for the remainder of the expedition; — which were invariably thwarted by the fears or prejudices of the natives, or the machinations of the missionaries.

[*To be continued.*]

Art. II. *Three Enigmas attempted to be explained.* By John Frank Newton, Esq. 8vo. pp. 144. 6*s.* Boards. Hookham. 1821.

These Enigmas, the author tells us, are, 1st, the Import of the Twelve Signs; 2dly, the Cause of Ovid's Banishment; and, 3dly, the Eleusinian Secret.

Having long ceased to entertain any hopes of fresh information on the subject of the Eleusinian Secret, which (like that of Free-masonry) probably lies hidden in the multiplicity of its contents, we did not feel our curiosity so strongly excited by an attempt to explain *this* enigma, as it would have been in the sanguine hours of youth. In our examination of Mr. Christie's most curious and original work on Etruscan Vases, and in a subsequent article on the labours of the Russian mystagogue, M. Ouvaroff, we have recorded our sentiments on this interesting but faded matter of antiquity. 'The Import of the Twelve Signs' we confess to be still less exciting; and with a very languid attention should we peruse any records of that wondrous science which occupied the thoughts, and perhaps occasionally exalted the genius, of "glorious John Dryden," or employed the leisure hours of that last of British astrologers, "Guy Mannering." Not so with regard to the 'Cause of Ovid's Banishment.' All that relates to the fame and fortunes of this most fascinating poet (worth all the antient and modern *romancers* put together!) must be interesting to the scholar and the man of literary acquirements, be they of whatever description.

With these impressions we opened the work before us, and were soon gratified to find that all the enigmas were, in fact, connected; that 'the Import of the Twelve Signs' was supposed to involve 'the Eleusinian Secret,' and that the unconscious betrayal of the 'Eleusinian Secret' was the imputed 'Cause of Ovid's Banishment.' We must confess, however, that it is wholly impossible for us, within the limits which we must assign to this publication, (under the extraordinary *press* of matter which makes every month a *moon in labour*,) to discuss adequately all the points on which Mr. Newton has touched, without any full or sufficient explanation. He has given a succession of loose and (as it appears to us) detached sentences, on the allusions to the Twelve Signs in the Heathen Mythology; and, although every stick of what should be a faggot is so far on fire as to emit a fitful light, still, as there is no band of asbestos to tie them together, they burn out rapidly in little streaks of flame, and produce neither brilliancy nor warmth enough to guide and animate us through so dark and cold an inquiry. Yet, notwithstanding the disparagement conveyed in this ungenial metaphor, we are ready to allow that very considerable reading, and much ingenuity, are displayed in this little volume; though it is wanting in a powerful and closely connected chain of argument, depending on a luminous order of facts; — and, in so hypothetical a matter, it really is scarcely fair to require our assent without some approach at least to these qualities in disputation.

We shall therefore hold ourselves excused from any abstract, properly so called, of the author's *reasonings on the zodiac*[*], or elucidation of the mysteries of Eleusis. If such an abstract were properly executed, indeed, it would wholly supersede the original work. We meddle not, consequently, with the Zodiac and Eleusis; *any farther* than as they are connected with Ovid and the Euxine sea!!!

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[*] That this, however, is a most curious and even important subject, we need *no farther evidence* than Sir W. Drummond's "Œdipus *Judaicus" to convince us.*

What, then, was the cause of Ovid's banishment? Was it the *sight* of unutterable things, as so many critics have contended; or was it the ignorant revelation of matters *still more* unutterable, (if there be degrees in speechlessness!) as the present author argues? The older hypothesis we shall not here formally discuss, but to Mr. Newton's solution we are bound to pay some attention: for which purpose we shall state the matter as he has stated it, and then offer some cursory remarks on the proofs which he has adduced, from the *Tristia* and the epistles *De Ponto*, of the correctness of his own interpretation.

> 'In the poet's first elegy from the shores of the Euxine, he divides all his works into two classes: the guiltless, and the guilty. The mischievous portion he makes to consist of the Art of Love and the Metamorphoses; but in the epistle to Cotys, King of Thessaly, (lib. ii. epist. 9.) he states that the Art of Love was the pretext only of his exile. Consequently, the Metamorphoses were the sole cause of his ruin.
>
> 'The verses which occasioned Augustus's displeasure appear to be in the concluding book of that pre-eminent composition.
>
> '*Pressus humo bellator equus crabronis origo est.*
> *Concava litoreo si demas brachia cancro,*
> *Cætera supponas terræ, de parte sepultâ*
> *Scorpius exibit, caudâque minabitur uncâ.* Lib. xv. v. 368.
>
> 'The warlike steed is multiplied, we find,
> To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
> Cut from a Crab his crooked claws, and hide
> The rest in earth, a Scorpion thence will glide
> And shoot his sting; his tail in circles toss'd,
> Refers the limbs his backward father lost. DRYDEN.'

It is contended by Mr. Newton, through many desultory but ingenious pages, that these lines unconsciously revealed the Eleusinian secret; and we offer the following *specimen* of his explanation of *Pressus humo bellator equus*, &c. &c.

> 'The chaotic Crabfish, destined in this portentous march of the fates to preside in her turn, is converted, by terrestrial contamination, into the Scorpion; as we have seen stated by Ovid. The Scorpion, or Evil Principle, urges man to borrow the assistance of the horse, that he may attain the wild animals in the chase, and commix his diet, which before was simply vegetable; as is signified by the ears of corn in the hand of Virgo, and by the heavy-laden fruit-tree contiguous to that celestial sign in the Egyptian *planisphere, according* to Kircher. The Archer, and the Goat,

which immediately follow the Scorpion, proclaim this change: they are the hunter and his game.'

Among the books of the Palatine library,

> " *Scripta Palatinus quæcunque* recessit *Apollo,*"

Mr. Newton supposes Ovid to have stumbled on some forbidden work, which revealed (like Jachin and Boaz) too much of the sacred mysteries: — but, if the Eleusinian secret was so religiously preserved as we know it to have been, how is it likely that access would have been gained by one of the uninitiated, as Ovid was, to the sealed volumes? So obvious a mode of discovery must assuredly have been prevented. To waive this objection, however, we proceed to the positive proofs of the author, adduced from the *Tristia,* and the epistles from Pontus; — and first we shall examine that extract which has been already mentioned: we mean the passage from the 9th epistle of the 2d book *De Ponto,* addressed to Cotys, King of Thessaly. The lines which are chiefly to the purpose are the subjoined; with the interpretation of Mr. N.

> —— ' *stultam conscripsimus Artem:*
> *Innocuas nobis hæc vetat esse manus.*
> *Ecquid præterea peccarim, quærere noli,*
> *Ut lateat sola culpa sub Arte mea.* V. 65.

' Since Ovid had neither poisoned nor assassinated any one; since he had not committed forgery, murder, nor any crime registered in the Roman law; and yet had done what was esteemed more flagitious than all these detestable actions, I would enquire of the learned reader, what crime can be named which answers this negative description, except that of publishing the Mysteries? As Ovid, in this solitary instance, was not writing to any one at Rome, and felt confident that the Prince whom he addressed would not betray him, he seems to have expressed himself even with more freedom than on any other occasion.'

Without, at present, regularly advocating the opinion of Voltaire and several other moderns, founded on that of many more antient critics, we would ask Mr. Newton what these lines contain that is explanatory of the precise cause of Ovid's banishment? Is it not, on the contrary, most studiously concealed; and does not the poet tell his royal friend *quærere noli,* and before, *neve roges quid sit?* — Ovid, then, if he revealed his secret in this extract, must have been an accomplished hypocrite, or a most unaccountable blockhead. Each supposition is equally foreign to his character; and, consequently, he has *not* revealed it.

Not a word, indeed, is here said of the *specific* fault; though much of its unutterable nature. Now, why may not this have been the unwilling and *mal-à-propos* discovery of some improper connection of Augustus, as well as the unconscious display of Eleusis? That *Augustus* should bitterly resent *such* a discovery is not so probable as that *Octavius* should. As good men become rogues by aping and adopting the follies and vices of their inferiors, so rogues, in some few favored instances, have been known to become in some respects similar to good men by the long and uniform imitation of what is good. Augustus, therefore, in the plenitude and security of his power, may not have been disposed (after the first ebullitions of his anger and shame were over) severely to punish the unconscious and unwilling offender, in the person of one of the most splendid ornaments of his court. This, however, we throw out, ὡς ἐν παϱοδῳ; and we return to our sanguine, but not altogether successful, advocate.

We now extract the author's remarks on the 2d epistle of the 2d book *De Ponto.*

> 'In this epistle there are several lines which tend to establish the opinion, that Ovid was banished for ignorantly publishing that which was the subject of the Eleusinian secret. After mentioning some instances of hostility against the gods, such as the war of the giants, especially the signal rashness of Enceladus, and the presumptuous wounding of Venus by Diomed, it is immediately added,
>
> '*Est mea culpa gravis, sed quæ me perdere solum*
> *Ausa sit, et nullum majus adorta nefas.*
> *Nil nisi non sapiens possum timidusque vocari:*
> *Hæc duo sunt animi nomina vera mei.* V. 15.
>
> '*Non sapiens,* because he was so ignorant of natural history as to believe that a scorpion could be produced from a crab; *timidusque,* and of so timid a disposition, that he could never bring himself to encounter the appalling initiation at Eleusis, although, in his elevated rank, to have been present at that ceremony was a duty. His mistake then was the proximate cause of his exile; his timid nature the remote one: he indeed tells us so himself.
>
> '*Aut timor aut error nobis; prius obfuit error.*'

On the quotation from Ovid in this passage, we would only observe that

"*Hæc duo sunt* animi *nomina vera mei*"

is a line which, of itself, throws no light on Ovid's offence, because it only indicates *his own opinion* of the character *of his own disposition.* Now he may have conceived, very reasonably, on reflection, that it was foolish to be so *thunderstruck with*

with alarm at an involuntary offence; and that, if he had shewn more manliness under the correction, it might not have been even so severe as it was. In short, the passage is open to any conjecture, and favors no one hypothesis more than another.

We add another quotation, and the inferences drawn from it.—Ovid says that his fault

" *Stulta magis dici quam scelerata decet,*" *

and proceeds,

' *Nec leve, nec tutum, peccati quæ sit origo*
Scribere: tractari vulnera nostra timent.
Qualicumque modo mihi sint ea facta, rogare
Desine; non agites, si qua coire velis.
Quicquid id est, ut non facinus, sic culpa vocandum.
Omnis an in magnos culpa deos scelus est? V. 17.

' If, then, Ovid, as in this passage and elsewhere, charges himself with stupidity, but not with any intentional guilt, his confession is entirely accordant with the *Pressus humo, &c.*, and the *de parte sepultâ Scorpius exibit,* of the last book of the Metamorphoses; for as the change there celebrated of the Crab into the Scorpion was no fact in nature, it surely was unpardonable ignorance in Ovid seriously to state that it was true, never suspecting that a mystery was veiled under that metamorphosis, which, we may conclude, was recorded in some book that ought not to have come within the range of his researches.'

The last line of the quotation would seem to imply some *religious* offence in Ovid: but we apprehend that Mr. Newton is too good a scholar not to recollect

" Ille *erit,* ille *mihi semper* Deus;"—

and to apply it to Augustus is to overturn all inferences relating to Eleusis at the same moment. Passages, indeed, might be multiplied largely, to this effect.

Nothing, surely, can appear more forced than the author's interpretation of the well-known lines,

' *Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci?*
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi?
Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam;
Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis.
Scilicet in Superis etiam fortuna luenda est;
Nec veniam, læso numine, casus habet. V. 103.

' As these verses have been deemed important, and have been quoted and commented upon whenever this subject has been discussed,

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* In this line, *we may observe, en passant,* how much is *manifested of the peculiar neatness of* Ovid.

cussed, I shall translate them. "Why have I seen something? Why have I rendered my eyes noxious? Why has blame been incurred by me unawares? Actæon unintentionally saw Diana unveiled: still he was made a prey to his dogs. In the affairs of the gods, accident, it seems, must be atoned for; nor, when a deity has been injured, is casualty pardonable."

'The offence to the Emperor was, I conceive, in his character of Pontifex Maximus; merely an official injury. That in this manner he offended Augustus, and not personally, may be presumed from the following verses at the close of the second book, which are in any other sense an undisguised reproach.

'*Non igitur nostris ullum gaudere Quiritem*
Auguror, at multos indoluisse malis.

'The lines, *Cur aliquid vidi?* &c. may allude to some mystic volume which Ovid examined, not being aware of the import of what he was reading. This great poet was at that time engaged in composing his principal work, and having already arrived at the fifteenth book, it is probable that he had some trouble to discover new metamorphoses. When he read of the revival of the Crab in the form of a Scorpion, and of the origin of wasps from the body of the Centaur (Sagittarius), Ovid, who was unskilled in natural history, believed that these statements were true. He asserts that they are matter of fact. Ignorant of the allegory, he published these imaginary metamorphoses, and vouched for their truth in nature. The just censure then (*culpa*) to which he all along pleads guilty, attached to his reprehensible neglect of initiation, and to his having visited the Ianicular Hill in search after new matter for his elegant poem, where he imprudently opened the Cumæan books, and perused in them the substance of his

'*Pressus humo bellator equus crabronis origo est.*
Concava litoreo si demas, &c.'

We subjoin a farther explanation.

'The Triple Diana we may consider to represent Human Nature making her progress through her fated existence; that is, through her first state, previously to the lapse of Proserpine; secondly, through her earthly transit; and, lastly, in Tartarus. The allusion to Actæon is here therefore particularly in point, whom we may suppose fabled to have suffered a dreadful death on account of his having accidentally fallen on the Eleusinian allegory, termed in the fable, the seeing Diana unveiled.'

To this idea Mr. N. returns in another portion of his work; and there again he contends that Ovid and Actæon were sufferers from the *same* unhappy discovery!

The reasoning on the subjoined distich we consider as peculiarly unsatisfactory:

'*Causa meæ cunctis nimiùm quoque nota ruinæ,*
Judicio non est testificanda meo. V. 99.

'Known the cause of his exile must have been to all who had initiated at the mysteries. Here we have another proof of the injunction laid upon Ovid to be silent on the real cause of his punishment. So in the second book, *Alterius culpæ causa silenda mihi;* an injunction quite superfluous if the Emperor, dreaded as he was, had been surprised by him in any disgraceful action. As to The Art of Love, the publication of which was given out to the people as the poet's crime, there could, manifestly, be no motive there for silence. I would submit to the reader this question, — Could the mistake which brought ruin on Ovid, and which excited such eager curiosity, have remained a secret under the rapid succession of unconnected families to the imperial dignity, if that secret had not lain concealed behind the curtain of the Eleusinian mysteries?'

When the author says, 'Known the cause of his exile must have been *to all who had initiated at the mysteries,*' we wonder that he does not offer some apology for so translating the word *cunctis:* — but, to omit this point, can he not conceive enough to occupy the minds of Romans of all ranks, initiated and uninitiated, in the rapid succession of horrors which swept over them after the death of Augustus, without their entertaining any great curiosity concerning the cause of Ovid's banishment?

When Ovid says,

"*Aut timor, aut error nobis,* prius *obfuit error,*"

and Mr. Newton contends that his *mistaken* publication of a part of the Eleusinian mysteries was the *proximate* cause of his banishment, while the *timidity* which prevented his initiation was the *final* cause, how can he venture to use the words "PRIUS *obfuit error*" in defence of his own argument?

Let us now cease our sceptical objections to the author's reasonings; and, allowing that his remarks against the "Art of Love" being the cause of Ovid's banishment * are strongly urged, we shall render him all the justice that we can possibly administer by quoting his own *summing up* of his own argument.

'If the solutions hitherto attempted of Augustus's edict against Ovid are unsatisfactory and untenable; if the poet informs the King of Thessaly that he was exiled for a more serious crime than forgery or murder; if publishing the Eleusinian secret, whether consciously or not, was the only crime so stigmatized at Rome; if while Ovid states that his offence was unregistered in the laws of his country, not a syllable occurs in the Roman code on the subject of disclosing the mysteries. If the Tristium announces that the Art of Love was only the pretext, and the Metamorphoses the real ground of this signal banishment; if Ovid declares that he would have suppressed his last work had not many copies been already distributed; if the fifteenth book of the Metamorphoses, published at the very period of his punishment, contains some verses the import of which corresponds with a certain allegory in the zodiac, and if that passage is in every other view unintelligible. If, finally, the zodiac is connected with the Eleusinian mysteries by their acknowledged symbol, the Cista, which the Gemini of an altar found at Gabii support;—is not the conclusion reasonable, that Ovid was banished because the lines, *Pressus humo, &c.*, of the last book of the Metamorphoses referred to the zodiacal allegory, which was the secret of the Eleusinian mysteries?'

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* Such an idea could indeed be naturally suggested to none but a member of "*The Society* for the Suppression of Vice."

We should close our extracts from this clever little book with the last quotation, did there not remain one other passage, which is so inimitably native and original, and has such a *naïveté* and *bonhommie* about it, that we cannot, for our reader's sake, resist its insertion. The author strongly advocates the cause of *vegetable aliment*, as most adapted to the nature of man, and as therefore best calculated to promote his wisdom, virtue, and happiness. Of this fact the *zodiacal allegory* serves to convince him; and in defence of his honest opinion he urges the following arguments:

'As to the three points in the anatomy of man by which his natural diet may be determined: —

'1. The human teeth are formed like those of the frugivorous orders of animals; more so than those of the simia tribe; and these last, in their wild state, subsist throughout the torrid zone on the vegetable kingdom.

'2. The length of the intestinal canal, properly measured as we measure that of the inferior animals, classes the human species decidedly, in this particular, with the herbivorous races.

'3. As man has both a cœcum and a cellulated colon, it is manifest that all the arguments which can be brought from comparative anatomy are against his use of animal food. If the Deity again descended, would He speak more intelligibly and distinctly than in his own works?

'The reader, I am confident, will not so misunderstand the writer's meaning as to conclude that he would be thought insensible to the charms of a well-spread table. The assemblage of delicate dishes of fish and meat, in whatever number and variety, has in it nothing revolting to the sight, nor to the other senses. No, no! it would be ridiculous to assert the contrary. But it may be safely stated, that the Order of Causes and Effects on this globe is unfavourable to any but a fruit and vegetable diet for the human species.

'As to the question so often urged, Why are not those Hindoos who live on vegetables free from diseases? It may be answered, their disorders are milder than those of the carnivorous races, although they use spices which occasion thirst, and common water to remove it.

'For my own part, could I be convinced that in some one of the planets this order of things were reversed; that there, every particle taken into the stomach of the highest flavored meats and liquors were productive of health, longevity, and good morals, I would desire to take wing on the instant, to cleave the air with the rapidity of Juno, and to alight on that orb at some festive hour—festive as this at which I now bring my task to a conclusion. Were such here below the conditions and the benefits of intemperance, who would hesitate to court the social and ardent feelings which circulate with the bottle; especially of such exquisite wine as our neighbours are eager to send us:

> '"The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
> In sparkling fancy, when we've drain'd the bowl;
> The mellow-flavor'd Burgundy, and quick
> As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaigne."'

We have only to ask the author what he thinks of the third verse of the ninth chapter of Genesis?

Not satisfied with this good-humored conclusion, Mr. N. subjoins a facetious copy of verses (not of his own composition, but as a friendly contrast to his own more serious labors!) about the "Soul and Body;" who converse like the "Smile and the Tear" in Mr. Braham's celebrated song. This truly benevolent notion of enlivening the reader, at parting, reminds us of our considerate Irish friend, who, in a poem which we reviewed a few years ago, appended some cheerful notes to his pages, in order to relieve the sadness of the text!

One or two little points remain, on which we are sorry to trouble Mr. Newton: but we are obliged to ask him, purely for information, what he means by his reference to the fountain Arethusa *in Ithaca*, as that fountain which Alpheus pursued under the sea from Greece to Sicily? Did it stop to take breath *in Ithaca?* It may be so.

Again, we should be glad to know why, in the line of Horace,

> "*Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ,*"

the last word should not be a sarcastic anticlimax, signifying the booksellers' shops,—instead of a *boná fide* climax, signifying the Pillars of the Fates?

We now say farewell to this author, with much regard for his learned ingenuity, though with some doubt as to his hypothesis.

ART. III. *Illustrations and Proofs of the Principle of Population;* including an Examination of the proposed Remedies of Mr. Malthus, and a Reply to the Objections of Mr. Godwin and others. By Francis Place. 8vo. pp. 280. 8s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

IN our notice of Mr. Godwin's "Enquiry concerning Population" (M. R. vol. xciv. p. 113.) we did not fail to reprehend the acerbity and contemptuousness of language which that gentleman used towards Mr. Malthus: his sarcasms glanced from the theory to the individual; and it was painful to remark that he who, in his earlier controversies, was almost provokingly calm and complacent, now lost his temper, and suffered himself to be betrayed into a discourtesy unbecoming the character of a philosophical inquirer. The discourtesy indeed was aggravated by a circumstance which, at the time, had escaped our recollection; namely, that, *three years* after the publication of Mr. Malthus's Essay, Mr. Godwin published a pamphlet *, *to which he has not once alluded in his last work*, but in which he speaks of the Essay on Population and of its author in terms of the highest praise.

> "I approach the author of that Essay," he said, "with a sentiment of unfeigned approbation and respect: the general strain of his argument does the highest honor to the liberality of his mind. He has neither labored to excite hatred nor contempt against me or my tenets: he has argued the questions between us just as if they had never been a theme for political party and the intrigues of faction: he has argued just as if he had no end in view but the investigation of evidence and the developement of truth." (*Thoughts*, &c. p. 55.)

So much for the author; and the general eulogy on the Essay itself is scarcely in less measured terms, for Mr. G. goes on thus:

> "This author has a claim, perhaps, still higher upon my respect: with the most unaffected simplicity of manner, and disdaining every parade of science, he appears to me to have made as unquestionable an addition to the theory of political economy as any writer for a century past. The grand propositions and outline of his work will, I believe, be found not less conclusive and certain than they are new. For myself, I cannot refuse to take some pride, in so far as by my writings I gave the occasion and furnished an incentive to the producing so valuable a treatise." (P. 56.)

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* "Thoughts occasioned by the Perusal of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon, preached at Christ Church, April 15. 1800. Being a Reply to the Attacks of Dr. Parr, Mr. Mackintosh, the Author of an Essay on Population, and others." Robinson. 1801. (See Rev. vol. xxxvii. p. 254.)

This "valuable treatise," however, we all know has been pulled to rags and tatters, and the author himself treated with great contumely, by the same Mr. Godwin; who in his former pamphlet had also said (page 10.), "Of this book, and the spirit in which it is written, I can never speak but with unfeigned respect."

We are much obliged to Mr. Place for having reminded us of this pamphlet; and luckily, in rummaging among a huge mass of cobweb-covered tracts, we laid our hands on it: — luckily, we say, because the extracts which Mr. Place has given from it excited our curiosity to read the whole; and luckily, also, because we think that he has not quite fairly given them. We have nothing to do with Mr. Godwin's want of candor in avoiding all reference to his former pamphlet, or with any change of opinion as to the merits of Mr. Malthus's work, which may have taken place in his mind. The argument is all with which we are concerned: the rest may be left to his own reflections. Mr. Place, in order to fix the charge of inconsistency on Mr. Godwin, quotes at pages 5. and 6. these words from his pamphlet: "Hence it appears that the progress of population (in North America) is in the nature of a geometrical ratio, or 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, doubling itself every twenty years. Having thus *ascertained and fixed the principle of population*, we come next to consider the means of subsistence," which would only go on "in an arithmetical ratio for ever;" — "the conclusion presents to us in the most striking light the inadequateness of the principle of subsistence to meet and bear up against the principle of population. Population left to itself would go on in the ratio of 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, &c., and subsistence upon a supposition, *certainly sufficiently favorable*, only in the ratio of 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, &c. for every twenty years successively." After this quotation, Mr. Place says, 'Such were Mr. Godwin's opinions three years after the Essay on Population made its appearance.' Indeed, from the tone and manner of Mr. Place, any body would suppose that Mr. Godwin had come forwards as a zealous volunteer in support of that very theory which he has recently attacked with so much severity: but we must say that this is not a fair statement: for we have referred to the pamphlet, and perceive that Mr. Godwin, in the sentence immediately following, expressly says, "I have found it most convenient both for the sake of clearness and brevity, to state the main doctrine of the Essay on Population in my own words: I hope I have done justice *to the meaning of the author;* I am sure I have not designedly misrepresented it." (P. 59.) Hence it is clear *that, whether* according with his own sentiments or not, Mr. Godwin is merely explaining "in his own words," and "for the sake of brevity," the theory of Mr. Malthus. This would have struck Mr. Place if he had read attentively, because in the same page (59.) Mr. Godwin, far from acquiescing in the theory, combats its deductions: his pamphlet was written for the very purpose: "the inference," says he, "from these positions, (namely, that population is kept down "by the grinding law of necessity; misery and the fear of misery,") is, that the political superintendents of a community are bound to exercise a paternal vigilance and care over these two great means of advantage and safety to mankind; and that no evil is more to be dreaded, than that we should have too little vice and misery in the world to confine the principle of population within its proper sphere." What is this but the very language which he has reiterated in his last "Enquiry?"

The only change of opinion, or inconsistency, if so it must be called, that we can find in the two works, is that in the first Mr. G. too hastily admitted the ratios in their full extent, and confined himself to the task of repelling the conclusions of the theory; while, in the latter, he has labored to undermine the very foundations of the theory itself, by exposing the fallacy of these imaginary ratios, which had at first deluded him. Mr. Place, in his introduction, affirms that in every reply to the Essay on Population, except this *second* from Mr. G., the principal point in the controversy, namely, *the power of increase*, has been conceded: but Mr. G. has now "denied the power of the human race to increase its numbers, has insisted that there is more reason to fear a decrease than to expect an increase," &c. These two affirmations are quite distinct. Where has Mr. G. denied the power of the human race to increase its numbers? His apprehension of its decrease arises from the effects which he sees resulting from the political institutions of society in various countries; and he has, on the contrary, contended that if governments had been more mild, and the productions of the earth more equally distributed, there is no country on the face of it which would not produce and maintain a more numerous than the existing population. He says expressly in his last Enquiry, "I by no means undertake to assert that there is absolutely no tendency in the human species to increase, though I certainly think that the idea of guarding ourselves against the geometrical ratio is just as sagacious and profound as that of Don Quixote's fighting with the windmills. All I affirm is, that the evidence we yet possess is against the increase; and I think it is the business of the [illegible]ian and philanthropist in the mean time to act on such evidence as we have." (B. v. ch. vii. p. 504.)

The three points which Mr. Godwin has endeavoured to establish are, *first*, that we have no authentic documents to prove any increase in the numbers of mankind; and that, if there be any *tendency* to increase, exclusively of the counteracting causes which are to be traced in the annals of history, it is of the most moderate description. *Secondly*, that the counteracting causes are neither constant nor regular in their operation, neither occult nor mysterious. *Thirdly*, that the means which the earth affords for the subsistence of man are subject to no assignable limits; and that the nourishment of human beings in civilized society can never, unless in the case of seasons peculiarly unfavourable, sustain any other difficulty than such as arises from political institutions, till the whole globe has been raised to a very high degree of cultivation. Is this a denial of the *power* of increase? — but more of this "anon." Mr. Malthus upset the whole theory of his first Essay, by introducing "Moral Restraint" into his second. In his first, population was kept down by misery and vice alone: — in his second, it is kept down by misery, vice, and — virtue, under the appellation of *moral restraint*. It is not often that we see virtue and vice in harmonious co-operation, and Mr. Malthus, to disguise the new associate, called her by another name: but does Mr. Godwin deny the efficacy, in keeping population down, of this new-enlisted virtue, prudence, or "moral restraint?" Certainly not. "If it is even unwise," says he, (page 506.) "for man to marry, *and unfortunately this is too true in a variety of instances*, it is not owing to any thing in the original and indestructible laws of nature, but to the partiality of human institutions." No, says Mr. M., the operation of these institutions is "light and superficial: they are mere feathers that float on the surface of human affairs, in comparison with the evils which result from the laws of nature."

We should have no objection to leave Mr. M. in the full enjoyment of his ratios, provided that he confined them within the harmless limits of speculation: it is to the practical and legislative application of his theory that we feel a repugnance as bitter as that of Mr. Godwin himself. We do not assert that there is no tendency in the human race to increase its numbers: far from it; nor do we deny that population is kept down by something or other, — a truth which all history teaches, and a proposition which Mr. Godwin (b. iii. ch. i.) admits in its fullest extent. We neither deny that war, pestilence, vice, and the visitation of calamity, on the one hand, are active agents in keeping down population; nor that peace, plenty, — that is, abundance of food *accessible to the labouring classes*, and the enjoyment of civil and religious freedom, — are calculated to encourage it. We deny neither the efficacy nor the wisdom of "moral restraint;" and every man in his own case is more or less under its influence, except those lowest and most degraded of paupers who cannot possibly descend in the scale of society, and whose progeny cannot be worse off than themselves. Mr. Malthus, however, is not satisfied with the operation of moral restraint: he holds it very cheap: he has called aloud on governments to keep down population, and his call has been re-echoed by political economists in this and other countries: it has reverberated through the vallies of Swisserland*: but, it is to be hoped, we have heard its *dying cadence* in the Parliament of Great Britain. Mr. Scarlett introduced to the House of Commons a bill to amend the laws relating to the poor of England, in which one of the clauses enacted "That it shall not be lawful to allow or give any relief whatever to any person whatever, who shall be married after the passing of this act, for himself, herself, or any part of his or her family, unless in case of age, sickness, or bodily infirmity." Mr. Malthus, not as a philosophical speculator, but as a practical political economist, denies to the *unemployed* poor man a right to the means of existence. He says expressly, "There is one right which a man has been generally thought to possess, which I am sure he neither does nor can possess; *a right to subsistence when his labour will not fairly purchase it* — this is the law of nature." No: this is not the law of nature: it is a libel on nature to assert it; and, thank God, in this country it is not the law of man. Yet Mr. Scarlett, we see, steeped in the odious doctrine of Mr. Malthus, has made (happily) a frustrated effort to introduce it: but the good feeling of the people and the Parliament of England scouted the attempt; and they listened with perfect abhorrence to the denunciations which Mr. M. would pour forth from the village-pulpits on his *pauper*-audience. In order to dissuade the poor man from marrying, "*he is to be spoken to in the language of nature; he is to be told that his king and country do not want more subjects;*

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* M. de Sismondi recommends governments to enact that no *poor* man shall be allowed to marry, unless he obtains two responsible securities that he shall never become chargeable! On a former occasion, we gave utterance to the indignant feelings which the practical application of Mr. Malthus's doctrine in Swisserland inspired. See the review on "Barton's Enquiry into the Agricultural Distress." (M. R. vol. xciv. p. 7, &c.)

subjects; that he is not fulfilling a duty to society by marrying; that he is acting directly contrary to the will of God and his repeated admonitions!"

Mr. Place has written a very able book, in which he has shewn the probable inaccuracy of some of Mr. Godwin's calculations as to the populousness of England in antient times, and as to the extent of emigration to North America; and he has also analyzed with considerable ingenuity Mr. Booth's "Dissertation on the Ratios of Increase in Population, and in the Means of Subsistence." At pages 106, 107, &c. he has exposed the fallacy in that writer's manner of stating a case from which he reasons, that is calculated to mislead the reader. Mr. B. takes the consecutive nine years from a Swedish series which contain the lowest rate of increase, during the greatest part of the *whole* of which series the population increased by more than double the number taken by Mr. B.: who then turns round and says that the population of Sweden is not to be considered as increasing at all. If he had taken a consecutive nine or shorter term of years of the greatest, or of the average increase in the series, the result would have been different, in as much as he would have shewn the period of doubling to have been much shorter. On the other hand, he might have made his table from a period in the series when the population was actually declining; and then, says Mr. Place, 'upon *his* plan, he might have proved that, not only in Sweden, but also in the North American States, the population was fast wearing out.' Mr. P., though a firm believer in the agency of Mr. Malthus's wonder-working ratios, reprobates as it deserves his coercive system; and he glances, "*oculo retorto*," at the too frequent disclosure of that gentleman's disposition 'to favor the prejudices of the rich.' The following passage from the Introduction is not a bad satire on the prevailing spirit of petty legislation:

> 'The notion so generally prevalent that the remedy for every evil, whether real or imaginary, and the extinction of crime, is to be found in penal acts of parliament, indiscriminately heaped upon one another, seldom fails, when reduced to practice, to increase both the quantity of evil, and the number of crimes.
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> 'We need not travel far for the proofs of the folly of this piecemeal mode of legislating. The last session of parliament furnishes but too many examples, one of which may here suffice. Mr. Scarlett's bill forbids parish-officers to relieve the poor, and shuts them out of the workhouse. The new Vagrant Act empowers any single Justice of the Peace, when in his opinion any person brought before him has committed an act of vagrancy, to commit the person to prison, *for any time not less than one month, nor more than three months. Thus,* Mr. Scarlett's bill would shut the

pauper out of the workhouse, and the Vagrant Act provides for him in the gaol. To persons doomed by the operation of Mr. Scarlett's bill to starvation, the being sent to Bridewell, and there supplied with clean clothes, dry lodging, wholesome food, and moderate labour, would be no great hardship. But while these laws made the poor somewhat more wretched, and more vicious, than they before were, there would be no saving of expence, since what was saved from the poor-rates, by refusing to relieve the poor as paupers, would be expended as county-rates, in providing for them as criminals, — probably a much larger sum would be requisite.

'The remedy which Mr. Scarlett vainly hopes to find in the legislative measure he has proposed can alone be found in the instruction of the people, particularly in respect to the principle of population, and in a much more comprehensive and correct system of legislation than either Mr. Malthus or Mr. Scarlett appears to have contemplated.'

Mr. Godwin has stated that Sweden possessed almost every imaginable advantage for the increase of its inhabitants by direct procreation; and it appears from the Swedish tables of mortality, (which, if not perfect, have been kept with more regularity, more accurately, and for a longer period, than such tables in any other country,) that population doubles itself in about a hundred years. Mr. Godwin is wrong; for Sweden is generally a barren country, its latitude being between 56° and 69° north. The accounts which Mr. Place has brought together, from various travellers, prove that Sweden is not a country in which the expansive power of procreation can operate with advantage, and therefore it should not have been quoted with a view to produce such an impression. It is exceedingly probable that Mr. Godwin has under-rated the tendency of population to increase; and he may possibly also, though this is much more questionable, have over-rated the productive powers of the earth and ocean to furnish adequate supplies of food: just as we believe that Mr. Malthus has erred in the opposite direction. If we grant, therefore, that Mr. Godwin has attributed too much of the increase of people in North America to emigration, and too little to native procreation, what then? This does not establish the geometrical and arithmetrical ratios; nor, if it did, would it prove the right of the rich to tell the poor that *they* have no right to eat when out of employment; that, if they marry, it is "directly contrary to the will of God;" and that their children shall suffer for the sins of their parents by being "shut out from the table of nature." It is this revolting inference which shocks us; and which does not depend on the accuracy or inaccuracy of Mr. Godwin's positions, or of Mr. Booth's calculations, attacked as they are by some and defended by others. With much pleasure we extract the ensuing passages:

'Mr. Malthus denies to the unemployed poor man the right to eat, but he allows the right to the unemployed rich man. He says, "Every man may do as he will with his own," and he expects to be able to satisfy the starving man with bare assertions of abstract rights.

'Mr. Malthus is not speaking of legal right, for he says, the poor have a legal right, which is the very thing he proposes to destroy. It is an abstract right which is denied to the poor man, but allowed to the rich; and this abstract, which has no meaning, although dignified with the title of the "Law of Nature, which is the Law of God," is to be explained, and taught to the poor, who are to be "fully convinced."

'These assertions of Mr. Malthus are all of them assumptions, founded on a vague notion of right. A man, he says, has no right to exist, if another man cannot or will not employ him in some kind of labour. This, he says, is the law of nature which our laws attempt to reverse, — and this law of nature is, he tells us, the law of God. He at the same time admits in words, that the means of existence are at hand, but are withheld; for he says, that even in times of scarcity, "the poor would be liberally relieved," would not be permitted to die of hunger. No such right as Mr. Malthus speaks of was ever instituted by nature. Nature never ordained that one man should labour for another man, nature made no such relation among men: nature left every thing in common, and the appropriation of any of her gifts, however acquired, can only be maintained and secured by compact; and it is by compacts and conventions among men, that right has any existence in the sense Mr. Malthus uses the word.

'A man in possession of the good things of this life has a right, a right created by law, to keep what he has from others, if he choose so to do; but take away this legal right, as Mr. Malthus has done, and substitute his "law of nature," and the whole is at once resolved into a question of brute force, and the one has as much right to take as the other to withhold; and in a case of possession on the one side, and starvation on the other, to kill the possessor, to obtain the means of subsistence, if by other means he cannot obtain it.

'The denial of the right of the poor man to the means of existence, when by his labour he cannot purchase food, is, notwithstanding its absurdity, purely mischievous; its obvious tendency is to encourage and increase the hard-heartedness of the rich towards the poor, and to lay Mr. Malthus himself under the same imputation. It is one of the passages in his book which has mainly impeded the progress of information, respecting the principle of population among the people.

'The other proposition of Mr. Malthus is not less mischievous than the preceding one, nor less calculated to produce "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

'"As a previous step," he says, "even to any considerable alteration, in the present system of the poor-laws, which would contract or stop the increase of the relief to be given, it appears to me that we are bound in justice and honour formally to disclaim the *right* of the poor to support." This may be considered as the preamble to the bill which follows, and it is hardly possible to conceive a more offensive or unnecessary paragraph; the style is particularly revolting. "To this end (he continues) I should propose a regulation to be made, declaring, that no child born from any marriage, taking place after the expiration of a year, from the date of the law, and no illegitimate child born two years from the same date, should ever be entitled to parish-assistance."* This is followed by several pages, written in a loose, figurative style, and on which, as well as on the proposal itself, Mr. Godwin has been particularly severe in his remarks, without, however, opposing the proposition on the right grounds.

'Mr. Malthus proceeds in an unsatisfactory, inconclusive manner, to condemn the man who, after notice given, may choose to marry without a prospect of being able to support a family."† Mr. Godwin, in reply to this, has successfully shown that no labourer, and very few artisans, have a prospect of being able to maintain a family; and that, consequently, on Mr. Malthus's hypothesis, scarcely any of them can marry without committing an immoral act. This seems never to have occurred to Mr. Malthus; he appears to have looked only to the consequences of an improvident marriage, in those who might happen to be thrust out, and become at some period of their lives unable to provide food for their children.'

Mr. Place, the able defender of Mr. Malthus's doctrines, has expressed this merited reprobation of the pitiless deductions drawn from them: they would, indeed, produce unexampled and inconceivable wretchedness, if carried into execution. In saying this, we do not impute to Mr. Malthus any *intention* to injure or degrade the labouring classes: the error is in his judgment, not in his heart. He would gradually abolish the poor-laws, *because* they degrade the objects who depend on them for support; it cannot be supposed, therefore, that he suggests as a remedy that which he knew would be ten times more afflicting than the disease. We give both to him and to Mr. Scarlett unfeigned credit for the best intentions: but, from a deep persuasion that they are in error as to the consequences of the measures which they advise, we heartily rejoice in their rejection.

Among the numerous inconsistencies in Mr. Malthus's book, is one which we do not recollect to have seen noticed. According to him, it is the law of nature that population should

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'* Essay, vol. iii. p. 178.'

'† Ibid. p. 180.'

increase in a geometrical progression, while food for its subsistence can be raised only in a sluggish arithmetical ratio. The laws of nature are resistless: they know no limitations either of space or time; and human institutions are accordingly represented by him as "light and superficial" in their operation, mere "feathers that float on the surface of affairs in comparison with the evils which result from them." Mr. M. will certainly not deny that an immeasurable difference of fertility exists in different soils; or that, while some are even doomed to stand at the very zero of barrenness, others are at the highest degree of luxuriant productiveness: — but, according to him, population is always pressing against the limits of food in all countries, and has been so doing in all ages; under good or bad governments; in fertile and in sterile soils; in mild as well as rigorous climates; in thinly and in thickly peopled countries. Yet population ought in all countries to be proportioned to the productive powers of the earth; and as these are always the same, so ought population to be, for human institutions are too "light and superficial" to be taken into the account. — Can any thing be more absurd?

Perhaps the most essential difference between Mr. Godwin and Mr. Malthus consists in their opinions on the operation of human institutions with regard to population. Mr. Place has distinctly and repeatedly asserted that the former 'denies the power of the human race to increase its numbers;' and we have seen what the latter says about the comparative inactivity of civil institutions. The subsequent passage from Mr. Godwin's "Enquiry" will shew whât *his* opinion is, and at the same time convince Mr. Place that his assertion was too hastily made:

"Under a wise and honest administration of human affairs," says Mr. G., "I do not doubt that the power of multiplication in man, however extensive, might, for centuries to come, be rendered the source of an immeasurable increase of happiness on the face of the earth. Indeed, in this point of view, I hold Mr. Malthus as having penned a satire upon the existing constitutions and laws of society, infinitely bitterer than any thing that has yet been produced by all the Utopianists and visionaries that ever existed. Those who possess the direction of human affairs might, if they pleased, by wise concert, by persuasion, by developing grand views of the true interests of civilized man, and by a faithful discharge of the duties of their station, *diffuse populousness through every region of the globe, and multiply thirty-fold the number of beings susceptible of human contentment;* while by the same operation they would remove our oppressions, and give to every man a degree of competence and independence hitherto unknown." (*Godwin's Enquiry,* book v. chap. ii. p. 453.)

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If this be not an admission of the expansive power of procreation, we must confess ourselves ignorant of the mother-tongue. Fanciful as this picture of amelioration may be, — a "Midsummer Night's Dream," perhaps, — it is at least cheerful and exhilarating; and far more pleasing to our taste than that melancholy view of human nature which Mr. Malthus has taken. On *his* canvas, all is dark and desponding: man is not there seen marching onwards in the road to virtue and happiness, elated with hope, but is represented as a traveller, weary and way-worn, standing still with folded arms and dejected eye, incapable of proceeding on his journey.

In contemplating, with unaffected concern, the practical consequences of the alarm excited by Mr. Malthus's ratios, it is impossible not to advert to the unnatural and horrible suggestion which that alarm has engendered in an amiable and benevolent mind: but we shall merely advert to it.

> "*Quod factu fœdum est, idem est quoque dictu turpe.*"

At page 165. Mr. Place has first hinted at the adoption of some physical preventative of conception, —*provided* that it is neither injurious to health nor destructive of female delicacy! This idea is more fully developed in pages 173—177.; and we find that, at some future period, he is fully persuaded that 'the course recommended' will be pursued by the people, '*even if left to themselves.*' Is it then to be compulsory, should the feelings of nature revolt at its adoption? Is it to be instilled into a pauper-audience from the pulpit as "the law of nature," and "the will of God?" This prevention of conception is the first step: but the unnatural attempt may not always succeed; the course of nature is not always to be defeated, nor is the effort to be made with impunity. What then? What is the next step? the drug is ineffective as to its object: conception has taken place in spite of it. Does not Mr. Place anticipate another, *and another* consequence? Does he not see that the next dose must be stronger, that it has a different object in view, — to procure abortion! Let us repeat, the course of nature is not always to be defeated, nor is the attempt to counteract it ever made without evil consequences. The drug is again ineffective as to its purport, but not inoperative as to its unhappy subject! then what is the third and last step? Gracious Heaven! the infant is born: — but population must be kept down, and the babe must be——! Is it possible to pursue this train of thought without shuddering? Mr. Place would surely have felt the flesh crawl on his bones, had these inevitable consequences of *such* a preventive check presented themselves, in horrible array, before his *imagination.*

Art. IV. *Illustrations, Historical and Critical, of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent;* with an Appendix of Original and other Documents. By William Roscoe. 4to. pp. 223.; and Appendix 168. (Also 8vo.) Boards. Cadell. 1822.

The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici by Mr. Roscoe, though he was not a native of that beautiful country,

'*Ch' Appenin parte, e'l mar circonda, e l'Alpe,*"

and was exercising in a remote part of England a profession which cannot be considered as very auspicious to the cultivation of elegant studies, rose into rapid popularity immediately after its first publication. It has also been translated into several foreign languages; into German by Sprengel; into French by Thurot; into Italian by the Cavaliero Mecherini, a young nobleman of Pisa; and it has considerably outlived the usual period of a mere transient applause, retaining a most respectable rank among the literary histories of Europe.

In selecting for the subject of his labors a personage so remarkable for his civil station, as well as for his learning and accomplishments, and so powerfully influencing the events of the interesting times in which he was born, it could scarcely have been expected that the biographer should not be occasionally misled by the partiality, obvious and natural, which writers insensibly acquire for those on whose lives they are occupied. Middleton acknowleges with much ingenuousness this not illaudable zeal, in his life of Cicero.

> "There is one great fault," he says, "which is commonly observed in the writers of *particular* lives; that they are apt to be partial and prejudiced in favor of their subject, and to give us a panegyric instead of a history. They work up their characters as painters do their portraits; taking the praise of their art to consist, not in copying but in adorning nature, not in drawing a just resemblance, but giving a fine picture, or exalting the man into the hero; and this indeed seems to flow from the nature of the thing itself; where the very inclination to write is generally grounded on prepossession, and an affection already contracted for the person, whose history we are attempting; and when we sit down to it with the disposition of a friend, it is natural for us to cast a shade over his failings, to give the strongest coloring to his virtues; and out of a good character, to endeavor to draw a perfect one. I am sensible that this is the common prejudice of biographers, and have endeavored therefore to divest myself of it as far as I was able; yet dare not take upon me to affirm that I have kept myself wholly clear from it, but shall leave the decision of that point to the judgement of the reader; for I must be so ingenuous as to own, that when I formed the plan of this work, I was previously possessed with *a very favorable* opinion of Cicero; which, after the

strictest scrutiny, has been greatly confirmed and heightened in me; and in the case of a shining character, it is certainly more pardonable to exceed rather in our praises of it, out of a zeal for illustrious merit, than to be reserved in doing justice to it, through a fear of being thought partial." (Preface.)

We have extracted this passage, as being strictly applicable to the work before us: — a work which Mr. Roscoe has deemed necessary to his vindication from the partialities that have been occasionally imputed to him by several writers, who have recently illustrated the political and literary history of Italy. In our opinion, he might have reposed beneath such an authority as that of Middleton, and have considered himself secure from censure, as long as he was conscious of advancing nothing without authentic testimony to support it; for the natural bias which inclines us to extol, in strong though unexaggerated terms, those characters who were great and good in their generation, is a bias arising from the most commendable dispositions of our nature. We must not, however, complain if Mr. R. has deemed the present publication necessary, because it yields us much interesting and additional commentary on the subject of the original history, and that of Italian literature in general. 'To collect,' he says, 'and to place under one point of view the information which has thus been acquired; to give some account of the various writers by whom it has been furnished; to demonstrate that Lorenzo de' Medici has a just claim to the elevated station, which he has so long maintained, and to vindicate the fidelity and accuracy of his English biographer against the censures of some foreign writers, the effects of which have extended to this country, are the chief motives which have induced him to give an additional volume to the indulgence of the public.'

Mr. Roscoe first notices the animadversion of M. Thurot, the French translator of the Life of Lorenzo; who has charged him with "*not having perceived*, or having *been afraid to assert*, that the state of Florence was subject to a radical defect, which caused the destruction of the republics of Greece and Rome, *the vice of hereditary succession.*" Mr. R. has thus concisely and, we think, satisfactorily refuted this imputation:

'As M. Thurot seems to have granted me the choice of two imputations, I shall avail myself of his permission to reply to the former only, and shall freely confess, that it never occurred to me that the *vice of hereditary succession,* as he has chosen to call it, was the cause of the destruction of the liberties of any of the republics to which he has alluded, however it may be considered as the consequence of it. In the state of Florence, in particular, the liberties of the republic had existed under the popular influence of the Medici, in direct opposition as well to an aristocratical as to a monarchical government, for several generations; and it was not till long after the death of Lorenzo, that events of a very different nature, particularly the powerful intervention of the house of Austria, threw the reins of government into the hands of a branch of the Medici, derived from Lorenzo, the brother of Cosmo; the individuals of which for nearly a century had been jealous of, and frequently acted in opposition to, the more popular descendants of Cosmo. With an attention however to my character as an historian, of which I cannot but feel the value, M. Thurot has supposed, that "as I was the subject of a monarchical government, I might think myself bound not to enter upon a more particular explanation on this head;" and that besides, "the English carry almost to superstition the respect which they have for their laws and their constitution." Amongst my countrymen thus characterized I shall always think it an honour to be enumerated; but M. Thurot may be assured that this devotion to my country imposed no restriction on my political sentiments, and that, whatever may be my errors, there was nothing that I had occasion to conceal.'

This amiable historian, however, appears principally anxious to refute some of the historical criticisms of M. Simonde de Sismondi *, which betray a more than usual hostility to the Medici, and particularly to the character of Lorenzo. We concur with Mr. R. in attributing this enmity to the strong republican zeal, with which that French writer seems to be influenced; and which, on more than one occasion, has urged him to speak in terms of disproportioned lenity regarding the most atrocious measures of violence and bloodshed, and even to recommend the dangerous and horrible expedient of tyrannicide and assassination as the means of getting rid of an odious system of government. The abhorrence, indeed, of the despotism established in Florence in the 16th century, M. de Sismondi shares with every enlightened and liberal thinker: but to condemn the early chiefs of the house of Medici, a line of princes who for more than a century were the advocates of popular rights and the friends and champions of the people, as the founders of that despotism which was established at Florence after Lorenzo's death, is in direct contradiction to the general voice of history. Besides the assertion of opinions of Lorenzo so wholly at variance with that which has been hitherto entertained of him, M. de S. has directly assailed Mr. Roscoe's character as a writer. "Could one have supposed," he asks, "that at the end of 300 years and at a distance of 300 leagues, the author of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici would have employed his talents *in deceiving both himself and others as to the importance, the claims, and the*

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* In his *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du moyen Age.*

virtues of his hero?" To this insinuation, Mr. R. has replied in a calm and dispassionate tone:

'M. de Sismondi must know, or, if not, he will ere long learn, that however an author may impose upon himself, it is not so easy a matter to impose upon the public, who seldom or never fail, whatever may be their temporary mistakes, to come to a right decision at last. That I possess, or have pretended to possess, any arts of persuasion to inforce my opinions, or have any peculiar mode of making "the worse appear the better reason," M. de Sismondi will not, I presume, seriously assert; and if he means to do more than this, and to insinuate, as he sometimes seems inclined to do, that I have concealed, altered, or perverted the truth of history; that I have stated any circumstance which I did not believe to be true, or asserted any opinion which I did not entertain, I hope he will not expect the public to receive as proofs of his accusation, the unsupported assertions which are found in his works, and to which the sequel of the present volume will, I trust, afford a sufficient reply.

'A moment's consideration might indeed have shewn M. de Sismondi the absurdity of supposing that the author of a work like the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, written on the affairs of a country foreign to that of the writer, and which he had never visited, could have imposed upon those of his own countrymen who were most conversant with Italian literature and Italian history; many of whom had obtained upon the spot the fullest information on the subject, and had past, in those attractive regions, a considerable portion of their time. But supposing this to have been the case; and that, by perverted facts, spurious authorities, and plausible representations, he had succeeded in such an attempt, was it likely that this delusion could have extended also to the country to which the work in question relates? Was it possible that many of the most eminent scholars in Italy, who were at the head of its literary establishments, and through the course of a long life had distinguished themselves by their own numerous and inestimable works on every subject connected with the literary history of Italy, should also have been deceived by this daring attempt; and not only have honoured the Life of Lorenzo with their approbation, but have admitted the author to their friendship and correspondence, and exerted themselves on every occasion in assisting his further researches, and promoting his views? Yet that this most extraordinary result must, according to M. de Sismondi's assertion, have been the case, will sufficiently appear from the letters given in the Appendix, selected from many others from the same persons in the possession of the author. Amongst these is the late venerable and learned Angelo Maria Bandini, for upwards of half a century chief librarian of the Laurentian library at Florence, and author of the excellent and laborious catalogue in twelve volumes folio, which has opened the treasures of that immense collection to the learned in every part of Christendom. In the course of his long life, which was extended to upwards of ninety, he also edited many valuable remains of Italian literature, and published several works of his own which greatly illustrate the character of Lorenzo de' Medici. Of all men living, Bandini had the best opportunity of obtaining full and correct information on this subject; but so far was this from having led him to adopt the opinions of M. de Sismondi, that he has omitted no occasion where he could do honour to the memory of Lorenzo, towards whom he appears to have entertained a peculiar attachment which never fails to warm his feelings and exalt his style, whenever he has occasion to mention him. I must also beg leave to refer to the late prelate Fabroni, whose biographical memoirs of many of the most celebrated of his countrymen, and particularly his more extensive histories of the lives of Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici, and of Leo X., written in a style of classical latinity, have obtained for him the applause of the learned throughout Europe. In preparing for these last-mentioned works, the late Monsignore Fabroni, employed himself for several years in searching the public archives at Florence, and in collecting whatever could elucidate his subject. Is it then possible, if I had been guilty of the gross misrepresentations imputed to me by M. de Sismondi, that my work could have obtained the approbation of this distinguished scholar to such an extent as appears, from his letters given in the Appendix, to have been the case? Nor was this the only proof of the candour and liberality of his disposition. The friendly correspondence which then commenced between us was continued till nearly the period of his death. Circumstances which have at least left me the consolation of reflecting, that whatever the fate of my own works may be, I have been associated in these studies with men who will be considered, whilst any regard for true learning remains, as amongst the first scholars of the age in which they lived.'

Among the Italian critics who have noticed the work of Mr. Roscoe, is the Professor Pozzetti, who seems to consider that Lorenzo has been too highly appreciated by his biographer as a poet. To the arguments of the learned Professor the reply is, we are inclined to think, unnecessarily labored; a long list of authorities being adduced, and a host of celebrated names summoned, in attestation of the poetical merit of the illustrious Florentine. This seems to us an erroneous and an inverted mode of proving the fact. Of what avail are the witnesses whom Mr. Roscoe calls to speak to the poetical character of his hero — Pietro Bembo, Baldassar Castiglione, Paullo Giovio, Benedetto Varchi, Guicciardini, Crescembini, and Muratori? The testimony of the heart that has been moved by his sorrows, or of the imagination that has been delighted by his images, is worth a world of Italian literati giving formal evidence on a question which is to be decided by the feeling of the reader, rather than the judgment of the critic.

" *Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur*
Ire poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus." (Hor.)

Of this magical power, which resides in every real poet, there can be no criterion more undeniable than that of the poetry itself. To give our honest opinions on the subject, we should not be disposed to assign Lorenzo de' Medici a high rank in the sacred fellowship of those great masters of song, to whom the title of poet almost exclusively belongs: but he may be justly classed among those who soothe and recreate us with lively and beautiful imagery, and delight us by happiness and delicacy of expression. The specimen, which Mr. Roscoe has exhibited of his powers, confirms the distinction that we have drawn. We extract the Italian, subjoining to it Mr. Roscoe's chaste and elegant translation:

' " *L'altra mattina, in un mio picciol horto*
Andavo, e'l sol surgente con suoi rai
Già appariva, non ch'io il vedessi scorto.
Sonvi piantati dentro alcun rosai,
A' quai rivolsi le mie vaghe ciglie
Per quel che visto non havevo mai.
Eranvi rose candide e vermiglie;
Alcuna à foglia à foglia al sol si spiega,
Stretta prima, poi par s'apra, et scompiglie.
Altra più giovinetta si dislega
A' pena dalla boccia; eravi ancora
Chi le sue chiuse foglie à l'aer niega.
Altra cadendo à pie il terreno infiora.
Cosi le vidi nascere e morire,
Et passar lor vaghezza in men d'un hora.
Quando languenti e pallide viddi ire
Le foglie à terra, allor mi venne a mente
Che vana cosa è il giovenil fiorire." ' —

' The other morn I took my round
Amidst my garden's sweet retreat,
What time the sunbeam touch'd the ground,
With its first soft reviving heat;
There on my favorite flowery bed
I cast my scarcely waken'd eye,
Where mingling roses white and red,
In all the bloom of beauty vie.
Some leaf by leaf their filmy fold
I saw expanding to the sun;
First close compress'd, then half unroll'd,
Till all the tender task was done.
Some younger still, could scarcely burst
Their cruder buds; and some there were

That veiled their softer charms, nor durst
Intrust them to the early air.
And some had drank the morning sky,
And fell to earth a vernal shower;
And thus I saw them rise and die
In the brief limits of an hour.
And when, their faded glory past,
All strewn abroad they met my eyes,
A tender thought my mind o'ercast,
How youth departs, and beauty flies.'

We pass over a variety of less interesting matter, in order to arrive at a question of historical criticism, which arises out of what is generally denominated the Pazzi conspiracy. The readers of Mr. Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo will recollect that atrocious project against the two brothers of the Medici, formed with the privity and encouragement of the supreme pontiff Sixtus IV., and actually perpetrated in the metropolitan church of Florence, during divine service, at the moment of the elevation of the host. In the first part of our review of Mr. Roscoe's work, (see vols. xx., xxi., and xxv., N. S.) we extracted his account of the final execution of the plot, to which we may now refer our readers; who will learn with surprize and regret that an attempt to vindicate this base and infamous atrocity has been made by M. de Sismondi, on public and private grounds: viz. that Cosmo de' Medici had given his grand-daughter Bianca, Lorenzo's sister, to Guglielmo de' Pazzi, in order to attach the powerful family of the Pazzi to his interests; while Lorenzo pursued an opposite policy, and, to impede the advancement of the Pazzi, as Giovanni de' Pazzi his sister's brother-in-law had married the wealthy heiress of Giovanni Borromei, procured the passing of a law on the death of Borromei, by which the nephews of the male line were preferred to the daughters of an intestate: giving it also a retrospective effect, so that Pazzi lost the property, to which his wife would otherwise have succeeded:

> 'To this story of the enmity of Lorenzo to his brother-in-law, Guglielmo de' Pazzi, which is assigned to no reasonable cause, and which, in other respects, carries on the face of it the strongest marks of improbability, I had also adverted in my work; but in order to shew, that whatever the nature of the transaction might be, it could not be alleged as a cause of offence from Lorenzo to the Pazzi, I had produced an original and contemporary document, in a letter from Luigi Pulci, the celebrated author of the *Morgante*, to Lorenzo, from which it appears, as I have contended, that at the time when this dispute respecting the inheritance of the Borromei took place, Piero de' Medici, the father of Lorenzo, was still living; that Lorenzo was only seventeen years of age,

and that he was then absent on an excursion through other parts of Italy. This letter, written in the peculiar style of Pulci, M. de Sismondi affects to discredit, professing that he does not understand these pleasantries, and that he doubts whether I understand them better than himself. Whatever may be the pleasantry of the letter, it is not difficult to perceive that it relates to a transaction in which some person had been accused of endeavouring to obtain an undue advantage in the family of Borromei, intimated by his having attempted to enter the garden of Borromei over the wall; and that this transaction took place in the year 1465, whilst Lorenzo was absent from Florence; on which fortunate circumstance, " *questa tua felicissima partenza,*" he is congratulated by Pulci. Now unless it can be shewn that this letter relates to some other transaction, in which the families of the Pazzi and Borromei were concerned, (for under the name of *L'amico di Val d'Arno* some one of the family of the Pazzi, which had possessions in that district, is evidently alluded to,) I must still continue to think that this document is sufficient to vindicate Lorenzo from an imputation which, in other respects, is so inconsistent with his character, and the general tenor of his conduct. As to those parts of the letter of Pulci that seem to have exercised the ingenuity of M. de Sismondi, I presume he will find them as intelligible as the *Poesie di Burchiello,* or the *Sonetti giocosi e da ridere* of the same Luigi Pulci and his friend Matteo Franco, to the study of which I beg leave to recommend him.

' But whatever the nature of this transaction might have been, and however it may be considered as a cause of the hatred of the Pazzi against the Medici, it can scarcely be supposed, even by M. de Sismondi himself, to be a sufficient justification of one of the most base and treacherous attempts that have ever disgraced the annals of society; and accordingly he has had recourse to allegations of a more public nature, and to injuries said to have been received by the citizens of Florence from the brothers of the Medici, who, according to his statement, " were no longer amenable to the laws, and any attempt against their authority could only be productive of new victims."—" There remained, therefore," says he, " no resource but a conspiracy; for it was very certain, that after the brothers of the Medici were killed, the citizens, who trembled before them, would be eager to condemn their memory, and to acknowledge, as an act of public vengeance, the conduct of their murderers." How far this conjecture of M. de Sismondi, as to the temper of the Florentines, is founded in fact will appear from the consequences. The conspirators disregarded the bonds of society; they broke the ties of affinity; and they gave the citizens of Florence an opportunity of evincing their sentiments, if they conceived that they were oppressed by a tyrannical yoke. The attempt was accordingly made, and partially succeeded; one of the brothers fell a victim; a public commotion took place; the citizens were excited by cries in the streets and by every possible means to take up arms against the Medici, and a military force was at hand to assist them in the recovery of their liberties. But what was the result? An universal rising up of all ranks, from the magistrates to the lowest of the populace, in favour of the surviving brother, with a spirit of retaliation against the perpetrators of the crime, which was certainly carried to a most severe and sanguinary extreme, and was only at length repressed by the interference of Lorenzo himself. "The people," says M. de Sismondi, "were furious in seeking out all those who had shewn any opposition to the ambition of the Medici, or any connexion or friendship with the conspirators. No sooner were such persons discovered than they cut them in pieces and dragged their carcases through the streets. Their mangled limbs were carried on lances through the different quarters of the city; and this frantic thirst of vengeance seemed as if it was never to have an end." After this account given by M. de Sismondi himself of the result of the conspiracy and the temper and character of the people, I trust I may leave it without further comment to the judgment and impartiality of the reader to decide, how far M. de Sismondi is justified in asserting that Lorenzo de' Medici had incurred the hatred of his fellow-citizens, or in accusing his biographer of having misled his readers, and suppressed the truth, in laying before them a narrative which M. de Sismondi has himself been compelled in every particular to confirm.'

So infatuated is M. de Sismondi on this subject, that he does not appear to be aware of the real character of the conspiracy: which was in truth nothing more than a rising of the aristocratical party in Florence against the popular government. We need scarcely add that the extension of popular privileges formed no part of its object. On the contrary, the nobility being excluded from all share in the Florentine republic, this was a project headed by a Pope and supported by the Pazzi, who ranked among the chief nobility, to restore that despotic government under which Florence had formerly groaned. Even supposing that it was a plan to promote the liberties of Florence, no purpose, however noble, or dignified, or useful, in itself, can sanctify conspiracy and murder. In what school has M. de Sismondi imbibed his political wisdom, we are tempted to ask, when he thus permits himself to reason: "The most noble and generous nation may not always be able to free themselves from their tyrant by open force. No other resource then remains for the patriot but conspiracy. Many people feel a repugnance to such enterprizes, because they think there is some appearance of dissimulation and treason."* Against such doctrines, the practical operation of which is to dissolve the bonds of society, and, as Mr. Roscoe well remarks, to render governments a struggle between the severest tyranny on one side and the deepest treachery on the other, we shall never cease to protest. Tyrannicide has seldom succeeded in effecting a salutary change of government: but no success in the attainment of its purpose could justify a measure which implies the severance of moral from political duty, the close and indissoluble connection of which is essentially necessary to the very existence of civil and social life.

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* *Hist. des Répub. Ital.* tome ii. p. 45.

Many other elucidations of disputed passages in the Life of Lorenzo, particularly in reply to the objections of Sismondi, occur in the volume before us, to which our limits prohibit us even from adverting. We shall therefore close this article by observing that Mr. Roscoe, in this publication, has afforded fresh proofs of his accuracy and judgment; and that he has triumphantly established his claim to be classed among those historians who, proceeding with the most laudable caution and circumspection in the discharge of their grave and responsible duty, are not satisfied with assumption and conjecture, but hesitate to stir a single step without fixing it on the most authentic and unquestionable records.

Art. V. *Observations on the Prevention and Treatment of the Epidemic Fever,* prevailing in the Metropolis, and most Parts of the United Kingdom, in the Year 1819. To which are added, Remarks on some of the Opinions of Dr. Bateman and others, on the same Subject. By Henry Clutterbuck, M.D., one of the Physicians to the General Dispensary, &c. 8vo. pp. 299. 8*s*. Boards. Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH this work of Dr. Clutterbuck is much less of a practical nature than others which we have lately considered on the same subject, it contains very interesting and important views of fever in general, as well as of the late epidemic. Our medical readers will remember that, so far back as the year 1807, Dr. C. published a treatise on the pathology of fever, in which he endeavoured to prove that the brain was in every case the seat of that disease; and that fever consisted essentially in a greater or less degree of inflammation of that organ. In the prosecution of this inquiry, he displayed much talent and ingenuity; and, if he did not satisfactorily establish the point for which he contended, he had at least the merit of having strongly directed the minds of medical men to this topic, and prepared them in a considerable measure for the revival of the use of the lancet in the treatment of fever. The volume now before us may be considered as a practical commentary on this doctrine, connected with an account of the author's experience in the management of the epidemic of which he speaks. His practice, however, seems by no means to have acquired that boldness and decision, which we have seen so strikingly exemplified in the treatment pursued by the physicians of the Queensberry House Fever Hospital: but we mention this rather in praise, and as a proof of the judicious caution by which Dr. C. has been guided. He observes: (p. 124.)

'Although, in the foregoing pages, I have advocated, in strong terms, the employment of blood-letting and other debilitating means, both in the incipient and active stage of fever; not only in strong habits, but even in weak ones, under proper limitations; it cannot be supposed, that this or any other remedy is adapted to all the infinitely-varying circumstances of the disease. This would be to suppose, that fever had no analogy with other diseases; all of which, it is well known, require a diversity of treatment under different circumstances; and I can see nothing in the nature of fever, which should withdraw it from the operation of so general a law.

'There are circumstances in other inflammations, to which not only is blood-letting not adapted, but in which it is positively injurious; and a very opposite mode of treatment required. When, for example, inflammation has continued for a considerable time, and when the general strength is materially reduced, either by the treatment had recourse to, or by the continuance of the disease; a moderately cordial and soothing plan of cure is often the best. Mild opiates, gentle diaphoretics, (in other words, stimulants,) together with the use of light and nourishing food, (if the appetite calls for it,) afford the best means of relief.

'So it is in fever. In an advanced stage of the disease, and under the circumstances mentioned, minute quantities of opium and wine, with gentle stimulants, (whether in the form of snake-root, camphor, or ammonia, is probably of little moment,) are, I am convinced, really useful.

'It is, however, when symptoms of irritation, rather than coma, or an oppressed state of brain, prevail, that this is the case. When, for instance, the senses are greatly disturbed, as when the patient fancies he sees objects floating before his eyes which he tries to remove with his hand (*muscæ volitantes*); or hears imaginary sounds (*tinnitus aurium*); when his muscles are agitated by constant tremors, (*subsultus tendinum,*) and his mind active, though disordered (*muttering delirium*); and when, along with these, there is a general feebleness of action in the vascular system, indicated by a weak and tremulous pulse, and cold extremities; in such a case, I have no doubt, from experience, that the remedies mentioned are highly advantageous.

'Sometimes, along with the symptoms of irritation above described, the pulse is found of tolerable strength and fulness, and the heat of the body pretty uniformly preserved. When this is the case, there is no inconsistency, as it appears to me, in taking away blood to a small amount, (as to two or three ounces,) at the time that we are employing the cordial and soothing plan here recommended.'

We are not sure, however, that Dr. C. has not sometimes been led to use venesection when it was far from beneficial. In case thirty-fifth, p. 292., the patient was of a feeble and exhausted constitution; and, as the only part of the treatment stated is the loss of twelve ounces of blood, we presume that she was not allowed cordials and stimulants, which we think were in this instance decidedly required. The inspection after death does not by any means establish, satisfactorily, the previous existence of inflammation of the encephalon. Nothing, indeed, can be more varying and uncertain than the opinions of medical men as to the comparative turgescence of blood-vessels, or the number of red points which appear on dividing the medullary substance of the brain. As to effusion, it is certainly the effect of gradually increasing debility, as well as of previous inflammatory action. Dr. Clutterbuck relates the case of a boy who stammered much in health, but under the delirium of fever spoke with fluent rapidity; and another of a hemiplegic patient, in whom fever appeared to render his articulation more perfect. (P. 259.) Mr. Tuke also, in his account of the York Retreat, mentions the case of a person in a state of idiocy, who, during the progress of fever, was for a short period restored to reason: but, as the fever abated, he relapsed into the same state of mental imbecility.

From these facts, we may infer that, in some fevers at least, a great increase of vascular activity takes place in the brain, but not true inflammation. Among other proofs of his theory, the author has quoted the authority of Mr. J. Bell, who declares in his sweeping manner that "nothing but the most violent inflammation of the brain can possibly account for the symptoms of malignant fever." The same writer, in another passage, asserts that "those who die of fever die apoplectic." The symptoms of suppuration of the brain, as detailed by Mr. Bell, are considered by Dr. C. as proving its close affinity to typhus: but it is singular that, in no dissection of a distinct typhus case, has the brain ever been found suppurated; which it ought certainly sometimes to be, were this disease essentially an inflammation of the encephalon. The theory of Dr. C. possesses a pleasing simplicity, and serves well to explain many of the phænomena of fever: but we cannot give to it our unqualified assent; nor do we deem it so plausible as the more recent opinion of Dr. Mills, who ascribes fever to inflammation affecting any of the important viscera of the body. Many fevers, however, are daily seen, to which even this more pliable doctrine cannot be reconciled. Of congestion, as existing in fever, Dr. C. has expressed his doubts; and he has even gone so far as to assert, that he considers venous congestion as 'an imaginary state resting on no proof.' (P. 147.) But, in another passage, he admits that in fever the brain suffers more from oppression than from irritation, 'though,' he adds, 'in some degree from both;' (p. 202.) — an assertion which we think approaches very considerably to the doctrine of congestion. Not satisfied, however, with stating his dissent from the doctrine of congestion, particularly when supposed to be combined with feeble action of the heart and arteries, he thus attempts to set the question at rest:

> 'An unusual quantity of blood in the veins of any part, during life, can only arise from increased arterial action, or from some cause impeding the return of blood to the heart; the arteries, at the same time, continuing to urge onwards their contents. If, as is here supposed, the action of the heart and arteries were feeble and oppressed, the blood would be carried into the veins with less force, and therefore in less quantity. The reverse of a state of congestion would ensue. And with respect to obstruction to the return of venous blood to the heart, (by which, indeed, congestion might take place in the veins,) no such cause is alleged, or can be supposed to exist, in regard to other organs than the brain; and therefore the phenomena referred to such a source must have a different origin.
>
> 'With respect to the brain, the case is somewhat different. An impediment to the return of blood by the veins may take place here; but it can only be from the pressure occasioned by the distended state of the arteries, the consequence of their increased action, as already explained.'

On both of these points we are completely at issue with Dr. C.; for we hold that venous congestion is the natural effect of a feeble circulation, which sufficiently appears from the state of the blood-vessels on the approach of dissolution, and after its occurrence. As to any obstruction which distended arteries can cause to the passage of blood through the veins of the encephalon, we can form no conception of it; on the contrary, the effect of such distension would be to give a new support to the venous ramifications, and to hasten the flow of their contents into the sinuses of the *dura mater.*

The cases detailed by Dr. C. amount to 35; several of which occurred so far back as the year 1805, and the remainder in 1815 and subsequent years. At page 269. we have a very interesting case detailed by the patient himself, shewing very distinctly the benefits of depletion in fever; and in *p.* 254. we have a not less striking instance of the injurious

effect

effects of the too early employment of wine and other stimulants in this disease. To so great an extent was the practice carried, that the patient (before the author saw him) had been ordered wine *ad libitum* from the commencement of the illness, and had actually taken from a pint and a half to a bottle of Madeira daily. Among the peculiarities of Dr. C.'s practice in fever, we may mention his dislike to the use of blisters, and his partiality to the employment of digitalis and eluterium. Calomel he considers as valuable chiefly in lingering undecided cases; and he then prescribes it in small repeated doses. Blood-letting is recommended with much caution, particularly in the advanced stages of fever; for he remarks, 'the loss of even two or three ounces will then produce a great effect.' The experience of the Queensberry House Hospital would warrant a much bolder use of the lancet, under the pressure of urgent symptoms, at almost any period of the disease. Of leeches, the Doctor seems to entertain no high opinion, but to prefer the same quantity of blood drawn rapidly from a large vein. Derivation and revulsion are with him antiquated terms. For ourselves, however, we may say that we have yet seen no cause for withdrawing our confidence from this and other modes of topical depletion.

Notwithstanding the particulars in which we have now felt it our duty to dissent from Dr. C., his work affords evidence of no small share of talent, and well merits a careful perusal. His chapter on contagion, and on the means of preventing the propagation of fever, afforded us particular pleasure, from the very perspicuous and complete, though succinct, account which it gives of these interesting subjects.

Art. VI. *A Letter to the Earl of Liverpool,* on the Subject of the Greeks. By Thomas Lord Erskine. 8vo. 3*s*. Murray. 1822.

Art. VII. *The Policy of England and France at the present Crisis,* with respect to the Greeks; reprinted from the Letters of *Viator* in the Morning Chronicle; with a Preface and Appendix, explaining the Origin of the Greek Insurrection. 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*. Ridgway.

Art. VIII. *Thoughts on the Greek Revolution.* By Charles Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. 8vo. 3*s*. Murray.

In our Number for July, we noticed with warm commendation Mr. Hughes's animated Address to the People of England in behalf of the Greeks. At the same time, we permitted ourselves to cherish the ardent but hitherto unavailing hope, that the sympathies of a nation, which has habitually arrogated to herself and rightfully deserved from others the praise of being foremost in the hallowed cause of humanity and virtue, would not long remain dead to his exhortations.

> "Ω πλεῖστ' ἐπαίνοις εὐλογοῦμενον πέδον,
> Νῦν σοι τὰ λαμπρὰ ταῦτα δεῖ φαίνειν ἔπη."
>
> Soph. *Œdip.* Col. 720.

If these wishes have not been gratified by any act of interference or remonstrance on the part of Great Britain, it is consoling to observe, from the share of public attention which has been dedicated to the sufferings of Greece, the most unambiguous omens of an awakening interest in the conflict which she is sustaining against her spoilers and oppressors. Advocates, clothed in the strength of reason, and wielding the weapons of eloquence, are almost hourly rising in her vindication; and when a strong sentiment, which has truth and justice for its basis, is excited in England, it does not usually exhaust itself merely in splendid discourse and polished declamation.

Among those who have thus endeavored to rouse the dormant sensibilities of the country, it was with great satisfaction, or rather delight, that we saw the venerable name of Lord Erskine. The characters of our great men are the most valuable of our inheritances; and it is pleasing to remark them preserving, to the last season of their lives, the same unity of purpose and consistency of principle which distinguished their early efforts in support of the civil rights and the social happiness of mankind. If age has in some degree dimmed the lustre and vivacity of the noble Lord's eloquence, it has not abated the characteristic ardor of his mind. He is still *qualis ab incepto.*

Lord Erskine laments that his Majesty has not long since been addressed by both branches of the legislature, 'to fulfil the duty of a Christian sovereign by an instant endeavour to terminate the perpetration of those unutterable crimes which have so long been suffered to disgrace the Turkish domination.' He maintains that 'our not exerting ourselves to deliver the Greeks from the tyrannous dominion which afflicts them is not only the breach of a moral duty, but a dereliction of the sacred object of spreading the Gospel.' He builds the right of interference, however, for which he contends, not on the Antichristian faith of the Mohammedan conquerors, (a cause of interference which he expressly disclaims,) but on the peculiar and unsocial policy which they have uniformly pursued. '*It is their casting off all the restraints which characterize the social world, that can alone give a right to other* *nations to controul them.'* — In a nation, so zealously pledged to the extirpation of the African slave-trade as Great Britain, the following appeal cannot, we should presume, be inefficacious:

'What, my Lord, are the sufferings, dreadful and detestable as they were, of almost a savage in the state of nature, like the unhappy African, when made the victim of this mercenary traffic, what were *his* sufferings when compared with those which are notoriously passing every day throughout the East? The simple abduction of women, and the separation of parents from their children, by carrying them into captivity of any description, are inhuman outrages in the lowest conditions of existence, but how much more dreadfully do they act upon families in cultivated life? How inexpressible must be *their* pangs, when with all the more refined feelings inspired by civilization brutal ravishment is the almost certain consequence of abduction; the blood of unhappy infants often pouring out before their mother, who suckled them at her breasts, too soon, perhaps, to be forcibly exposed to the assassin of her husband and her children.

'Such abominations seldom or never occurred in the African slave-trade, detestable as it was. The plea of necessity was for some time also so plausibly on its side, from the existence of British property in equatorial latitudes, where no other labour could be so readily obtained, that even a British parliament for a long time continued to sanction it, until the glorious spring-tide of humanity broke in, at last, like a torrent, sweeping away before it whatever interrupted its course. — But the slavery of the East, my Lord, never had any thing to cover the nakedness of its iniquity. — The bulk of her slaves were not for labour under suns which Europeans could not endure, but principally for the odious purposes of voluptuousness and lust, and aggravated as they now are, amidst the rage and bitterness of war, are attended with such brutal and undescribable crimes, as, putting aside all Christian sympathies, might make us blush that we are men. I feel, whilst I am writing, that the ink must first have become blood, to enable me fitly to express my detestation and abhorrence. — It appears to me, indeed, that the abolition of the slave-trade, which raised this nation above all created beings since the beginning of the world, cannot be said to be complete not only whilst such monstrous abuses of slavery are predominant, but whilst any traffic in human beings whatsoever is suffered to exist. When found among savages, we can do no more than attempt to humanize them, as we have always endeavoured to do, but when encouraged or publicly tolerated by any civilized nation, though I do not mean to assert it to be a cause of war, yet all such nations ought to be rejected as allies.

'When we abolished the African slave-trade by act of parliament, it could, in strictness, only apply to prohibit that traffic by our own subjects; but did we stop there on that account? Did we consider our duty could not extend beyond our own jurisdiction,

tion, as the utmost limit of positive law? No, my Lord, to our immortal honour we did not; on the contrary, we have ever since been exerting ourselves, with other nations, to extinguish it throughout the world; and that able and excellent man, Lord Lansdowne, when he moved an address to his Majesty on the subject, only a few weeks ago, did not limit his views to the promotion of amicable arrangements with friendly states, but even extended them to the consideration of compelling, by the common consent of those governments that had abandoned it, any others which should continue to give it sanction and support.'

The noble letter-writer considers the contention in which the Greeks and the Turks are at present involved, 'to be for the soil itself which they inhabit, and that they cannot remain together, *except in such a state of murderous interminable hostility*, as ought to be considered a public nuisance to all mankind.' He maintains (and on this head there cannot be a dissentient voice) the title of the Greeks to a free and undisturbed territory, their own by descent and national inheritance, *commensurate at least with their present population;* a territory, he observes, unjustly violated by Turkish usurpation; — and he argues that in such a case nations have a right, and are obliged by duty, to overthrow the spoiler, if he resists just accommodation, and to restore possession to the oppressed. Lord Erskine, however, does not stop here. He asserts that the alliance with the Porte is unworthy of the British government and people, and that it became us to withdraw our ambassador from Constantinople, and 'reject such banditti as our allies.' The King of Great Britain, he says, ought not to be styled the brother of the Sultan, while the desolation of Scio and the butchery of the hostages are unexpiated. He avows it as his opinion that the Turks should be thrust forth at once from Europe by its united force; and he ridicules the idea of difficulty and danger in the undertaking, from the estimate which he forms of the Greek strength to effect their own redemption. He urges this course of policy with the additional argument, that it is the only effectual mode of interposing a barrier to the ambitious designs of Russia, and to that preponderance in the Mediterranean which her occupation of Constantinople would infallibly give to her.

This is the substance of Lord Erskine's reasoning in the little tract before us. For ourselves, we are far indeed from disowning our share in the indignation which the atrocities of the Turks have kindled in every feeling bosom; or from being unmoved by the enthusiasm which Mr. Hughes, and other writers, have endeavored to excite in the hearts of their countrymen for the oppressed and persecuted Greeks. All political questions, however, when the conduct of a government is involved in and becomes a part of them, must be decided by the maxims of moral prudence, and not on unmodified or universal principles of abstract justice. We agree with Lord Erskine that the government of Turkey, if the word government be not misapplied to so ferocious a state of tyranny and misrule, is a public nuisance; and that those, by whom it is swayed, are in a perpetual state of hostility with mankind. The necessities, however, of human affairs, which are the natural limitations of our duties, must interpose also bounds and correctives to our best feelings, and restrain and chasten our most virtuous resolves. For this reason, the right of interference with an independent government, and, when the right is ascertained, the mode and degree of that interference, are questions which at this moment and in this case are by no means clear and unembarrassed. If violations of that moral law which is founded on the universal consent of mankind, in as much as it is essentially necessary to the conservation of social life, could authorize the hostile interference of nations with each other, the pillars of the earth would be for ever shaken by the trampling of invading armies; and if, moreover, such a principle of interference be a legitimate part of the international code, how is it that we have so long retained the sword of justice within its scabbard? The principle being once admitted, it would have been impossible to be at peace with Turkey at any time. If the barbarity of her institutions, and the anti-social spirit of her government, furnished a just pretext for foreign interposition, why have we attempted no crusade to redeem the youth and beauty that are annually doomed to the dungeons of its harem? Or is it for the first time that the Turkish oppression of their Greek subjects has now been revealed to us? The massacre of Scio and the murder of the hostages display Turkish cruelty and Turkish perfidy on a somewhat larger scale indeed than usual, but the mischief has existed there for considerably more than a century. The same murders have been committed, though more in detail: the life of a Greek has long been considered as the plaything of Turkish caprice; and the beautiful provinces, which he inhabits, have been systematically wasted by tyranny and bloodshed. Let it never be forgotten that we are now speaking of the wisdom and justification of a political act, — the act of the government of a great people; — not of the individual feelings of that people itself, or of the moral indignation which the whole of that people may and ought to entertain.

A farther consideration should not be overlooked when the question is nationally viewed, for it is of over-ruling weight in the discussion. We mean the sacred right of national independence: — the fountain of that public morality which is termed the law of nations, and the best preservative against the dangers which would inevitably result from the assumption by one nation of the right to chastize the crimes and follies of another. How often has this been urged with regard to France, and, alas! how ineffectually! It is true that this excellent maxim is productive of occasional evil; and that the impunity of tyrannical governments, as to all acts done within their own jurisdiction, sounds harshly to ears attuned to justice and to virtue. The choice, therefore, between the two evils, is in the present instance a cruel embarrassment.

We trust that we need scarcely repeat that it is not from any lukewarmness in the Greek cause, that we are thus manifesting a cautious solicitude as to the adoption of so hazardous and extreme a policy as that of any interference in its behalf. We are anxious to interfere: — but not to proceed on principles which will not bear out our interference; and therefore we cannot assent to Lord Erskine's proposition, that it is *their casting off all the restraints which characterize the social world, that can alone give a right to other nations to control them.* Our interposition in behalf of the Greeks may be justified on grounds much less disputable than these; and they are furnished, we think, in the relative state of Greece, and in the influence which her annihilation by the Turks or her independence as one of the European body must have immediately on our own safety, as well as on those general interests which are bound up with ours. Without undertaking to develope these views as altogether our own, we shall adopt in part the reasonings, though they are not so satisfactorily elucidated in every respect as we could have wished, of the second of the pamphlets of which the titles are prefixed to this article; and in following such a course, we hope that we shall by no means deaden the honorable sympathies which the Greek sufferings are so calculated to excite: — we are anxious only that they should be rightly directed. We subjoin, therefore, the second letter of *Viator.*

'Supposing England to remain in this state of apathy, will Russia, enterprizing, ambitious, and powerful Russia, remain quiet all this time, devoid of policy or feeling?* Will the Turk retain his power, or the minds of men, now so fast opening, remain stationary all this time? If not, although the very question is an in-

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'* Have ministers sufficiently calculated the effect which the similarity of the Greek and Russian religion must have in this question, and the violence of Russian action in a question of national feeling?'

sult to the understanding, whether friendly or not to the development of human intellect, what may be the means of England then, compared with those she now possesses, to profit both in her character and higher interests by the change in Europe that must take place on the dismemberment of the Turkish empire? Are they likely to be greater than at present, enforced by a wiser policy, or their application justified by a more honourable or popular occasion? Few, I believe, who consider the present state of Europe, and the progressive accumulation of power in the North, will be sanguine enough to believe this.

'It is indeed evident, when the change takes place, as it assuredly must, that if the Greeks owe their liberation to Russia, that their gratitude to that formidable power may be expressed, or, if tardy, perhaps extorted in a way very seriously dangerous to our commercial and maritime interests, and may even affect interests of a much higher nature.

'Russia, by giving a king to Greece as she did to Poland*, may reward herself in the same disinterested manner, by stripping him of his best provinces. The map will shew to the meanest tyro in politics what her choice would naturally be in this selection, and the compensations to her neighbours Austria and Prussia are equally easy to be found in the map of European Turkey and of Poland; a larger portion of that kingdom would in such case be probably transferred to the latter power. To say that England, when this takes place, would interfere, is easy; but to say that she could then interfere with effect, is to assume what nothing short of prophecy can assure us of; certainly the probabilities are against her, when we see daily that her march in the career of power and aggrandizement is not equal to that of Russia.† That she has the power at the present moment, by timely negotiation and alliance, to protect and secure herself from the future ruinous gratitude of Greece towards Russia cannot I think be disputed, when we consider that her interests in the great points of this question seem precisely the same as those of France and the Southern States, namely, to prevent the Turkish European provinces from becoming, under any circumstances, a second Poland.

'The fate of the first has already given us a kind of revelation of the destinies of Europe. That of the second might probably fulfil them.

'Nothing, therefore, short of the establishment of Greece as an independent sovereign and hereditary kingdom, under the solemn guarantee of the five great powers, to render it perfectly neutral, bound by no ties or relations but those in common to them all, and sufficiently powerful to give it a character among the European

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'* The unfortunate Stanislaus.'

'† England, from her insular situation, cannot add an acre to her territory. Russia can do it daily, and almost *ad infinitum*. We may, indeed, console ourselves with the reflection, that, like the Roman empire, she will one day fall from her own weight. But may not she crush us and others before?'

pean states, can in my humble opinion avert the mischief which its union, under any name, however plausible, whether of protection or otherwise with Russia, must under any circumstances inevitably bring on the others.

'Were Greece even to remain quiet for another century, and be exhausted, as she most probably will be in her present struggle with the Ottoman, unless assisted *, although it is the struggle of an old man with a child, yet the idea on which our present temporizing system seems founded, that the Turkish empire in Europe can be supported, or maintain itself for another century, against the tide of intellect † and feeling which is now beating against its bulwarks, and fast undermining them, is too preposterous for the greatest lovers of peace seriously to entertain, if they calculate, as they ought to do, the increasing force of popular opinion.

'What then is to become of the *disjecta membra* of this vast but tottering edifice when it falls? To whom are they to go in the political scramble? Certainly to the nearest and most powerful of its neighbours, and that is Russia and Austria.

'Let England then be wise in time, and she will find in this question, that a generous and bold policy is the most advantageous, otherwise her apathy with regard to the Greeks may prove her own ruin.

'The policy here recommended to England does not necessarily lead to war, but rather to vigorous negotiation; for the alliance of the great powers to effect this object, would insure its success with very little effort on the part of England, and she would then place those countries in a state of guaranteed neutrality and independence, whose resources otherwise may hereafter be fatally employed against her by one who is already too powerful. That Russia will materially interfere in the affairs of Greece without consulting the other great powers is not very likely. Neither France nor England are yet in such a state of debasement as to permit it, whatever may be the policy of Prussia or Austria under the head of compensation, a principle in which the history of Poland has shewn that they can act with perfect unanimity; but neither France nor England can be compensated in any way to increase their real strength. If therefore there be any truth in the report, that Russia will invite a Congress of the five great powers to consider of the affairs of Greece, this would be exactly the time and conjuncture for England and France to exert their united influence to effect their future security, by adopting a policy somewhat similar in principle to the one above recommended.

'* The diversion on the side of Persia was not anticipated when this letter was written.'

'† France, since this letter was written, has made some effort to redeem her character; and, with still greater interests than hers in the question, England has yet done nothing; that is, the People. For Ministers seem to have proceeded in a contrary direction, and, in their political algebra, to have regarded the Greeks as a negative quantity.'

'The great problem seems to be (and which has hitherto preserved the Turkish empire), in what way Greece may be liberated, or the Turks driven out of Europe, without a dangerous accession of power to Russia. If it could, no doubt that from motives of humanity and Christian feeling the other four great powers would concur.

'This is a problem that, if neglected, and the present opportunity lost, will one day solve itself in its own way; but the mode above hinted at seems the only safe and practicable one; and if Greece is not liberated in this way, she will be most assuredly in a way much more dangerous to the general liberties of Europe.'

To Mr. Sheridan's 'Thoughts on the Greek Revolution,' we turned with much pleasing expectation; for we fondly hoped that the undeviating consistency with which his father, through the long and stormy career of his political life, fought the battles of public freedom, would be some security for the patriotism of the son. We do not suppose, indeed, that opinions are necessarily hereditary; or that it is to be generally inferred that either the talents or the sentiments of a great statesman are entailed on his descendant. Yet, whenever this transmission is broken, we involuntarily feel regret and disappointment: it seems somewhat unnatural, or at least anomalous in the moral order; and we confess that it would have given us satisfaction to have observed, in this instance, the political as well as the physical image of the sire reflected in his offspring. It has, however, been otherwise ordained.

The circumstance, it appears, to which we are indebted for this attempt to enlighten the world on the great question of Greece, was an impatience (to use Mr. Charles Sheridan's own expression) to protest against some doctrines in Mr. Hughes's "Address." 'Having read Mr. Hughes's Address,' he says, 'I feel dissatisfied with pleadings so partial and impassioned, and regret that his name should confirm, and his language embellish, the prevailing error, that the present struggle is an attempt to drive the Turks out of Europe.' We have again perused Mr. Hughes's little tract, and we find no such position either expressed or implied. In truth, an exhortation to Great Britain in behalf of the Greeks, or even the successful resistance of the Greeks themselves against their Turkish masters, does not imply the expatriation of the Turks; an event which Mr. Sheridan deprecates with so much pity. If the emancipation of the Greeks should lead inevitably to that issue, we know not whether it would be an event seriously to be deplored: but at present the question does not arise; and the author has expended his fine sentences and his wit on a phantom of his own raising. It is, however, a justice which we owe to the name rather than the powers of this writer, to offer our readers a specimen both of his serious and his playful style:

'Has he (Mr. Hughes) really reflected what it is to expatriate millions of our fellow-creatures, women too and children, who, though innocent of the guilt, must be involved in the general condemnation? Does Mr. Hughes consider only where the two populations are interwoven, that the scenes which he has so eloquently described occur?—That Rumelia is inhabited chiefly by Turks, and that "the Aga, or Turkish country gentleman," is not every where a faithful original of "The Saracen's Head," for which he has made him sit? That in the paroxysms of national anarchy, the innocent and helpless suffer, while the able and ferocious fatten on the spoil; nay, that the mass of the people suffers misery, without participating in guilt? Thus it was even in the French Revolution, when men are generally allowed to have approached nearer to the nature of demons, than at any other period in the history of the world.

'Does he reflect, that it is no such easy task to root up an enormous population, and re-plant it in another quarter of the world? And that his colossus of clay could scarcely be lifted up by Minerva, and set down quietly in Anatolia? But if it cannot be done quietly, how will he effect it? Would he have the horrors of Navarin and Tripolizza repeated, aye, and multiplied *a thousand fold?* Does he reflect how much more dreadful the warfare of two armed populations is, than the regulated destruction of stipendiary armies? That the soldier, who is paid to kill his fellow-creatures, at twelve kreutzers, or at fourteen-pence a day, is the least terrible of belligerent animals?

'But Mr. Hughes not only approves of this *sweeping clause*, this vast *cathartic* for a diseased country; he holds that all European nations, and we in particular, are bound to assist in administering the dose: "I do not hesitate to affirm, that the atrocities committed by the infidels against their Christian subjects ought to put them under the ban of the European confederation." Did the allied powers, during the worst scenes of the French Revolution, ever pretend to make war on the French, because their crimes put them under the ban of Europe? Did not their doctrines and conduct, as tending to revolutionize other governments, form the ground of that war? and, until this result was apprehended, were they not suffered to indulge their propensity to noyades and fusillades, and to enjoy their mechanical discoveries of the guillotine and the soupape in all peace and quietness? And is Mr. Hughes prepared to say, that the enormities of the Turkish government are likely to encourage the Caravats of Ireland?

'Suppose the Mufti (or Mahometan "Primate of all Turkey") had, in 1649, declared by a fetfah, that the cruelties which the British conquerors, under their chief Cromwell, were committing on the Irish, put them under the ban of all Islamism, and that Mahomet the Fourth, *then* as powerful as George the Fourth is *now*, ought to send a fleet of Caravels and an army of Janizzaries, not merely to assist in obtaining for the Irish what has been subsequently granted them, but to drive the savage Normans, who, six centuries before, had occupied the Saxon kingdom of England, back into Normandy — how would Mr. Hughes, if writing the history of that period, speak of that Mufti's fetfah, and does he not fear lest some future Columbian Gibbon should say of his pamphlet and proposal, " Of the Greeks foolishness;" or, if Syntax be an author then read,

' " *Eloquentiæ satis, sapientiæ parum?*"

' There is no reasoning so fair as *argumentum ad nationem*, no rule so infallible as, " Do as you would be done by." '

Mr. Sheridan has not only thus misapprehended the meaning of Mr. Hughes, but has been unsuccessful in explaining to us what he means himself. He professes the purpose of his tract to be that of redeeming the character of England, and promoting the interests of Greece: but *he* is rather an equivocal advocate for Greece who selects the neutrality and indifference, with which the British ministry seem to be now contemplating her affairs, as a theme of the warmest panegyric; and the sincerity of his sympathies for the miseries and sufferings of that unhappy people may, indeed, be doubted from the levity and jocoseness with which he alludes to them. Some of these jokes seem to have been borrowed from the cast-off stock of the facetious statesman, who could extract from corporeal disease and personal infirmity a topic of parliamentary merriment and sarcasm. We would ask whether a heart, sincerely agonized by the horrors perpetrated at Scio and at Constantinople, would be sufficiently at ease to revel in playful associations, and to conjure up images which do not usually, in well disciplined minds, obtrude on the hallowed melancholy excited by such subjects? Such humour, as we here find evinced on the topic of the misery and devastation of Greece, might perhaps succeed in the circles whose injudicious applause has wrecked the hopes of many other spoiled young gentlemen, fresh from college, when they fancy themselves qualified to read lectures on politics and morality to mankind on the sole credentials of a successful declamation in Trinity chapel. We will give a short specimen of it:

' It would be endless to explain the mutual relations of the Turks and Greeks, but some idea may be formed from the fact that a Turk was never capitally punished for the murder of a Greek; and that the Turks, who always go armed, did not suffer this impunity to be a *brutum fulmen*, but frequently shot Greeks on very slight provocation. This gentleman-like *nonchalance* on the subject of Greek lives was imitated by the government, and a bill, which beats the most sanguinary of our game-laws, has ere now been in the Divan "read a first time," (though not "ordered to be printed,") for "the effectual extirpation of the Greeks." Many of the annoyances to which the Greeks were subject appear trivial, but they were grievous from their every-day occurrence, as the most exquisite torture is said to be a succession of mere drops of water falling on the head. Among these Turkish drops of water may be classed the prohibition of wearing a turban, or red slippers, or bright colours. Travellers laugh at the anxiety of the Greeks to escape these privations, by purchase or office; but, suppose a case of analogy; that on the Conquest the Saxons of England were for ever forbidden on pain of death to wear long coats, and that to this day, the distinction of the two races having been carefully kept up, their descendants walked about in short jackets. We at first suppose that only a boy on his admission at a public school could pine after long skirts and a falling collar, and this infliction of jackets would seem an inadequate reason for three-quarters of the inhabitants of England hating the other fourth; but if each jacket was an order "payable at sight to the bearer" for cuffs and kicks *ad infinitum*, we should cease to wonder at the wearers being irritated.'

We have before expressed ourselves somewhat at a loss to comprehend the meaning of this pamphlet: — but we have discovered that Mr. Sheridan recommends a subscription for the relief of the Greeks, and proposes that they should have a municipal, not political, independence: in imitation, we suppose, of the Ionian isles, and of a state of things which has produced so much satisfaction in those countries! To effect this object, forgetting his own alarm at the expatriation of the Greeks, he hints that Greeks and Turks should respectively leave the provinces in which either may happen to be the minority; the land of each to be bought on a fair valuation, and the Turks to give back their captured slaves to the Greeks. All this, of course, will take place very quietly!

We will not say much of the literary merits of this publication. Undesirous of checking the laudable aspirations of a young man, we will admit the plea of haste and rapidity of composition in extenuation of its blemishes and defects: but we confess that we should have been more disposed to have accorded this indulgence, had we observed in it fewer symptoms of that self-complacency which is so incurably adverse to intellectual improvement. Among these symptoms, we were not a little struck, perhaps disgusted, with the extracts inserted in the notes from the writer's old college-exercises. Judging of them as specimens of early intellectual promise, we see nothing in them that surpasses the average quality of academic declamations; and certainly nothing that can be rendered subsidiary to the high argument concerning Greece and her destinies, which is now agitated in Europe.

ART.

Art. IX. *An Inquiry into the present State of the Statute and Criminal Law of England.* By John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. 332. 9s. 6d. Boards. Murray. 1822.

Among the many important questions which have within the few last years engaged the public mind, none have met with more serious consideration, or elicited more animated and interesting discussion, both in and out of parliament, than the present state of the criminal law in England. In March, 1819, a select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into all capital offences; and in the November following the Report of that Committee was printed, accompanied by the evidence taken before them, with other valuable documents. A main feature of the Report was that in it the repeal of several statutes, by which various offences are rendered capital, was recommended, and a spirit decidedly favorable to a reformation in our criminal code was manifested. To impeach the judgment and impartiality of the Committee, however, to weaken the effect of the evidence furnished to them, and to prove that it is highly dangerous and inexpedient to attempt the projected reforms, are principal objects of the volume before us; and to that part of it in which these objects are maintained we shall direct our attention, leaving the portion which relates to the statute-law and the law-reports at present without any remarks.

It must be observed that the Committee advised the absolute repeal of several statutes which inflict death for certain offences, amounting in number to twelve, and the commutation of the punishment of death imposed by others in fifteen cases: but, as the sentiments of Mr. Miller coincide with those of the Committee respecting four of the cases in each class, it will only be necessary for us to notice his objections to the repeal or alteration of the others. The admission that it will not endanger the venerable fabric of our laws to abrogate the statutes which declare that Egyptians, remaining in the kingdom one month, (1 and 2 Philip and Mary, c. 4.) and that persons injuring Westminster Bridge, (12 G. II. c. 29.) shall for those atrocious moral delinquencies pay the forfeit of their lives, displays a degree of liberality and merciful feeling of which we fully appreciate the value; while we regret that it was not extended to those malefactors who are found armed and disguised in a warren, &c. &c. (9 G. I. c. 22.) It is perfectly evident that the penalty of death imposed in so many cases by the latter statute, commonly called *the Black Act*, considering the comparatively venial nature of the offences in question, among which we may mention that of being found armed and disguised in breaking down the head or mound of a fish-pond, can only be defended on the plea of the great frequency of the crimes: but, as the rareness of them now is admitted even by Mr. M., the existence of such-disproportioned punishments cannot be otherwise than a disgrace to our statute-book. The objections to the alteration of the 31 Eliz. c. 9. *Taking away any maid, widow, or wife*, &c., and the 4 G. I. c. 11., *Helping to the recovery of stolen goods*, appear to us weak and inconclusive, but we have not space to enter into the examination of these acts more particularly. The 26 Geo. II. c. 33. (the Marriage Act), which inflicts death in five cases for altering, forging, or destroying marriage-licences, or entries, &c., requires a few more extended remarks. The punishment of death in these cases was proposed by the Committee to be commuted: but to such a plan Mr. Miller makes the following objections:

> 'The whole of these offences, it must be remembered, may be executed in impenetrable secrecy, evince great deliberation and contrivance, and can only proceed from the basest motives of interest, malice, or revenge on the part of the perpetrators. Still further to increase their malignity, the injury inflicted on those who are the victims of them is irreparable. Most of the ills to which life is subject, whatever may be their nature or degree, can with the help of time and patience be surmounted; but the felonious act which robs a mother of her honour, and stamps indelible disgrace upon her offspring, produces the most diversified, extensive, and protracted suffering which human villainy can inflict. If any weight should be thought to be due to these considerations, it is hoped that none of the safeguards which the legislature has erected for protecting the integrity of proofs of marriage, will without long and close deliberation be destroyed.'

Mr. M. has accused the Committee, in one instance, of using *rhetorical* language, an error into which *he* appears to have fallen in the above passage: but there is a more substantial charge remaining. In vindicating the present state of our criminal code, the learned gentleman has remarked on the inconsistency displayed in the proposed alterations of it: — but, perhaps, before he hazarded this observation, it would have been judicious to have reflected whether it be not most inconsistent to suffer the offender who *actually* robs the mother of her honour, the daughter of her virtue, and the husband and the father of his peace of mind, to escape with entire impunity, without the *slightest criminal infliction;* yet at the same time to take away the life of a man who merely deprives the mother of the *evidence* of her honor, and leaves her sense of virtue and the purity of her character untouched.

With regard to the crime of sending threatening letters, we think that considerable force appears in Mr. Miller's observations. 'It is an offence,' he says, 'which is usually committed against persons of feeble minds or such as are placed in solitary or unprotected situations; and when it is recollected how effectually it ruins the peace of mind of those to whom they are addressed, and how deeply they undermine the security and happiness of society, there are few species of delinquency which exceed it in baseness and enormity.' (P. 106.) — We cannot, however, entirely coincide with him in the view which he has taken of the offence of cutting down and destroying growing trees, which the Committee considered as of a more venial description. The criminal, says Mr. Miller, can plead neither profit nor passion in extenuation:— it is 'the most poignant injury he can do to the owner, and a course of years will be required to repair the damage, if it be not irreparable;' and it evinces 'a depravity of mind which affords little presage of reformation, either from removal to New South Wales or meditation in a penitentiary.' The injury is certainly provoking and malignant: but it cannot have escaped Mr. Miller's recollection, that there are many offences known to our law which display infinitely more 'depravity of mind' than this, yet for which it would be deemed enormous to take away the life of the offending party. A man may, by the most infamous slander, deprive his neighbour of his good name, and may by secret contrivances destroy his credit and reduce him to poverty, without any danger to his own life: but, if he cuts down a dozen of his saplings, his existence must answer for the '*atrocious*' crime!

We have already stated that the conduct of the Committee, which consisted of some of the first men in the nation, has fallen under the severe censure of Mr. Miller. Among other remarks, he objects to the inquiries which they judged it proper to make into the effects which executions have on prisoners and spectators; and he maintains that appearances and occurrences on such occasions cannot be considered as any criterion of public opinion. (P. 137.) Had he here confined himself to the argument which he afterward makes, that public feeling has nothing to do with the question, (p. 285.) he would have stood on the safer ground of theoretical debate: but it is so evident a truth that, if the public sentiment can be ever collected, it is on occasions like these, that the assertion merits only a denial and an appeal to the common sense of the reader. Will the learned author contend that the sanguinary revellings round the guillotines of Paris, during the Revolution, were no proof of the state of the public mind in France? The opinion that the public feelings are not to be consulted in framing a criminal code is one of the most false and dangerous errors which can enter the mind of a legislator. When laws are enacted that are abhorrent to the public feeling, they have no sanction but in their own severity; to suffer under their operation implies no shame, and to evade them incurs no dishonor.

We find it quite impossible to follow the author through his long observations on the evidence given before the Committee, which proved that the public sentiment in England is opposed to the great severity of punishment for which our statute-book is remarkable. In the course of his argument, he even condescends to inquire into the private characters of some of the witnesses produced, and thus endeavors to destroy the credit which is to be attached to the evidence of two gentlemen who were examined. If we could admit the perfect justice and decorum of this proceeding, what should we say to the fact that Mr. Miller has founded his opinion of one individual on the *ex parte* statement of an advocate, delivered in the heat of argument, and in language so violent that he was checked by the Chief Justice; and that he has relied on this statement alone as furnishing a just ground of objection to the witness? It seems incredible that any man, who is acquainted with the language which is held by advocates in our courts of justice, could prevail on himself to lay the weight on such expressions which Mr. Miller has given to them. — While he is thus laboring to manifest that the Committee have by no means succeeded in shewing that the sentiments of the people of England respecting criminal laws are unfavorable to great severity, it is singular that he did not perceive that he has himself given the strongest proof of that fact. At pp. 290, 291. he transcribes certain tables, which exhibit the proportion between the number of convictions and executions for several years; and the result is stated by himself to be that, 'since the year 1750, executions have decreased in the exact proportion in which convictions have augmented.' There must be some cause for this comparative decrease; and what other can be assigned than that the public are sated with blood, and that it has not been deemed expedient to increase the disgust which such spectacles create, by more frequent executions? — In Mr. Miller's opinion, however, the English nation would not regard with abhorrence any system of punishment, how cruel soever it might be, if it had the effect of preventing crime; for he observes: 'At present there is no reason to believe, whatever declarations may have been made to the contrary, that the feelings of the *great majority* of the country would refuse to *acquiesce with readiness* in the continuance or introduction of *any penal code, whether gentle or severe,* by which the commission of crimes could most effectually be stayed.' (P. 286.) We must protest against this insinuation that the people of England would not regard the means, provided that the end be obtained; and, indeed, if our laws are to be framed on this principle, we are unable to see any reason why a trespass should not be punished with death, and petty larceny with the rack.

One more observation we wish to make on the learned author's attack on the Committee, in which he has shewn how easy it is to view a subject in two different lights. When the advocates for mitigated punishments refer to the recorded opinions of celebrated statesmen and lawyers in support of their arguments, they are told by Mr. Miller that such 'oracular sentences' are 'not worth the having:' but, when it becomes necessary for *him* to prove that a consolidation of the criminal law is a very desirable project, we are referred to the *dicta* of some of the very same men, and told that they ought to have 'great weight.'

'In the absence of every attempt made by them to learn the sentiments of any other judicial character, we are referred generally to the authority of Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Coke, Chillingworth, Clarendon, Blackstone, Dunning, Franklin, Johnson, Pitt, Fox, and Sir William Grant; and whenever any individual thinks proper to assail any part of the existing criminal law, some part of this phalanx of illustrious names is sure to be brought up to his support. But, with the exception of Franklin, it may be doubted whether there is one of them who would have volunteered on such a service. They may have used language more or less strong against particular penal acts or undue severity of punishment in general; but casual observations never can be construed into a dislike of an entire class of laws, or an approval of a specific plan of reform, which at the time of using them there is no reason to believe any one of them had in contemplation. More anxiety has been shown to glean passages favourable to mitigation of punishment from the works of distinguished writers, than there is any occasion for. If they could be collected by thousands, they would not answer the purpose for which they are intended. No man can compress his opinions on criminal law within the compass of a few oracular sentences; and whoever has attempted it demonstrates, by that very means, that they are not worth the having.' —

'But these ineffective intentions of the government are not the only circumstances which afford countenance to such a consolidation as that which has been mentioned. It is further supported by the recorded and concurring opinions of Bacon, Coke, and Hale — names which, considering the extent of their capacity, and experience in business, ought to have greater weight than those of *any three* lawyers that ever lived in England.'

In addition to Mr. Miller's argument that the popular feeling ought not to be considered in framing a code of criminal laws, we find that our legislators are likewise freed from the necessity of consulting a higher power. 'The Christian religion,' says Mr. M., 'has as little to do with this discussion as popular feelings have!' To prove this singular proposition, he transcribes a certain petition to Parliament, praying for a transfer of the elective privilege from Grampound to Leeds; in which it is said that 'civil disqualifications and exclusions are opposed to the great characteristic of the Christian religion.' We confess that we are unable to see the applicability of this illustration: but on so grave a point we will give the learned author's reasons.

> 'The Christian religion ought never to be named but with the deepest awe, and cannot be too sparingly brought forward in matters of worldly concern and doubtful disputation. That it enjoins humanity and mercy in the strongest and most persuasive general terms is assuredly true; but to what acts or regulations the epithets of merciful or humane ought to be ascribed, and from what they ought to be withheld, is here the very point in question; and this the Christian religion, in conformity with the heavenliness of its means and end, has left every political society to determine for itself. Its very existence implies the power of doing every act which may be necessary for its continuance and well-being, and if there are offences which nothing but capital punishment will repress, it follows as a necessary consequence that it is entitled to impose it.'

It certainly does not require any great degree of biblical knowlege to point out numerous passages, in which our duties towards our more guilty and unhappy fellow-creatures are enjoined in something more than 'general terms.' If we mistake not, every Christian has received from the highest authority a specific injunction to "visit those who are sick and in prison;" and can a more acceptable sacrifice be offered to a Being who is all mercy, than the attempt to reclaim those who, however guilty they may be, are still his creatures? It could only have been from the want of a due consideration of this very serious subject that Mr. Miller, in speaking of the hardened criminals who sometimes are to be found in society, has suffered the following passage to appear in his work: 'Instead of being regarded as rational creatures misled by strong temptations or hurried by passion into acts of criminality, and of whose amendment any just hopes can be entertained, they come at last from the complete destruction of every moral principle and feeling *to be distinguished from the other sorts of vermin* which render life unhappy by little else than their *superior powers of* doing mischief.' (P. 264.)

When he is attempting to prove that the lenient measures pursued with regard to criminals in other countries furnishes no proof of the efficacy of such a system in England, Mr. Miller has given us a catalogue of what he conceives to be the peculiar causes of those numerous crimes with which the records of our courts of justice are stained. He enumerates the wealth with which the country abounds, — the size and number of the towns, — the fluctuations of trade occasioning want of employment, — the idleness and bad habits consequent on this deficiency, — and, lastly, 'the relaxation of the bonds of social and domestic intercourse.' We are by no means inclined to dispute the existence of these causes: but we must express our surprize that the writer himself has forgotten, in two instances, that he had recognized them. In p. 259. he gives a short account of Gloucester gaol, which has been considered as one of the best regulated prisons in the kingdom: at the same time he mentions the evidence of Mr. Cunningham, one of the officers of that gaol, from which it appears that, notwithstanding the classification and good government of that place of correction, the number of prisoners has increased very considerably in late years; and at p. 271. he argues that the mild treatment which the prisoners in Gloucester gaol have experienced is the cause of that increase; 'to *no other* assignable cause,' says he, '*can* the crowded state of Gloucester gaol be owing.' Is it, then, *impossible* that this superabundance of malefactors may have proceeded from some of those numerous sources of evil which are pointed out above? Or is it absolutely necessary that, in justice to the new system, we should attribute every increase of crime to its operation alone? — At p. 260. Mr. M. again loses sight of his former assertions. In recommending the tread-mills, he tells us that no judgment should be pronounced on their merits until they have been fairly tried: 'no stress ought to be laid either upon the observations of the gaoler, the expressions of the criminals, or the apparent abhorrence of them prevalent throughout the country. *The permanent diminution of convicts alone can be received as decisive evidence upon the subject.*' According to the author's own positions, this test must be wholly vain and inapplicable, unless we can suppose that the terrors of the tread-mill are sufficient to counterbalance 'the wealth of the country,' the increasing 'size and number of the towns,' the endless 'fluctuations of trade,' and, 'last of all, the relaxation of the bonds of social and domestic intercourse.' It is obvious that the tread-mill may be the means of preventing numbers of crimes, and yet that, from various causes, the sum-total of crimes may be much increased.

Such, then, is the efficacy of Mr. Miller's tests, and such are the consistency and coherence of his arguments.

We shall now advert to the author's statements with regard to the expense of the Penitentiary-system; first pointing out a singular and important error into which he has fallen in one of his calculations on this subject. His statement is this:

> 'In 1818 there were 2052 persons condemned to transportation for the different periods of 7, 10, 14 years, and for life; and 1254 convicted capitally, of whom only 97 were executed. The remaining 1157 must consequently have had the capital punishment commuted for transportation, so that the whole number of persons transported or condemned to transportation in a single year must have been upwards of 3000. Supposing 1500 of these, under a mitigated code of criminal law, to be transported, and the other 1500 to be confined in penitentiaries for an average of three years each, their number at the end of that time would have swelled to 4500, and continue to stand at that amount unless the annual number of convicts diminished. This would be the case, even supposing prosecutions not to be more frequent than at present; but it must have been observed, that an immense increase in prosecutions is one of the effects most confidently anticipated from the abolition of capital punishments by those who object to them. It has never been stated to what degree prosecutions would thus increase; but, from the reasoning and expressions employed, it may be gathered that they would at least be tripled or quadrupled. If they were only doubled, the constant total number of convicts to be disposed of would amount to 9000; which would render nine cities of refuge, each as large as that at Milbank, necessary for their reception.'

Granting the writer's violent assumption that it is admitted by the advocates of more lenient laws that prosecutions will probably be *doubled* by the repeal of capital punishments, in many cases, he will not surely be hardy enough to maintain that they have ever asserted that prosecutions, where the punishment at present is *not capital*, will be doubled also; and yet, in the ingenious calculation which we have just presented to our readers, Mr. Miller has proceeded on that supposition. The correction of this error will cause the deduction of about one-third from the number of prisoners. — Having thus secured a sufficient supply of inmates for his 'nine cities of refuge,' the author lays down the following axiom: 'If a gaol or penitentiary is a flourishing manufactory, it *must* be a bad place of punishment; if it is a good place of punishment, it *must*, on the other hand, be an unprofitable manufactory; and if it is an unprofitable manufactory, it must be expensive.' (P. 249.) It may be as well to observe that we are not furnished with the premises which led the writer to this conclusion,

sion, so favorable to the views which he entertains; and w might therefore be pardoned if we neglected to notice position, which appears to be supported only by its extraordinary boldness. As, however, that very circumstance ma give it effect with some minds, we shall endeavor to manifes the incorrectness of it, even on this writer's own principles Unless it be shewn that the hard and regular labor, which i practised in all the penitentiaries, is preferred by the generalit of the prisoners to idleness and the absence of work, it is evident that a place of confinement, in which they will be compelled thus to exert themselves, must be a greater terror t criminals than one in which they will be allowed to sit unemployed. Where the most work is done, we shall find the most flourishing manufactory; — where most work is done, the criminals will pass a *harder* and more *disagreeable* life than where they have more leisure on their hands; — and this, even in Mr. M.'s own opinion, will constitute 'a good place of punishment.' There is, indeed, one most ingenious mode in which this argument may be answered. It has been proposed, and in several instances the proposal has been carried into execution, to employ the inhabitants of our gaols in labors which are absolutely unproductive, as, for instance, the tread-wheel and the capstan; and it is true that, by the operation of this system, it will be very possible to keep the criminals in constant occupation, yet not enable them to contribute a single farthing to their own support, so that an unprofitable manufactory may thus be made, in Mr. M.'s estimation, a good place of punishment. Some persons have, indeed, asserted that these gaol-labors should be unproductive, in order that they may be made more harassing and disgusting to the prisoner: but, of all the inconsiderate proposals which have ever been suggested, (we say nothing of its harshness and cruelty,) this is, to our apprehension, the most remarkable. If it be really necessary to render our prisons the abodes of misery and despair, can it not be done but at the expense of the immense charge from which the community might be relieved, if the prisoners were allowed to support themselves by their own exertions? Is it so difficult a task to discover fresh bitters for the cup of the captive, and heavier weights for the heart of the unfortunate? Cannot the gaoler be instructed to render his prisoners sufficiently wretched, by industriously taking advantage of every opportunity to wound their feelings and oppress them? Can he not be directed to "lay knives under their pillows, and ratsbane by their porridge," and to answer with a brutal denial their requests to be allowed the smallest comforts? Cannot he compel each individual to subsist on the food to which he manifests the most aversion? Cannot he deny them intelligence of their nearest friends, and disturb their slumbers by night, lest they should enjoy freedom and happiness even in dreams? In short, by every feasible mode cannot he render their existence a burden and a curse to them, — and all this be accomplished while the criminals are employed in productive labor? It is not so difficult as the patrons of tread-wheels and capstans seem to suppose, to render a prison a scene of suffering. The collections of our criminal trials but too plainly prove that many individuals have existed, who have been eminently successful in their superintendence of gaols; and who have converted them into places of such acute suffering and impressive terror, that the prisoners who have been once confined there can never forget the dreadful lesson which they have been taught.

Mr. Miller will perhaps tell us that we are 'rhetorical.' In plain truth, and in sober common-sense, then, where is the justice or policy of saddling the public with an enormous charge, when it has been proved[*] that by good management it may be avoided; or of rendering the prisoners averse to or unfit for every kind of labor, which must necessarily compel them on their release from confinement to return to their old habits of dishonesty and crime? It is a mistake to suppose that the friends of the penitentiary-system are endeavoring to lessen the wholesome and proper terrors of a prison: but, while the criminal is paying the penalty of his offence by strict confinement and perpetual labor, they would prevent the repetition of it by forming him to good habits, and if possible by making him sensible of his guilt. If this system should not be considered as sufficiently rigorous, let the requisite degree of terror be added by enlarging the term of confinement; which, if the criminal be capable of supporting himself, would be no additional tax on the community. Imprisonment surely affords fewer pleasures than Mr. Miller supposes: but, if the propositions of those who think with him were to be carried into effect, it would be highly proper to change the form of sentencing a prisoner, and to acquaint him with the measure of punishment which he may expect. The form might run thus: "The sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned for the space of two years in his Majesty's gaol of ——, where you shall not be suffered to support yourself; and that you be tormented during that time, in such manner as to the keeper of the aforesaid gaol shall seem fit."

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[*] In the case of the Preston House of Correction, and in the American Penitentiaries, when they were well managed.

Notwithstanding Mr. Miller's assertion that '*reformation* and *prevention* appear to be certain fixed points, an approach to one of which necessarily implies a departure from the other,' we feel persuaded that the penitentiary-system merits, and will at last obtain, a fair trial in England. Under that system, reformation and prevention, so far from being separate 'fixed points,' cannot be severed from one another:

> "Take him to prison, officer,
> *Correction* and *instruction* both must work
> Ere the rude beast will profit."

We perfectly agree with the author that a consolidation of our criminal laws is highly desirable, but we fear that there would be great difficulty in finding any persons capable of accomplishing so gigantic a task. We do not think, with Mr. Jeremy Bentham, that a code of laws should be the work of *one hand*, and we suppose that Mr. Miller is of our opinion.

ART. X. *The Provost.* By the Author of "Annals of the Parish," &c. 12mo. pp. 360. 7s. Boards. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

ART. XI. *The Steam-Boat.* By the Author of "Annals of the Parish," &c. 12mo. pp. 360. Blackwood; Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

As we noticed one or two of the former efforts of this indefatigable writer with good humour and indulgence, we fear that the praise, which we bestowed on those occasions, has tended to generate the equivocal productions now before us. We are anxious, however, to deprecate all responsibility for these bantlings of the writer's brain, and must remind him that rapidity of composition implies neither fertility of invention nor rectitude of judgment. As to correctness of diction, we are not disposed to say much: but the style of 'The Provost' is neither Scotch nor English: it is for the most part tame, dull, and insipid; and, if it occasionally rises, it reaches only that inflated and licentious phraseology, which, if not checked in time by the utmost severities of penal criticism, will leave us no just right to complain of the barbarisms of America.

'The Provost' purports to be a series of sketches taken from the provincial manners of some of the smaller burghs of Scotland; and it seems intended to represent the ambition of the humble, the self-importance of municipal vanity, and the artifices by which the persevering and the cunning work themselves to advancement and lucre, on those minor theatres of intrigue and ambition. Had such a design been well executed, it might have been an amusing and perhaps an useful satire: but the whole is an indistinct and unfeatured daubing, exhibiting no nicety of touch or discrimination of tint, that is much superior to the skill of the artist mentioned in the Spectator, who converted the Saracen's head into the portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley.

Of the rise and fortunes of the worthy shopkeeper and magistrate who fills the station of hero in this volume, Mr. James Pawkie, it is obvious that no ingenuity could have made much. In able hands, however, even from these slender materials, something of the humors, the characteristic vanities, the petty competitions, in short, that which constitutes the broad farce of humble life, might have been extracted:—but in humor this writer is very deficient. He has scarcely an idea of a genuine joke; and the few jokes that occur in 'The Provost' are of the practical kind. Mr. Pawkie proposes an important improvement in the streets of his native town, that of having the sides of the streets paved with flags, like the plain-stones of Glasgow. Now old women and antiquated virgins having, time out of mind, been lawful game with wits of a certain class, on this occasion the author treats us with the following accident that happened to Miss Peggy Dainty:

> 'But new occasions call for new laws; the side pavement, concentrating the people, required to be kept cleaner, and in better order, than when the whole width of the street was in use; so that the magistrates were constrained to make regulations concerning the same, and to enact fines and penalties against those who neglected to scrape and wash the plain-stones forenent their houses, and to denounce, in the strictest terms, the emptying of improper utensils on the same; and this, until the people had grown into the habitude of attending to the rules, gave rise to many pleas, and contentious appeals and bickerings, before the magistrates. Among others summoned before me for default, was one Mrs. Fenton, commonly called the Tappit-hen, who kept a small change-house, not of the best repute, being frequented by young men, of a station of life that gave her heart and countenance to be bardy, even to the bailies. It happened that, by some inattention, she had, one frosty morning, neglected to soop her flags, and old Miss Peggy Dainty being early afoot, in passing her door committed a false step, by treading on a bit of a lemon's skin, and her heels flying up, down she fell on her back, at full length, with a great cloyt. Mrs. Fenton, hearing the accident, came running to the door, and seeing the exposure that prejink Miss Peggy had made of herself, put her hands to her sides, and laughed for some time, as if she was by herself. Miss Peggy, being sorely hurt in the hinder parts, summoned Mrs. Fenton before me, *where the whole* affair, both as to what was seen and

heard, was so described, with name and surname, that I could not keep my composure. It was, however, made manifest, that Mrs. Fenton had offended the law, in so much as her flags had not been swept that morning, and therefore, to appease the offended delicacy of Miss Peggy, who was a most respectable lady in single life, I fined the delinquent five shillings.'

'The Steam-Boat' contains a collection of trifles in the form of tales, much more puerile than any other productions of this writer. The adventures of the Steam-Boat "signify nothing;" and the stories, of which those adventures are by a clumsy contrivance rendered the vehicle, are such as neither excite nor reward curiosity. Almost the only one, 'the Russian,' which promised any thing like amusement, breaks abruptly off in the middle: — 'the Wearyful Woman' would be contemptuously banished from the nursery; — and 'Spitzbergen' is the concentrated essence of every thing that is dull and uninteresting. It is told by a Norsman, as he is called, or trader from Norway, 'who had been at Greenock to open a correspondence about deals, and hemp, and iron, and the other commodities that abound, as he informed me, in all the countries circumjacent to the Baltic Sea, from the Neva of Petersburgh and from Riga, where the balsam comes from, so good for cutted fingers and inward bruises;' and lest our candor should be called in question, or the justice of our animadversion be suspected, we will extract from this choice tale a short specimen.

'Two year gone past I had much time and nothing to do, and having an affection for the strange things of nature, I volunteered in my own mind to go for pleasures of the chase to Spitsbergen. For this purpose I did hire a small ship, vit two mast, at Gottenburgh, and sailed vit her round to the North Cape. It was the first week in June then, and we had such fine weather, that the sea was all as one great field of smooth oil.—It was as calm as ice.

'At the North Cape I went on shore to the land, where there is plenty of birds to shoot, and when I was gone up the hill vit my gon, the tide went away and left my ship on a great stone, by which her bottom was much wounded, and the water came in. The sailors, however, when I had come back, did not tell me of this adversity, but permitted me to sail for Spitzbergen, vit a hole in the bottom, which was very bad of tem; for if they had not done so, I would have gone to the Pole. By the living heavens, sir, I would have gone to the Pole — there was nothing to stop me; for I saw from one high hill in Spitzbergen, when we were arrived there, all the sea clear to the Nort. O, so beautiful it was! —there vas no more to stop me from going to the Pole, than there is now, if I had the wings, from flying up to yonder cloud, which is like one balcony for the little angels to look down upon us in the steam-boat moving on the glass of this silent water.

'Very well; we went away vit the tide, and we came to one part of Spitzbergen, where we saw the great rocks of the coal. There is the coal for all the world, when you can find no more in this country; and there is likewise the trunks of trees which come in the corrents of the ocean, and are piled up in the bays by the porterage, that is by what you call the lifting up of the waves.—My Got! what values of woods be there, all broken in the bays of Spitzbergen!

'Very well; we sailed alongside the coast, and there we came to one estuary, opening into the bowels of the land, and I made the sailors to navigate into the same, and went in and in, more than seventy-five mile, and were not arrived at the sack-end. It may cut the country to the other side, for I do not know that it does not—there is no corrent when you have passed by one little strait—the purse-mouth of the place; and therefore I do think myself it does not cut the country to the other side, but is one firth like this wherein we are now taking our pleasures.'

We have had our full dose of the Coronation in the newspapers. Mr. Duffle's account of that ceremony, which occupies no inconsiderable portion of the volume, we were obliged to read as a matter of duty; but we are by no means willing to inflict the same penance on our readers.

Art. XII. *Memoirs of the Life of Artemi*, of Wagarschapat, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia: from the original Armenian, written by himself. 8vo. pp. 374. 12*s*. Boards. Treuttel and Co. 1822.

Little authentic information has reached us concerning the Armenians, though they form a large division of the Christian world, and are scattered in considerable masses not only through the different countries of the East, but over the European and Asiatic provinces of Russia. While they profess Christianity, however, their religion consists in little more than the observance of certain external forms and ceremonies. Their political condition in Persia and Armenia is that of the most abject depression; being bowed down by the despotism of their Mohammedan rulers as well as that of their own ecclesiastics, and of such even among their own countrymen as have wealth and influence enough to enable them to tyrannize over their humbler neighbours. Of such a state of social misery, therefore, the natural consequence is that all, who have opportunities, seek that tranquillity and independence abroad, which no exertion of talent or industry will secure them at home. Hence the Armenians bear a strong resemblance to the Jews in their general habits and pursuits: they monopolize *nearly the traffic of the East*; and they have mercantile establishments in Marseilles, Venice, Petersburgh, Madras, and Calcutta.

The volume now before us is a singular and curious, though we cannot call it a very *readable* piece of auto-biography, from the pen of an Armenian; who regularly committed the various incidents of his life, as they occurred, to writing in the Armenian language. No evidence is adduced by the editor in support of its authenticity: but there is a peculiarity in the turn and idiom of the Armenian dialect which it is impossible to counterfeit; and a diligent perusal of these memoirs induces us with confidence to admit that they are genuine. With regard to the subject-matter of the work, we apprehend that it will scarcely repay the curiosity of those who take it up, unless they are anxious to enlarge their stock of information concerning the rites and customs of this curious people.

Artemi is the child of misfortune; the hook, as it were, on which every species of indignity and evil seems to have been hung; and bastinadoes, stripes, and kickings follow each other in such rapid succession through the whole extent of his biography, that we are astonished almost to incredulity at his powers of endurance. He is in the truest sense of the words,

——— ἱκανὴ πϱόφασις
Εἰς τό δυστυχειν.

Yet so completely is man the sport of tyranny and the victim of oppression in the East, that to be incredulous of the incidents of a life so embittered by cruelty and chequered by changes of fortune as that of Artemi would argue a slender acquaintance with the genius and policy of oriental despotism. We must confine ourselves to one specimen of his adversities: but they are so monotonous and uniform, that the character of his adventures in general may be readily inferred from this extract.

> ‘ In the month of August this year, when the vintage commences with us, a circumstance occurred which threw me again into the power of my tyrants, and plunged me into fresh misfortunes.
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> ‘ I have already stated that Kalust was the director of our town. Under him there was a sub-director, also of the clerical order, whose duty it was to collect the imposts paid by the inhabitants to the convent, and to superintend the works carried on for it, and for the performance of which, as I have had frequent occasion to observe, poor people were always selected. This ecclesiastical inspector was a hard-hearted man, so that his own nephew, the son of his deceased brother, had to endure not a little from his tyranny, which was carried to such a length, that even the head of this unfortunate

fortunate orphan was not safe from the fangs of his uncle. He was a native of Tiflis, in Georgia, and of low birth. Near the time above mentioned, in the last days of July, he was taking a survey of the vineyards with some of the young men of our place, when he espied a Persian, who, probably fatigued with travelling a great way, and faint with heat and thirst, had climbed the wall of a vineyard, and was picking a bunch or two of grapes to refresh his parched lips. He immediately ordered the young men to beat the Persian on account of this insignificant trifle; but they refused to obey, representing to him that they could not maltreat a man for so trivial an offence; that he himself would scarcely hesitate in a similar predicament to take a bunch of grapes out of another person's garden to quench his thirst, by which the owner could not sustain any particular injury. The overseer, still more exasperated by this reply, seized a cudgel, ran up to the Persian, and struck him with such violence on the temple as to kill him on the spot. The relatives of the deceased preferred their complaint to the Chan of Erivan, and the latter sent to the patriarch, requiring him to deliver up the culprit. There was no other alternative than to comply with this demand, or to expose the town as well as the convent to the vengeance of the Persians. To appease the latter, the patriarch chose rather to give up the murderer to the relatives of the victim, who immediately dragged him without the walls of the convent, bound his hands, and beat him without mercy. According to the custom of those parts, a murderer, or, in his stead, his relations, accommodate matters with the relatives of the deceased, by paying a sum of money proportionate to the abilities of the offender to afford this kind of satisfaction, or the demands insisted on by the complainants. As the superiors of the convent manifested no disposition to enter into such a compromise, the Persians conducted their prisoner to the town, where they celebrated his arrival with a second drubbing, and then carried him to the city of Erivan. Here he had to endure fresh sufferings; after which they conducted him back with every kind of maltreatment to the town. The ecclesiastics had meanwhile resolved, in order to redeem their whole order from unmerited disgrace, to offer the injured party a sum for the ransom of the culprit; and they assured them, at the same time, that their kinsman had been killed by some of the young men of the place. They accepted the proffered compensation, and the overseer was delivered from their hands more dead than alive. In this manner did the reverend fathers extend their protection to a criminal, for the preservation of the honour of their community, and of the convent in particular; but by their indiscretion they brought the poor people of the town into a very awkward predicament: for no sooner was the Chan of Erivan apprized that the Persian had been murdered by people belonging to our place, than he issued orders that, by way of atoning for the crime, a fortress should be built by us on a particular spot on Mount Ararat, as a check to the incursions of banditti. According to these orders the works were to be commenced the following spring, and to be carried on by thirty-five men of all ages, to be taken in turn from the indigent families, under the superintendence of five of the principal persons of the place. Besides these, two Persians and one Armenian were appointed to be inspectors in chief. The sons of the rich were to be relieved after working a week, and to return in six or seven weeks; but the poor, after an interval of one, two, or three weeks, according to their circumstances. At the outset, when it was necessary to fix upon the persons who were to begin the works, Kalust, the director of our village, told the alderman whom to select for the purpose. He pitched upon me for the first, observing: "We have poor lads who live quite at their ease, and think of nothing but how to become scholars — there's for example the widow's son," meaning me. Agreeably to these directions, the tithing-man came very early one Saturday morning, seized me, and forcibly took from my mother an ass, which was destined to share my fate. I was conducted to the great place where our public meetings were held. I was the only one whose hands and feet they bound, and for the greater security that I might not run away, they tied me moreover to a tree, and threw my ass down on the ground beside me. Our elders assembled: "Thou wilt now have plenty of time," said they, with a malicious smile, "to learn to read and bind books; and therefore we have determined that thou shalt stay till the works are finished without being relieved." Accordingly, I alone was doomed not to return home till the completion of the works of the fortress.

' It was no easy matter to collect thirty-five individuals, for the poor, knowing what they had to expect, secreted themselves. They therefore took such as they could find, without any farther distinction of persons. Had not a surety presented himself for me, I should have been left, lying bound as I was, for upwards of twenty-four hours. As soon as they had made up the required number, they dispatched us by day-break next morning. Laden with provisions for a week, we arrived at Mount Ararat, and took the shortest, but as it turned out by far the most fatiguing way to its left flank; for it was frequently the case that we were obliged to crawl on all fours. Weary as we were, we found it almost impossible to rest ourselves occasionally, for the fear of being bitten by venomous creatures, especially the *morm* *, would not allow us to think of sitting down, and we therefore cursed at every step the monk on whose account we were suffering such hardships.'

A view of Mount Ararat forms a frontispiece to the volume.

' * The *morm* resembles the scorpion in shape, but has a soft hairy skin like a mouse, either reddish or black, or of some other colour. The *morm* springs from the ground right at a person's face. Its venom is mortal. — *Author.*'

Art. XIII. *A Letter on our Agricultural Distresses,* their Causes and Remedies; accompanied with Tables and Copper-plate Charts, shewing and comparing the Prices of Wheat, Bread, and Labour, from 1565 to 1821. By William Playfair. 8vo. pp. 72. 5*s*. Boards. Sams. 1822.

Mr. Playfair has prefixed this motto to his letter: 'Advanced rents, high taxes, and poor's rates, do not all amount to one penny on the quartern loaf.' The transcription of this statement saves much trouble. We occasionally mislay a pamphlet, and to be told where it *is not* is the next best thing to being told where it *is* to be found, because it spares a search in the wrong place. As to high rents, they are out of the question now; for, however showy a figure they make in the landlord's accounts, we all know that they are not paid. Then, if poor's rate and taxes have so little to do with agricultural distress, what are the real causes of it? Monopolists, forestallers, regraters, meal-men, bakers, millers, *gentlemen in the corn-trade*, intermediate between the grower and consumer, &c. &c.; dealers, 'who are in principle like a set of Jews, have become rich and keep the farmers who are in want of money altogether in their power, so that they grind them down at the same time that they keep up the price to the consumers.' Elsewhere these persons are called 'funguses,' 'excrescences,' &c., and in a note (at p. 9.) they are charged with committing 'a complete robbery' on the farmer and the public; where it is also affirmed that 'the same practices prevail with cattle-dealers, who of all living animals are themselves the most voracious.'

It is very much to be regretted that any gentleman of character will condescend to use vulgar language like this; thus contributing to support and extend a prejudice, which is sufficiently strong, against a numerous and respectable class in society who are already too much exposed to popular odium. We certainly did not expect to see revived, at this time, denunciations and railings which would better have suited the days of witchcraft than those of philosophy; and if we could bespeak the attention of our readers for a few minutes, it would give us pleasure to exorcise the evil spirits which Mr. Playfair has conjured up to scare us. To uproot the deeply-fixed prejudices of the vulgar is indeed no easy task, but it is incumbent on every man to make the attempt as often as an opportunity occurs. The terms *usurer*, *forestaller*, *regrater*, &c. are opprobrious, and the fastening of an opprobrious name to a man's occupation is like tying a canister to a dog's tail; the object of alarm is always at his heels; and they are both hunted, and hooted, and derided by all the

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gaping rabble of the streets. The remark is very old that, if we degrade a man in the estimation of society, he will soon be degraded in his own; he will presently lower himself to the level which the injustice of others has prepared for him, and become accessory to his own debasement. Like a stricken deer, he will desert the herd, forlorn and hopeless: the motives of his best actions will become suspected, and the actions themselves misrepresented; finding that he has no character to support, he will soon fancy that he has none to lose; he will grow indifferent to the opinion of mankind; and by degrees that high sense of honor, that living flame, which once glowed with ardor in his bosom, and which he once watched and fed with all the devotion and solicitude of a vestal, will burn feebly and more feebly till the last spark is extinct.

The dealers, cattle-butchers, &c., are 'in principle like a set of Jews,' says Mr. Playfair. How applicable is the remark just made to that ill-used people! We now reproach them with those low pursuits and base practices to which our own intolerance, rapacity, and unrelenting persecution, through a series of ages, has driven them. It is no difficult thing to fix an odious epithet on a whole class of men; but such an infliction is by no means an indication of better principle on our part; on the contrary, it is very likely to originate in the basest motives. The industrious and frugal habits of the Jews in antient times made them the great and almost sole depositaries of wealth; till their vast opulence excited the cupidity of necessitous and extravagant monarchs, and in every age and country they have been persecuted, nominally for their religion, and proscribed, nominally for their usury: while in fact they have at all times been persecuted, proscribed, and plundered for their wealth. Shakspeare's Shylock has done incalculable mischief to this people; and the merit was reserved for Cumberland of making an attempt to rescue their character from reproach, by representing the hero of his excellent comedy, "The Jew," as kind-hearted, generous, and endowed with every Christian virtue. The forestaller and regrater are probably not very dramatic personages, but some living Cumberland may honor the usurer as he honored the Jew, — if he dares to encounter the frown of Mr. Playfair. This writer assimilates, justly, the laws against usury with those against forestalling, &c.: but he affirms that 'it has never been alleged that the former could be dispensed with without danger, except by Turgot and the most decided of the French economists.' We recommend to his perusal the unanswered and unanswerable "Defence of Usury, by

Jeremy Bentham," and request him to prepare himself for the repeal of all those laws in a short space of time, by reading the debate on Mr. Serjeant Onslow's motion in the present parliament for that purpose. The reception which that motion for a repeal of the laws against usury experienced augurs well.

Let us solicit the reader's attention while we endeavor to efface the injurious impression which Mr. Playfair's book is calculated to produce: premising that he has hung up, *in terrorem*, a list of all the statutes restraining the offences of engrossing, forestalling, and regrating, but has most unaccountably omitted any reference to an act of George III. which nullifies the whole of them. Did this escape his research?

I. First, as to the MONOPOLIST or ENGROSSER *: his very existence is questionable, and he is rather a man of straw than a man of flesh and blood, — a mere creature of the imagination: for law has its fictions as well as poetry. To suppose that any individual or any combination of individuals can monopolize, *without the aid of government*, any article of general consumption, like corn, beef, or mutton, is to suppose that a few deep pits and wells can engulf and absorb all the waters of the ocean. Government indeed may become a monopolist itself, and, by granting exclusive charters and immunities to merchant-companies, it may confer that character on others. Corn, Adam Smith observes, is of all commodities the least liable to be monopolized by the force of a few great capitals. Not only its value far exceeds the amount which the capitals of a few private men are capable of reaching, but the manner in which it is produced renders such purchase altogether impracticable. The production of corn employs a much larger quantity of industry than any other commodity; and it is divided among a greater number of owners, who never can be collected into one place, but are necessarily scattered through all the different corners of the country. The dispersed situation of the inland-dealers in corn, comprehending the farmer, the merchant, the miller, the baker, &c. renders it altogether impossible for them to enter into any general and effective combination.

In the year 1675, the island of Barbadoes was laid waste by a tremendous hurricane: neither tree nor house was left

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* *Engrossing* was described by stat. 5 and 6 Edw. VI. c. 14. to be "the buying up large quantities of corn or other dead victuals, with intent to sell them again." *Monopolies* are nearly the same offence in other branches of trade that engrossing is in provisions; being a licence allowed by the king for the sole purpose of buying, selling, making, working, or using of any thing whatsoever, &c.

standing,

standing, but the whole face of the country was one scene of desolation and ruin. So complete was the destruction of the sugar-works, that nearly two years elapsed before they could be sufficiently repaired to renew the business. The crop of provisions shared in the general devastation; and, to add to the calamity, eight ships laden with the produce of the country were sunken or stranded in Carlisle bay. In the general distress to which the island was reduced, some individuals, possibly influenced by a bad motive while they conferred a public benefit, monopolized the provisions which were brought to market. Government took the alarm; and, fearing that its humanity or its wisdom would be impeached by letting things take their course, passed a law to prevent monopolizing, forestalling, and engrossing. The object, no doubt, was benevolent, but the enforcement of the law aggravated the scarcity which it was intended to relieve. A ship laden with corn stands in for the bay: — who is to buy the cargo? The whole could not be purchased by an individual, because of the pains and penalties of the new law against monopoly. How then? Is the captain to turn huckster, and dole it out by three or four bushels at a time? No: he can make better profit by sailing for another port, and disposing of the whole cargo at once, leaving the poor half-starved Barbadians to curse the folly of their legislators. (See Poyer's Hist. of Barb.)

It was enacted by Edward VI. that "whoever should buy corn with an intent to sell it again should be reputed an unlawful engrosser." For the first offence, he was to suffer two months' imprisonment, and forfeit the value of the corn; for the second, six months' imprisonment, and double the value of the corn; and for the third offence he was to be set in the pillory, imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and forfeit all his goods and chattels. So, in order to make corn cheap, the farmer was compelled not only to withdraw half his capital from his farm, and put it into the corn-trade, but half his time also! The rigor of the original statutes of Edward VI. was gradually softened down by several others, which successively *permitted* the engrossing of corn; first when the price of wheat did not exceed twenty, then twenty-four, then thirty-two, then forty, and, lastly, by the 15 Ch. II. c. 7., forty-eight shillings per quarter. This was the maximum, at which it was lawful to engross wheat: but then it was unlawful to sell it out again in the same market within six months! The definition of an engrosser is "one who gets into his possession or buys up corn, or other dead victuals, with intent to sell them again;" which, says Blackstone, "must, *of course*, be injurious to the public, by putting it in the power of one or two rich men to raise the price of provisions at their own discretion." Now this definition is nothing more nor less than the definition of a merchant; and Blackstone's remark as to the injurious effect of engrossing was just as applicable to the limits of twenty shillings per quarter, fixed by Ed. VI., as to the forty-eight shillings fixed by Charles II. The remark was not required; and it was, at any rate, incumbent on the learned commentator to shew *how* the act of buying and selling "must, *of course*, put it in the power of one or two rich men to raise the price of provisions at their discretion." (Comment. B. IV. ch. 12. § 8.)

II. FORESTALLING is described by stat. 5 and 6 Ed. VI. c. 14. to be, 1. the buying or contracting for any merchandise or victual coming in the way to market; 2. or, the dissuading persons from bringing their goods or provisions there; or, 3. the persuading them to enhance the price when there: "any of which practices," says Blackstone, "makes the market dearer to the fair trader." Let us examine this statement. The *first* branch of the offence is "the buying or contracting for any merchandise or victual coming in the way to market." A man goes with his large tilted cart on the market-day morning of some city, and buys all the butter, eggs, poultry, pork, and mutton of half-a-dozen women on their way thither with these commodities for sale; where the women would perhaps have had to sit from seven or eight o'clock in the morning till seven or eight o'clock at night, before *all* their goods were sold. Is their own time worth nothing? is that of their horses worth nothing? The forestaller, by meeting them on the road, and buying *all* their provisions, releases the whole at once; sending the horses back to plough, and the women to attend their dairies, feed their pigs and poultry, and suckle their children. The public is no loser by this, but gains the difference between the labor of one person and one horse, and the labor of six persons and six horses. Suppose that these six women had gone on to the market: what reason is there for believing that they would have sold their goods cheaper than the forestaller who bought them on the road? They certainly could sell them cheaper to him in the bulk, and at once, than they could afford to sell them to the public in detail, for they save the expence of feeding themselves and their horses at an inn, they save their own time, and they transfer to him the risk of an "overthrown market," that is, of a market in which the supply exceeds the demand. These considerations induce them to make a sure *forehanded* bargain on lower terms than they could afford in the open market. — The forestaller no doubt speculates on a profit on his bargain, and is intitled to it, and he makes it with a positive advantage to the public: for he may be satisfied with a less profit than these individuals collectively would have required, whom he has released and sent back to their respective occupations, in as much as the labor of one individual and one horse can be afforded at a lower price than the labor of six individuals and six horses. Perhaps, however, he *would not* be so satisfied; then we shall soon see where the punishment would fall; and that the effect of his cupidity would only be to benefit his rivals, and leave his own commodities unsold.

The *second* branch of the offence of forestalling is "the dissuading persons from bringing their goods or provisions to market." The only two effective methods of dissuading a man against bringing his goods to market are, *first*, to offer him for them at home such a price as he calculated to obtain when they would reach the market, deducting the value of the time, trouble, risk, and actual expence of conveying them thither; or, *secondly*, to impress him with a belief that they will obtain a higher price at some future time. The *first* case corresponds so exactly with that which we have noticed under the former head, as to require no additional illustration or defence. If a forestaller goes to the house of a farmer, for instance, and saves him and his horse and cart the whole of their journey to the market-town, the farmer can undoubtedly afford his goods even at a lower price than if the forestaller had spared him only half his journey by meeting him halfway on the road; and consequently at a still lower price than if he had himself gone on the whole way to market. In the *second* case, "to dissuade him from bringing his goods to market," under an idea that he will obtain a higher price for them at some future time, is to impress him with a belief that, at that future time, the demand in the market will be greater in proportion to the supply than it is now. Here, again, a real and substantial benefit would be conferred on the public, by inducing a man to keep his goods from market till he found a more pressing occasion for them. For this benefit, however, by the old statutes, a man's goods are subject to be forfeited, and his person to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and exposed on the platform of a pillory!

The *third* branch of the offence of forestalling is "the persuading a man to enhance the price of his goods when at market." This is rather a work of supererogation. A man does not wait to be "*persuaded*" to sell his goods for as much money as he can. The law, however, contemplates some easy sluggish simpleton, who requires to be goaded by his neighbours to the unwilling task of demanding the full value of them! This surely was the dream of some drowsy Lycurgus. It signifies little what price a man sets on his commodities, unless he can find somebody to give it. Let any person try the experiment, by asking a guinea a-piece for his geese, and half a crown a pound for his mutton, while his neighbours are selling their geese at five shillings each, and their mutton at four-pence a pound. Does any body think that a man, by persuading this simpleton to ask such extravagant prices, has done any harm to the public! The goods, it must be assumed, were brought to market with the intention of converting them into money; and if we suppose that, because the seller cannot obtain five times as much as they are worth, he will throw his geese and mutton into a ditch, we are supposing him to be a madman, and to reason with such a person is to be almost as mad as himself. The cupidity of this individual is immediately punished by having his goods left on his hands unsold, while those of his rivals are taken off at the current prices. At the close of the market, most buyers being supplied, the demand which was brisk in the early part of it very sensibly abates; and he will find himself obliged to sell his goods for less than his neighbours, and for less than he might have sold his own if his rapacity had not betrayed him. What injury, then, can the public sustain by persuading some ideot to try so fruitless an experiment? and what grounds had Mr. Justice Blackstone for asserting that each, or that any one, of the practices which constitute the legal offence of forestalling, "makes the market dearer to the fair trader?" Water does not find its level more certainly than the price of any article which is exposed in open market to open competition: for competition is that active principle which is always busy in regulating the market-price, and keeping it at that natural and central price to which the prices of all commodities are constantly gravitating. Different accidents, it is observed by Adam Smith, may sometimes keep them suspended above it, and sometimes force them down below it: but, whatever be the obstacle which hinders them from settling in this centre of repose and continuance, they are constantly tending towards it.

III. We are now come to the *third* and last offence which it is our intention to notice on the present occasion, namely, that of REGRATING: which is described also by stat. 5 and 6 Ed. VI. c. 14. to be "The buying of corn or other dead victuals in any market, and selling it again in the same market, or within four miles of *the place.*" This also, according to *Mr. Justice Blackstone,* as well as Mr. Playfair, "enhances the price of the provision, as every successive seller must have a successive profit." It was a very prevalent opinion formerly and perhaps may still be, that the fewer the hands are through which any commodity passes, between the grower and the consumer, the cheaper it must be. With this idea, the division of labor must no doubt be regarded as a public injury, and all middle-men and retailers as public nuisances and fit objects of punishment.

It may indicate temerity to dispute a position of Mr. Justice Blackstone: for no writer, antient or modern, combines more succesfully the various qualities of strength, precision, elegance, and perspicuity in his style: it is a model of excellence unequalled and perhaps unrivalled. We should justly incur the reproach of presumption, were we to estimate his attainments as a lawyer: but he had imbibed somewhat too much of that spirit which dictated the well-known reply of the Parliament at Merton to the prelates of Henry III., "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*" One of the Justices of the Common Pleas, and Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford, he was not satisfied with explaining the nature and principles of the English code, but seems to have deemed it incumbent on him to defend the wisdom and justice of those laws, individually as well as collectively. On the present subject, surely, his reasoning is illogical, and the very basis of it false. His argument is that, because every successive seller must have a successive profit, therefore the price of provisions must be advanced in proportion to the number of hands through which they pass. In the first place, however, he is not justisfied in assuming that every successive seller must have a successive profit. Each seller expects and desires it, no doubt: but, having no command over the market, he is often woefully disappointed; and the weekly list of bankruptcies arising from erroneous calculations of profit is an evidence absolutely demonstrative on this head. Suppose a commodity to pass through an entire alphabet of buyers, in the same market, and on the same day. There is no reason for assuming that Z, the last of them, can sell his commodity at a higher price than A, the first of them, might have gained for it. The supply is not diminished, nor is the demand increased, by the mere transference of a commodity from hand to hand; nor has the commodity itself received any additional value, natural or artificial, in the course of its numerous transits. How, then, can it possibly fetch a higher price? Z would have given just as much for it to A as he gave to Y; and if A sold it to B for a less sum, it was only because he did not know its value, and did not make an offer of it to Z at first. If, howe [illegible] his point were conceded, *and it* were granted that ever [illegible] seller *does* make a successive profit, it yet would not follow that the price of the article *must* be advanced. The division and subdivision of labor form one of the most prominent distinctions between rude and civilized society; and to this division we are indebted for the excellence of our artificers, and not only for the perfection of their work but likewise for its cheapness. Blackstone's position is, that the more the hands are through which a consumable article passes in its transit from the grower to the consumer, the higher price the latter must pay for it. Let us try this position in the article of first necessity, *Corn*, granting that each successive hand puts on a successive profit. The legislature, indeed, has often tried it, and, conceiving the interference of middle-men to be injurious, has interposed to restrain them. With marvellous inconsistency, however, it has sometimes not merely encouraged them, but absolutely forced them into existence: for manufacturers were formerly prohibited from selling their own goods by retail, expressly for the purpose of encouraging shopkeepers; who are, in the strictest sense of the word, middle-men, standing between the producers and the consumers. Can any person believe that bread would be cheaper if there were no bakers, or corn-merchants, who are both middle-men, gaining a profit on the article before it reaches the consumer? The *time* of a farmer is much better occupied than by baking bread for housekeepers, or retailing his corn to them in the insignificant driblets of two or three bushels each. His capital, too, is more advantageously employed in a single concern, than it could be if divided among three or four.

In the former part of this article, we said that Mr. Playfair had hung up, *in terrorem*, a long list of penalties inflicted on forestallers, engrossers, &c. by antient statutes, but that he had unaccountably omitted to advert to a subsequent act which abrogates the whole of them. That act is 12 Geo. III., the preamble of which sets out with declaring that, "Whereas *it has been found by experience that the restraint laid by several statutes upon the dealing in corn, and sundry other sorts of victuals, have a tendency to discourage the growth and to enhance the price of the same, and to bring distress upon the inhabitants of many places, be it enacted, that all those acts be repealed, being detrimental to the supply of the labouring and manufacturing poor of the kingdom,*" &c. Can any thing be more absurd and anomalous, more repugnant to common sense, than that forestalling and regrating should still be offences at common law, and punishable with fine and imprisonment, after so positive and unqualified an admission on the statute-book, that the suppression of these practices has been found "*by experience* to have a tendency to discourage the growth and enhance the price of provisions, and to be detrimental to the supply of the poor?" In point of fact, however, are these "offences" still punishable at common law? Common law is built on custom, which is an evidence of the concurring judgment of the people; and it is our practice, says Blackstone, "to make it of equal authority with, *when it is not contradicted by*, the written law." (Comment. Introd. § 3.) The common law on the subject of forestalling, &c. had the common consent and expressed the common opinion of persons in ages of high antiquity and ignorance, that markets are best supplied when under certain regulations and restrictions. The statutes of Edward VI. were enacted under the same erroneous conception: but "*the experience*" of a more enlightened and observant age has acknowleged the positive mischief of such restrictions and regulations, as we find by the preamble to the statute of 12 Geo. III. Now it is a rule observed in the construction of statutes, that "where the common law and a statute differ, the common law gives place to the statute, and an old statute gives place to a new one: and this, upon a general principle of universal law, that *leges posteriores priores contrarias abrogant*; consonant to which, it was laid down by a law of the twelve tables at Rome, that, *quod populus postremum jussit, id jus ratum esto.*" (Blackstone, Introd.) If it be a principle of universal law that a new statute supersedes an old one, *à fortiori* it is competent to supersede and abrogate a contradicting portion of still older common law, which itself gives place to any statute from which it differs, whether new or old.

We must apologize for the length to which this article has been extended: but it appears to us that the attempt of Mr. Playfair to revive the almost forgotten prejudices of ignorant times against the freedom of domestic trade, and also to terrify us with the skeletons of old statutes, long since hung in chains for their misdeeds, and perfectly harmless, however ugly and frightful, required some effort on our part to defeat it.—Mr. P. has given us three charts, ingeniously constructed, perspicouous, and useful: the *first* displays at one view the price of the quarter of wheat, and the wages of labor by the week, from the year 1565 to 1821: the *second* gives the yearly average-prices of the quartern loaf of best wheaten bread, from 1740 to 1821; and the *third* shews the value of the quarter of wheat in shillings, and *in days' wages of a good mechanic*, from 1565 to 1821.

ART. XIV. *May-Day with the Muses.* By Robert Bloomfield, "Author of the Farmer's Boy," "Rural Tales," &c. 12mo. 4*s*. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1822.

WHILE in Italy we find poets and scholars assuming the character of shepherds, and emulously enrolling themselves among *Gli Arcadi*, in England our villagers and yeomen not unfrequently exchange the plough for the lyre, and the pruning-hook for the pen. Of the two metamorphoses, undoubtedly the latter is the most natural and rational; and it is an honorable proof of the extensive influence which our free institutions exert over our habits and feelings, that our literary history affords so many instances of eminent authors who have risen to such celebrity from the lowest situations. This is as it should be in the "Republic of Letters," where genius and talent are the only title to superior distinction. — The English public have always recognized the claims of merit, however nameless and humble; and among those who have been raised from their obscurity by the public approbation and encouragement, no one has deserved his elevation more justly than Robert Bloomfield.

As the author of "The Farmer's Boy," this votary of the Muses has long been a favorite with those whose feelings are calm and healthy enough to be delighted with poetry, which borrows its only charm from the innocence and simplicity of rural occupations, and the exhibition of homely affections. In these quiet and unobtrusive descriptions, no writer has been happier than Bloomfield. Unlike Crabbe, who is always most successful when he is painting some scene of wretchedness or knavery, — a young girl breaking her heart at the faithlessness of her lover, or a parish-apprentice cheating the overseers, — Bloomfield delights to describe the virtues and happiness of rural life, and thus affords us most certainly a more pleasant and more satisfactory picture. We rejoice, therefore, to find him once more appearing before the public; giving a proof not only that he is not dead, but that he has not forgotten how to weave together his village-rhymes as pleasingly as heretofore. 'I have been reported,' says he in his preface, 'to be dead, but I can assure the reader that this like many other reports is not true. I have written these tales with anxiety, and in a wretched state of health; and if these formidable foes have not incapacitated me, but left me free to meet the public eye with any degree of credit, that degree of credit I am sure I shall gain.'

May-Day with the Muses is a little collection of poems ingeniously attached together, somewhat in the manner of

Hogg's "Queen's Wake." Sir Ambrose Higham, an aged baronet of the true old English stamp, determines to hold a spring-festival, and accordingly remits half a year's rent to all his tenants who will bring a poetical equivalent to the feast.

> ' "Why not," he cried, as from his couch he rose,
> "To cheer my age, and sweeten my repose,
> Why not be just and generous in time,
> And bid my tenants pay their rents in rhyme?
> For one half year they shall: — a feast shall bring
> A crowd of merry faces in the spring." '

No doubt this was a very satisfactory arrangement to the tenants, many of whom appeared at Oakly Hall on the appointed day, ready prepared to pay all their arrears in verse. First, 'Philip, a farmer's son well known for song,' recites an excellent rustic ballad called 'The Drunken Father,' to the great edification of the rest of the jovial company. This ballad is in the author's best style: simple, forcible, and full of feeling. Then rose the Gamekeeper, 'in garb of shining plush of grassy green,' and recited 'The Forester,' in which are many good verses, but in several of them we observe a straining to reach a higher tone of feeling than is natural to the poet. The first four verses are very pleasing.

> ' Born in a dark wood's lonely dell,
> Where echoes roar'd, and tendrils curl'd
> Round a low cot, like hermit's cell,
> Old Salcey Forest was my world.
> I felt no bonds, no shackles then,
> For life in freedom was begun;
> I gloried in th' exploits of men,
> And learn'd to lift my father's gun.
>
> ' O what a joy it gave my heart!
> Wild as a woodbine up I grew;
> Soon in his feats I bore a part,
> And counted all the game he slew.
> I learn'd the wiles, the shifts, the calls,
> The language of each living thing;
> I mark'd the hawk that darting falls,
> Or station'd spreads the trembling wing.
>
> ' I mark'd the owl that silent flits,
> The hare that feeds at eventide,
> The upright rabbit, when he sits
> And mocks you, ere he deigns to hide.
> I heard the fox bark through the night,
> I saw the rooks depart at morn,
> I saw the wild deer dancing light,
> And heard the hunter's cheering horn.

' Mad with delight, I roam'd around
From morn to eve throughout the year,
But still, midst all I sought or found,
My favourites were the spotted deer.
The elegant, the branching brow,
The doe's clean limbs and eyes of love;
The fawn as white as mountain-snow,
That glanced through fern and brier and grove.'

The shepherd now repeats a very fanciful dream, which is in fact an allegorical description of the French Revolution and the great political events that have followed it. — We pass over ' The Soldier's Home,' and ' Rosamond's Song of Hope,' that we may arrive the sooner at the last tale in the volume, which is called ' Alfred and Jennet;' and from which we must give a rather copious extract. The story is supposed to be related by the father of Jennet, who had become a favorite at the house of a lady whose son had been born blind. In spite of the inequality of fortune, Alfred grows attached to her, and, according to the antient custom in such cases, they are of course married. The description of Jennet singing is beautiful.

' Thus grown familiar, and at perfect ease,
What could be Jennet's duty but to please?
Yet hitherto she kept, scarce knowing why,
One powerful charm reserved, and still was shy.
When Alfred from his grand-piano drew
Those heavenly sounds that seem'd for ever new,
She sat as if to sing would be a crime,
And only gazed with joy, and nodded time.
Till one snug evening, I myself was there,
The whispering lad inquired, behind my chair,
" Bowman, can Jennet sing?" — " At home," said I,
" She sings from morn till night, and seems to fly
From tune to tune, the sad, the wild, the merry,
And moulds her lip to suit them like a cherry;
She learn'd them here." — " O ho!" said he, " O ho!"
And rubb'd his hands, and stroked his forehead, so.
Then down he sat, sought out a tender strain,
Sung the first words, then struck the chords again;
" Come, Jennet, help me, you *must* know the song
Which I have sung, and you have heard so long."
I mark'd the palpitation of her heart,
Yet she complied, and strove to take a part,
But faint and fluttering, swelling by degrees,
Ere self-composure gave that perfect ease,
The soul of song: — then with triumphant glee,
Resting her idle work upon her knee,
Her little tongue soon fill'd the room around
With such a voluble and magic sound,

That, 'spite of all her pains to persevere,
She stopp'd to sigh, and wipe a starting tear;
Then roused herself for faults to make amends,
While Alfred trembled to his fingers' ends.
But when this storm of feeling sunk to rest,
Jennet, resuming, sung her very best,
And on the ear, with many a dying fall,
She pour'd th' enchanting "Harp of Tara's Hall."
Still Alfred hid his raptures from her view,
Still touch'd the keys, those raptures to renew,
And led her on to that sweet past'ral air,
The Highland Laddie with the yellow hair.
She caught the sound, and with the utmost ease
Bade nature's music triumph, sure to please;
Such truth, such warmth, such tenderness express'd,
That my old heart was dancing in my breast.
Upsprung the youth, "O Jennet, where's your hand?
There's not another girl in all the land,
If she could bring me empires, bring me sight,
Could give me such unspeakable delight:
You little baggage! not to tell before
That you could sing; mind — you go home no more."

'Thus I have seen her from my own fire-side
Attain the utmost summit of her pride;
For, from that singing hour, as time roll'd round,
At the great house my Jennet might be found,
And, while I watch'd her progress with delight,
She had a father's blessing every night,
And grew in knowledge at that moral school
Till I began to guess myself a fool.
Music! why she could play as well as he!
At least I thought so, — but we'll let that be:
She read the poets, grave and light, by turns,
And talk'd of Cowper's "Task," and Robin Burns;
Nay, read without a book, as I may say,
As much as some could with in half a day.
'Twas thus I found they pass'd their happy time,
In all their walks, when nature in her prime
Spread forth her scents and hues, and whisper'd love
And joy to every bird in every grove;
And though their colours could not meet his eye,
She pluck'd him flowers, then talk'd of poetry.

'Once on a sunbright morning, 'twas in June,
I felt my spirits and my hopes in tune,
And idly rambled forth, as if t' explore
The little valley just before my door;
Down by yon dark green oak I found a seat
Beneath the clustering thorns, a snug retreat
For poets, as I deem'd, who often prize
Such holes and corners far from human eyes;

I mark'd young Alfred, led by Jennet, stray
Just to the spot, both chatting on their way:
They came behind me, I was still unseen;
He was the elder, Jennet was sixteen.
My heart misgave me, lest I should be deem'd
A prying listener, never much esteem'd,
But this fear soon subsided, and I said,
" I'll hear this blind lad and my little maid."
That instant down she pluck'd a woodbine wreath,
The loose leaves rattled on my head beneath;
This was for Alfred, which he seized with joy,
" O, thank you, Jennet," said the generous boy.
Much was their talk, which many a theme supplied,
As down they sat, for every blade was dried.
I would have skulk'd away, but dared not move,
" Besides," thought I, " they will not talk of love;"
But I was wrong, for Alfred, with a sigh,
A little tremulous, a little shy,
But, with the tenderest accents, ask'd his guide
A question which might touch both love and pride.
" This morning, Jennet, why did you delay,
And talk to that strange clown upon your way,
Our homespun gardener? how can you bear
His screech-owl tones upon your perfect ear?
I cannot like that man, yet know not why,
He's surely quite as old again as I;
He's ignorant, and cannot be your choice,
And ugly too, I'm certain, by his voice,
Besides, he call'd you pretty." — " Well, what then?
I cannot hide my face from all the men;
Alfred, indeed, indeed, you are deceived,
He never spoke a word that I believed;
Nay, can he think that I would leave a home
Full of enjoyment, present, and to come,
While your dear mother's favours daily prove
How sweet the bonds of gratitude and love?
No, while beneath her roof I shall remain,
I'll never vex you, never give you pain." —
" Enough, my life," he cried, and up they sprung;
By Heaven, I almost wish'd that I was young;
It was a dainty sight to see them pass,
Light as the July fawns upon the grass,
Pure as the breath of Spring when forth it spreads,
Love in their hearts, and sunshine on their heads.'

The idea of Alfred judging of his rival by his voice is highly tural: but perhaps the poet may have borrowed from an ecdote which is related by Richardson of Milton, who, on aring a lady sing, exclaimed, " Now will I swear that lady handsome."

At length Sir Ambrose bids his friends good night:

'An instantaneous shout re-echoed round,
'Twas wine and gratitude inspired the sound:
Some joyous souls resumed the dance again,
The aged loiter'd o'er the homeward plain,
And scatter'd lovers rambled through the park,
And breathed their vows of honour in the dark;
Others a festal harmony preferr'd,
Still round the thorn the jovial song was heard;
Dance, rhymes, and fame, they scorn'd such things as these,
But drain'd the mouldy barrel to its lees,
As if 'twere worse than shame to want repose:
Nor was the lawn clear till the moon arose,
And on each turret pour'd a brilliant gleam
Of modest light, that trembled on the stream:
The owl awoke, but dared not yet complain,
And banish'd silence re-assumed her reign.'

We conclude with assuring our readers that they will not find many pleasanter modes of whiling away a gloomy afternoon in Autumn than in the perusal of 'May-Day with the Muses.'

ART. XV. *Memoirs of the Author of "Indian Antiquities;"* comprehending the History of the Progress of Indian Literature, in Britain, during a Period of Thirty Years. To be comprized in Three Parts. 8vo. Parts I. and II. 7*s*. each, sewed. Rivingtons.

IT is scarcely necessary to state to our readers that the author of "Indian Antiquities" is the Rev. Thomas Maurice, assistant-keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, and that he has long been advantageously known in the literary world by that splendidly written work. If it be too exclusively founded on English researches, if deficient in arrangement and compression of topic, if somewhat tinctured with ecclesiastical prejudices, and if less critical than eloquent, still it asserts an elevated rank for comprehension of materials and richness of composition. The author of such a production may well expect that some public curiosity will attach to his biography.

Mr. M. is descended, he informs us, from Welsh princes, but was born at Hertford, on the 25th of September, 1754. His father, a clergyman and schoolmaster, gave him good domestic instruction, but died during his boyhood, and he was then placed by the interest of guardians in Christ's Hospital. The mother, however, who was methodistically disposed, and indeed liable to fits of aberration of mind, chose to remove her son to Mr. Wesley's seminary near Bristol and Kingswood. During his stay there, Mrs. Maurice married

Joseph Wright, an Irishman, and a local preacher among the Methodists: a connection which deprived the author of much of his inheritance, and which was contracted not only under the influence of a corrupt conspiracy, but while Mrs. Maurice was in a state not fit to form such an engagement. It was ultimately set aside by the Court of Chancery: but the waste of property which it occasioned is lamentable. — Mr. Maurice was afterward placed under the celebrated Dr. Parr at Stanmore, of which residence he thus speaks:

'That the democratic spirit somewhat prevailed, though to no culpable extent, among the gentlemen about that period educated at Harrow, may in some degree be accounted for by their being so well read, under the tuition of their learned deceased master, in Greek history, by which they were naturally interested in the fate of liberty — that liberty whose cause was so well supported by its orators against the armies of the Persian satrap, and the insidious designs of Philip. The power of gold had also been recently, and to an alarming extent, tried in their own country by the daring minister who is said to have affirmed *that every man had his price.* In one of those accomplished scholars *, it is well known, that Isæus, the master of Demosthenes, afterwards found an elegant translator of his eloquent orations. A very different doctrine from that promulged by the minister aforesaid is inculcated throughout those spirited Alcaic verses commencing with

What constitutes a state?
Not high-rais'd battlement, or labour'd mound ——

and those that, in still more energetic strains, rehearse the sublime praises of the subverters of the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ.

'Pre-eminent among these worthies of Stanmore were William Julius, the captain, and Walter Pollard, two most excellent scholars — natives of the tropic — "Souls made of fire, and children of the sun;" the latter of whom only expired with the last expiring year, 1818. He was early honoured with the confidence of Sir W. Jones, and became, at Cambridge, the personal friend of Mr. Pitt, by whom he was made Comptroller of the Exchequer, in which situation he died. I shall have much to say of him presently, for of him much is worthy to be said.

'To associate with young men so accomplished as these, was gradually to advance in knowledge. Though much their junior, by my kind instructor's recommendation I obtained that permission; I was even placed, however unworthy, in the same exalted class with them; and seeing me earnest, industrious, and inquisitive, they assisted me in my studies, which for a time were laborious and unremitted. I had frequent invitations, also, to dine and drink tea with the great archi-didaskalos himself, who condescended to indulge me with private instructions in his study. A considerable latitude was given to this upper part of the school by a

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'* *Sir* William Jones.'

master who well knew when to straiten and when relax the reins of government, nor was it ever abused to any considerable extent. Our morning breakfast-parties, and our numerous evening-conversaziones, were of a nature highly social, yet still of a literary cast; the varying merits as well as style of the different British writers were dispassionately discussed; and Johnson and Addison, Hume and Robertson, had each their respective partizans among us. Young men of that age will dare to think for themselves; and, therefore, it cannot excite wonder if Bolingbroke, also, had his advocates, and Akenside his admirers. Our more convivial meetings, (for we had them unknown to our Argus,) our Attic symposia, at least while Pollard remained among us, were also regulated by the laws of decorum, and no intemperate mirth disgraced the scholars of philosophy and Parr! At a later period, a Greek play, (the first instance of the kind in England, I believe,) the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, the most admired tragedy of antiquity, was performed before a vast body of assembled literati; and the incomparable scholar, Gerald, went eloquently through a part of eight or nine hundred lines, without a pause or a blunder — would to God he had acted his part with equal correctness in the great drama of life.

'It was, indeed, impossible, while we were construing the choruses, and often very sublime speeches of the Αγγελος, or Messenger, in the Greek tragedians, for the most stupid boy not to be deeply affected with the mode in which Dr. Parr — for so I shall venture to call my revered friend, as a title more dignified, and more familiar to me, though he did not take that degree till several years afterwards — with the mode, I say, in which he treated the subject of our instruction. For, in our progress through the interesting drama, to the antient Greek and Roman authorities, brought in illustration of the author, were added similar passages, generally *imitations*, to be found in modern writers, principally English: as, for instance, in respect to the tragedy just mentioned, the Œdipus Tyrannus, all the pathetic ejaculations of Milton, relative to his blindness, were adduced to increase the interest, from Paradise Lost, and the Samson Agonistes. This was done in the most impressive manner by an instructor, who, in addition to his profound knowledge of Greek lore, accurately knew, and strenuously exerted, all the powers of the English language, to enforce them on his pupils. During his eloquent recitations, I have known youths of feeling affected by them even to tears; and, I believe, none who heard them ever after forgot them.'

Anecdotes of Sir William Jones and some of his early letters are given, including fragments of unpublished poems, which will be read with interest.

In the second part of these Memoirs, the author reaches Cambridge, where he was entered a commoner at St. John's in 1774. Many of his juvenile poems are inserted, many of his juvenile freaks are frankly related, and many of his illustrious acquaintance are agreeably characterized: but there is much of excursion in all this, and some garrulity. The author's travels in Derbyshire, to Manchester, Liverpool, the Lakes, and elsewhere, are not pregnant with interesting remarks or uncommon occurrences.

A summary view of the antient distractions on the borders of Scotland forms another episodical insertion of eight pages; and fragments of occasional poems diversify the narrative, which is chiefly faulty for its exuberance. A life of Chatterton, with extracts from his works, repeats for the tenth time a tale which surely can please so often no where but at Bristol. Letters from Dr. Pretyman, when Bishop of Lincoln, adorn several pages; and others from Lords Liverpool, Auckland, and Spencer. — On the whole, the lovers of unimportant anecdote, and of chit-chat concerning eminence, will find much in these volumes to gratify an innocent though trifling taste for such personalities; and, as we observe that the memoirs are printed on the author's own account, we sincerely wish them a profitable career.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1822.

POETRY *and the* DRAMA.

Art. 16. *Letters to Julia, in Rhyme.* Third Edition. To which are added, Lines written at Ampthill Park. By Henry Luttrell. Crown 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Murray. 1822.

This is an amended, and to a considerable degree a newly modelled, edition of a poem which acquired rapid popularity some months ago, under the title of " Advice to Julia." Its plan, however, appeared to many readers to be exceptionable, because the heroine, beautiful and interesting as she was drawn, was still in too nameless and equivocal a relation to the principal character to sustain the dignity requisite for the poetical station assigned to her. In the reformed publication before us, she is no longer his mistress, ' but a young, rich, handsome widow, basking in the full sunshine of prosperity, and spoiled from her first entrance into life by indulgence and admiration. She has taken a sufficiently high degree in the college of fashion to make her ambitious of one still higher;' and the shortest way of effecting this object is to obtain Charles as a husband, who, being at the head of the *bon ton*, would confer on her all the privileges of the *caste*. Having hooked her fish, she plays him, like a true coquette, even at the risk of losing him for ever: but Charles, though a man of pleasure and of the world, is " over head and ears in love."

Of a subject necessarily so limited, this agreeable and harmonious versifier has made the most. He has thrown around it every illustration and ornament which a playful and lively style of poetry could confer; and he has contrived with great art to interweave into the poem those nice and correct notices of life and manners, which bespeak the hand of one who is himself not uninitiated in the mysteries of fashion; — those lightly touched but exquisite sketches, which denote a consummate ease and freedom of design that can be imparted only by long and active familiarity with the gay and polished scenes which he delineates. In point of execution, it is systematic and finished: its symmetry is not disturbed by careless or slovenly rhymes; nor is its flow impeded by any violence or harshness of construction. We may add that it is full of those original thoughts, and epigrammatic turns, which forcibly remind us of the admirable though neglected poem of the *Spleen*, by Green of the Custom-house, first published many years ago in Dodsley's Collection.

The well-known rendezvous, in chaotic confusion, of horses and carriages at Apsley Corner in the Park, and the difficulties which beset the aspirants to Almack's, — that steep and almost inaccessible *apex* of fashion, — are thus admirably described:

'But when from violated May
Winter's rude form is chased away,
When skies more blue and bright appear,
And sunshine marks the ripened year,
Charles in his Tilbury would roll,
Or, in the evening, gently stroll
Where all the town, arrayed *en masse*,
Disputes each inch of withered grass,
As if some spell their steps had bound
Fast to that single spot of ground.
Where countless wheels together dash,
Swift whirling — and, amidst the crash,
Horse jammed with foot, in gay confusion,
Just manage to escape contusion,
Wedging their shoulders into carriages,
To make reports of balls and marriages;
Of passports just obtained, or missed
For Almack's on each lady's list;
What names of all the young and fair,
High-born and rich, are blazoned there;
Who are returned as sick, and who dead,
Among the luckless girls excluded.
Nor marvel that a prize which, won,
Is capital, and yields to none
In the world's lottery — when lost,
Not health alone, but life should cost.

'Say you, to whom in beauty's pride
This paradise is opened wide,
While its inexorable portals
Are closed against less favoured mortals,
Have you not marked how one rejection
Has spoiled a blooming nymph's complexion?

Have you not known a second leave her
In strong convulsions or a fever?
And can you doubt the tales you've heard
Of what has happened from a third?
All on that magic LIST depends;
Fame, fortune, fashion, lovers, friends:
'Tis that which gratifies or vexes
All ranks, all ages, and both sexes.
If once to Almack's you belong,
Like monarchs, you can do no wrong;
But, banished thence on Wednesday night,
By Jove, you can do nothing right.

'There, baffled Cupid points his darts
With surer aim, at jaded hearts;
And Hymen, lurking in the porch,
But half conceals his lighted torch.
Hence the petitions and addresses
So humble to the patronesses;
The messages and notes, by dozens,
From their Welch aunts, and twentieth cousins,
Who hope to get their daughters in
By proving they are founder's kin.
Hence the smart miniatures enclosed
Of unknown candidates proposed;
Hence is the fair divan at Willis's
Beset with Corydons and Phillises,
Trying, with perseverance steady,
First one, and then another lady,
Who oft, you've told me, don't agree,
But clash like law and equity;
Some for the rules in all their vigour,
Others to mitigate their rigour.

'How shall my Muse, with colours faint
And pencil blunt, aspire to paint
Their high-raised hopes, their chilling fears,
Entreaties, threatenings, smiles, and tears!
The vainest beauty will renounce
Her newly smuggled blonde or flounce;
The gamester leave a raw beginner;
The diner-out forego his dinner;
The stern reformer change his notions,
And wave his notices of motions;
The bold become an abject croucher,
And the grave giggle — for a voucher;
Too happy those who fail to nick it
In stumbling on a single ticket.
See, all bow down — maids, widows, wives
As sentenced culprits beg their lives,
As lovers court their fair ones' graces,
As politicians sue for places;

So these, by sanguine hopes amused,
Solicit, — and are so refused.'

A shower in Hyde Park on a Sunday is well sketched in the following lines:

'But, O! the treachery of our weather,
When Sunday-folks are met together!
Its tempting brightness scarce matured,
How suddenly the day's obscured!
Bless me, how dark! — Thou threatening cloud,
Pity the *un-umbrella'd* crowd.
The cloud rolls onward with the breeze.
First, pattering on the distant trees
The rain-drops fall — then quicker, denser,
On many a parasol and spencer:
Soon drenching, with no mercy on it,
The straw and silk of many a bonnet.
Think of their hapless owners fretting,
While feathers, crape, and gauze are wetting!
Think of the pang to well-dressed girls,
When, pinched in vain, their hair uncurls,
And ringlets from each lovely pate
Hang mathematically straight!
As off, on every side, they scour,
Still beats the persecuting shower,
Till, on the thirsty gravel smoking,
It fairly earns the name of soaking.
Breathless they scud; some helter-skelter
To carriages, and some for shelter;
Lisping to coachmen drunk or dumb
In *numbers* — while no numbers come.
Some in their clinging clothes so lank,
Others so bouncing, all so blank,
With sarsnets stained, with stockings splashed,
With muslins prematurely washed,
Enraged, resigned, in tears, or frowning,
Look as if just escaped from drowning;
While anxious thoughts pursue them home,
Whence their next Sunday-dress must come.'

Where so much is excellent, we must restrain our wishes to make citations, referring our readers to the work itself; which is one of the happiest specimens of easy and polished verse, of pleasing banter and lively wit, that it has been our fate for many years to have noticed.

The lines on Ampthill Park were noticed in the Monthly Review when they appeared in the form of a separate publication. (See vol. lxxxviii. p. 433.)

Art. 17. *Cumnor; or,* the Bugle-Horn, a Tragedy: with other Dramatic Dialogues, and Miscellaneous Poems. By Elijah Barwell Impey. 12mo. pp. 284. Boards. Longman and Co. *1822.*

It would be unjust to deny that the tragedy of Cumnor, which is the first piece in this collection, has many beauties; though it would, at the same time, be somewhat exaggerated praise to assert that those beauties are of the highest order. Several passages of it testify a cultured if not a poetical mind; and Mr. Impey seems, on some occasions, to have caught, if not the fire, at least the manner, of some of our early dramatic writers. — The title will probably, at the first glance, have suggested to the reader that this drama is founded on the highly-wrought and spirited romance of Kenilworth; — a romance which abounds with too many dramatic incidents, and is, generally speaking, too dramatic in its character, not to have furnished to more than one writer the idea of making it the basis of a regular drama. Mr. Impey, however, does not appear to have constructed it for the theatre; and we are inclined to think that his rigid, and in our opinion unnecessary, observance of the unities, by circumscribing his play within too narrow a duration, has for that reason rendered it too barren of striking and sudden situations (to use the theatrical phraseology) to have passed the ordeal of the green-room. As a dramatic poem, notwithstanding, it has an equitable claim to an approving verdict: but our praise must be tempered and restrained, for Mr. Impey is not wholly exempt from rebuke on the score of negligence and incorrectness.

We must not suppress our objection to a deficiency which is, in a great degree, destructive of the effect that every dramatic author, whether he writes for the theatre or the closet, should endeavor to preserve entire. Our meaning is this. From a feeling in some sort natural to an enamoured perusal of the exquisite production from which he has derived his materials, and a familiarity with its incidents, the author of the play has evidently left unexplained many circumstances which it is impossible to understand without a special reference to Kenilworth itself. He therefore leaps all at once *in medias res;* forgetting that the auditor in the theatre, or the reader in the closet, is not necessarily acquainted with all that has taken place before the time of his action commences; and that the play, for that reason, is full of allusions to much which the play alone does not sufficiently explain.

Some departure from the romance was perhaps necessary to the drama. Tressilian is killed by Leicester at Cumnor in a duel, instead of being engaged in the bloodless contest in which we find him in the novel; and both Lamborn and Forster are somewhat more conscientious villains, than they appear as they came from the hand of the master-artist. We have not room for much extract: but we will quote a part of the scene in which Amy, in the midst of Leicester's endearments, is visited by filial compunctions which obtrude themselves on their “ bower of bliss.”

‘ *Amy.* Farewell! ye days
Sunbright, serene, calm morn, and peaceful eve,
Free mirth, and sound repose; ere fear, first born
Of conscious guile, o'ercast with clouds the dawn,
And marr'd *love's jubilee.* Ah! rebel love,

Ere thou with filial tenderness did'st war,
Bursting the flowery knot which held thee coupled
With that sweet yoke-fellow. O, fare ye well!
For ye are flown for aye!

'*Leices.* Why then forget them,
And think on these, these golden hours, when love
Shatters his chains, and freely springs beyond
The barriers of cross age. Hence with the past,
Now is our banquet, then we did but fast:
Away! these sad forebodings are the brood
Of fancy, gender'd in her lonely mood,
Away, my love, away!'

We insert also the song of the minstrel:

'Hark! hark! In the hall and the park
That skirts thy princely dwelling,
The revellers throng to the minstrel's song,
And the wine in fountain's welling:
And the trumpet's hail to the plume and the mail
Outchants the lovelorn nightingale,
That sits in Cumnor's bower:
For thy place of rest is the eagle's nest
On Kenilworth's high tower.
Then up, up, and away with the cup,
Nor heed the winsome measure,
Thy syren spell, sweet philomel,
Hath drugg'd the draught of pleasure:
Ere thou bewail the warbled tale,
Bid fair good night to the nightingale,
That lures thee to her bower:
There's shame and death in a monarch's breath,
And bane in the fairest flower.'

We regret that we cannot speak with much commendation of 'All in the Dark; or, Ashamed to own It; a Comedy, in Five Acts, founded on a French Piece called *Une Journée à Versailles.*' It was presented in 1817 to Covent-Garden Theatre, but returned as not adapted for representation, and we concur in the propriety of the rejection; a circumstance chiefly attributable to Mr. Impey's having lengthened out the main plot, to a degree which weakens its interest, of the little amusing piece which is still performed with considerable success on the Parisian stage.

Some of the miscellaneous poems are very creditable to the taste of Mr. Impey; and we may instance particularly his translation of the first scene of Racine's *Athalia*, with his Epilogue to "As You Like It," which evinces considerable powers of humor. We insert his paraphrase of Dr. Johnson's Latin Ode on the Isle of Skye, as a favorable specimen of his powers:

'Wrapt in the deep recesses of the main,
Lash'd by the storm, and girt with mountains high,
Sweet to the trav'ller is thy verdant plain,
Thy cloud-envelop'd cliffs, romantic Skye!

‘ Sure, Peace, if thron'd on earth, must here preside;
Here Care, disarm'd, resigns her baffled power:
No strife disquiets life's unruffled tide,
Nor grief insidious lurks in Pleasure's bower.

‘ Yet what avails the restless mind, to creep
Beneath the covert of sequester'd caves;
Or climb the rocks impending o'er the deep,
And idly count th' incalculable waves?

‘ Whate'er the pride of stoics may maintain,
Who cheat our reason to exalt its sway,
Man's erring wisdom of itself is vain
The gusts of struggling passion to allay.

‘ 'Tis thine, Almighty Ruler! at whose will
With chasten'd rage the floods of ocean roll;
'Tis thine, with intellectual calm to still
The raging of the tempest-troubled soul.’

Art. 18. *The Grave of the last Saxon;* or, the Legend of the Curfew. A Poem. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 8vo. 6*s.* Boards. Hurst and Co. 1822.

Whatever reputation this poetic critic may have acquired in his recent controversy with Lord Byron, that “ keen encounter” has been productive of one result which will not, we fear, add very materially to his fame; — it recalled his ‘ attention to a poem sketched some years ago, on a subject of national history,’ which he has been induced to revise and correct, and now offers to the public. (See the Introduction.) We are compelled to declare that he would have done a great kindness to himself, and to every one whose duty it is to begin at the commencement and read to the conclusion of ‘ The Grave of the last Saxon,’ if he had *not* suffered his attention to be diverted from his present pursuits to the labors of former years. The besetting sin of this poem is dullness, an unpardonable fault at the present day; though it contains some elegant passages to throw into the opposite scale. A short epic, like this, has all the disadvantages which are occasioned by blank verse, a stately and monotonous style of expression, and the want of dramatic interest: while it has nothing of the variety of character, pleasing episodes, and ingenious intricacy of plot, which sometimes give an interest to this species of composition that enables the reader to journey through four or five and twenty books. — Mr. Bowles's genius, also, is not very well fitted to shine in blank verse; which, after all, requires more skill and judgment than any other form of poetical composition, to prevent it from tiring the reader. We should have been much more gratified if he had favored the public with a few sonnets, as excellent as those which Mr. Coleridge tells us so strongly excited his youthful admiration.

We shall offer to our readers a short specimen of Mr. B.'s blank verse from the conclusion of the poem, presenting a picture of the Conqueror seated on his throne:

> ' William, on his imperial throne at York
> Is seated, clad in steel, all but his face,
> From casque to spur. His brow yet wears a frown,
> And his eyes show the unextinguish'd fire
> Of stedfast vengeance, as his inmost heart
> Yet labour'd, like the ocean after storm.
> His sword unsheath'd appears, which none beside
> Can wield; his sable beard, full and diffus'd,
> Below the casque is spread; the lion ramps
> Upon his mailed breast, engrail'd with gold.
> Behind him stand his barons, in dark file
> Rang'd, and each feature hid beneath the helms;
> Spears, with escutcheon'd banners on their points,
> Above their heads are rais'd. Though all alike
> Are cas'd in armour, know ye not that Knight
> Who next, behind the King, seems more intent
> To listen, and a loftier stature bears?
> 'Tis bold Montgomerie; and he who kneels
> Before the seat, his armour, all with gules
> Checker'd, and checker'd his small banneret,
> Is Lord Fitz-alain. William holds a scroll
> In his right hand, and to Fitz-alain speaks:
> " All these, the forfeited domains and land
> Of Edwin and of Morcar, traitor-lords,
> From Ely to the banks of Trent, I give
> To thee and thine!"
>   Fitz-alain lowly knelt,
> And kiss'd his iron-hand, then slow arose,
> Whilst all the barons shouted, "Live the King!" '

We cannot say that Mr. B.'s repeated alliterations have any charms for our ears: as, for instance, in the following lines:

> ' Now flickering fast with foam. The sea-fowl flew.'

> ' Whose brows might better a blue bonnet grace.'

The "Vision of Pearce Plowman" cannot supply finer examples.

NOVELS.

Art. 19. *Bleddyn;* a Welsh National Tale. By W. S. Wickenden, the Bard of the Forest, Author of "Count Glarus, of Switzerland." 2 Vols. 12mo. Baldwin and Co.

Do we live to congratulate our readers on the resuscitation of Welsh bards, to encounter, alas, once more — not sharp English swords — but the sharp and cruel pens of English reviewers? We trust, however, that we shall be more merciful to the race of Llewellyn and Taliessin than the weapon of the first Edward. Indeed we feel somewhat awe-stricken on this occasion, and the prophetic denunciation of "The Bard" is ringing in our ears;

> "Weave the warp and weave the woof,
> The winding-sheet of Edward's race."

We must be careful what we say, lest we come in for a share of the poetical curse either of the living authors or the dead, be anathematized by Mr. Wickenden, or his Meg Merrilies' witch Mabil, and our name be finally thrown into some diabolical conjuring well, with which, we are told, the superstitions of the principality abound. We trust, however, that the occasion will not call for that severity of criticism which might render us amenable to the laws of the old Cambrian mythology, the race of land or water spirits, wild Druid bards, blasted trees, and haunted caves, with the dirges of Llewellyn still borne by the winds "o'er the desart sands." On the contrary, the romantic sound of the 'Bard of the Forest,' and 'Author of Count Glarus, of Switzerland,' will of itself be sufficient to disarm the critic of half his terrors, and our arrows recoil on ourselves blunted with the potent charms and witchery of such names.

Why should we not have more national tales? — something of the old British stamp! — The Scotch have their national tales, — the Irish have theirs, — and the French, Dutch, and Flemish. We ought, indeed, to add something of prose to old Chaucer's Canterbury verse. So Mr. W. thinks: — but we suspect that the difficulty consists in discovering a genius equal to the task of delineating the habits and manners of a people, rather than in finding an author, like Mr. W., eager and confident enough to make the attempt. He has not, by any means, altogether failed in it: but such an undertaking requires powers of no common order; and these Mr. W. certainly does not command. He manifests no exquisite knowlege of life and character; no broad and deep acquaintance with the force and origin of human passions; no antiquarian or national research into the genius and records of the people, "with native power, and learned skill," to combine his various and conflicting materials into one harmonious and picturesque view. Yet all these, with much more, are essential to the writer of a truly national tale: such as perhaps Sir W. Scott and Miss Edgeworth alone can boast.

Though deficient in these higher requisites of a novelist, and in the prouder claims of authorship on the leading passions and feelings of his readers, Mr. W. will still be found to possess merit and awaken interest sufficient to entitle him to regard. In his "Count Glarus, of Switzerland," some specimens of his poetry were interspersed, with descriptions, particularly from rural life, of no ordinary kind; displaying a reality and a freshness of life for which we may in part account by the author's residence in the forest, where, devoted to a country life, he is more indebted to the smiles of nature and the muse than to the factitious charms of art or fortune. His poems, and the descriptive portions of his novels, are thus the more simple and natural, though wanting in other qualities not easily to be given up: but his poetry, like his novels, is deficient in dramatic interest, incident, and pathos.

The 'Tale of Bleddyn' is too slight and irregular to preserve a just and well sustained interest: the characters are ill defined and unequal; and the story is altogether of too flimsy and commonplace a texture to add interest to the representation of local scenes and manners. Its merit therefore lies rather in the times and circumstances in which the scene is placed, than in the nature of the tale itself. The period chosen is the civil war of Charles I.; and the hero is a Cambrian chevalier of the first order, and aide-de-camp to Prince Rupert. We have consequently a fine loyal tone of politics running through the whole of it; and the republicans are not merely Roundheads, *and Saints*, but the latter appellation is often made a convertible term with that of devils.

A tolerably animated account is given of some of the battles, with the various characters of the leaders; and the fatal encounter of the armies at Naseby is well told, marking also the impetuous temper of Prince Rupert.

Art. 20. *Maurice Powell.* An Historical Welsh Tale of England's Troubles. 3 Vols. 12mo. Baldwin and Co.

Ecce iterum! a Welsh novelist. — In Maurice Powell we have a cavalier of the old stamp; a military hero, like Dalgetty, of the Gustavus-Adolphus school, displaying his military courage and skill in aid of the civil wars of England, criticizing the manœuvres of Prince Rupert, and *lauding* Bishop *Laud* and King Charles. He is of a very hot temperament, and very nearly puts an end to Cromwell's hopes of the protectorship, by knocking him on the head in battle. — In order that we may have a good account of his genealogy, he is not born until the conclusion of the first volume; then he sleeps and idles away his time through the second; and he fights desperately, until he gets married, in the third. So much for the hero! The subordinate personages are of still less attractive metal, mere men of straw, both grave and witty; aping, like their master, the accomplishments of some of their progenitors in the Waverley line. The incidents are not much more new or surprizing; the old battles are fought over again, and thrice the slain are slain.

The author's heroines, also, are of a very lumpish and unkneaded sort of clay, incompetent to animate the dull and lifeless beings by whom they are surrounded. Though, however, the interest of the story sadly droops, the language and narrative are less objectionable; being interspersed with occasional good descriptions, historical anecdotes, and pleasing and amusing remarks. Yet these merits cannot redeem the deficiencies of the work, nor preclude its author from the salutary advice which we offer, to devote his time and talents to objects that may better reward his exertions.

POLITICS.

Art. 21. *A Letter to the Fundholders;* containing a Plan for the Reduction of the National Debt, &c. By a Templar. 8vo. 2*s.* Pickering. 1822.

It must be admitted that this learned Templar is sufficiently enthusiastic in his admiration of his Majesty's ministers; and he talks of Whigs and Radicals with a fluency of indignation which, we should think, nothing but long and steady attendance in debating societies could have produced. We present our readers with a sketch of his plan in his own words:

'The first part of my plan would be to do away with the present sinking-fund, on which subject I will enter more fully presently: I then would transfer all the stocks to the 3 per cent. consols, at the market price of 80*l.*; but would not suffer the holders of the 3½ per cents., or the 4 per cents., to lose any thing by the change; they should receive in bonuses the full amount of the difference between the stocks. This would of course be no saving to the nation, but would cost us a few millions in capital: it would, however, be necessary for my next arrangement, which is to reduce the present nominal amount at which the 3 per cent. consols are to be paid off, to the real value at the present market price, viz. 80*l.* This measure, though it would be productive of the greatest national good, would injure no one — no fundholder would lose one sixpence of the real capital which he now possesses.

'Our total unredeemed debt now nominally amounts to 794,980,481*l.*, the real value of which, if it consisted entirely of 3 per cents., would, at the present market-price, be worth 633,984,485*l.*; but as the prior reduction which I have mentioned before, of converting the 3½ and 4 per cents. to 3 per cent., would cost us some millions, I will take the real value of the debt of the country, at the market price of 80*l.*, to amount to 640,000,000*l.**, and to this sum I would immediately reduce the capital, and should be surprised to hear that it would be productive of loss to any individual; this, however, as it does not take any thing from you, would be productive of no immediate relief to the nation; the interest you would receive by funding at 80*l.* would be 4 per cent.; this I would reduce to 3 per cent.; and you will observe that the redeeming price of the 3 per cents. would then be 80*l.*, bearing an interest of 3 per cent., which would be 2*l.* per annum, instead of 4 per cent., which is 3*l.* per annum. The interest of 640,000,000*l.*, at 4 per cent., amounts to 25,600,000*l.* The interest on the same sum, at 3 per cent., amounts to 19,200,000*l.* The relief, therefore, which the nation would receive from this measure would be 6,400,000*l.*, which is the total loss of the fundholders.'

This contribution from the fundholders is to be accompanied, according to the scheme of the author, by a proportionate contribution from the other members of the community; and he calculates that 100,000,000*l.* might easily be raised within four years from the three professions, land-holders, manufacturers, merchants, bankers, miners, and tradesmen. — The following is the reduction of taxes which he proposes:

'* 640,000,000*l.*; perhaps this sum is rather too little, I would wish, however, to attract your attention to it.'

‘ Salt	£1,594,614
Hops	240,000
Soap and candles	1,334,923
Coffee	250,000
Leather	1,500,000
Windows	2,529,000
Wines, half the present duty	1,000,000
Carriages, ditto ditto	250,000
Horses, ditto ditto	500,000
	£9,198,537’

The author gives some hints to his friends, the other members of the Constitutional Association; and, after having abused the sinking-fund, he relapses into his vehemence against those who are in opposition to his Majesty's government.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 22. *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,* a Selection from the Papers of the late Arthur Austin. 12mo. pp. 430. 10s. 6d. Boards. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1822.

We have heard it asserted that this publication owes its birth to the prolific author of “ Annals of the Parish,” &c. to whose two recent productions we have paid attention in p. 72. of this Number: but, as we have no sufficient evidence that such is the fact, we have not ventured to include it in the article above mentioned. The volume before us contains a series of Scotish stories, often displaying a religious cast, some of which may certainly be termed interesting; and they have the advantage of being short. The charm of a simple story, however, is broken by aukward efforts at fine writing, and we wish in vain that this undeniable truth had been more present to the writer's mind. From the example of the highly gifted author whom he professes to hold in the utmost reverence, and of whose portraitures he seems occasionally emulous, he might have attempted at least to borrow a happy and unaffected ease of description and congruity of diction; though he might have despaired of following such mighty footsteps in the career of invention and fancy. That great master would not have introduced in his sketch of a rustic beauty, ‘ the Lily of Liddesdale,’ the “purple patch-work” of the following passage; nor would his delicacy of taste have permitted him to tarnish the simplicity of the delineation by ‘ blessed voices whispering affection beneath the greenwood tree,’ or ‘ chords within her heart that *dimly* told her that heart might one day have its own peculiar and overwhelming love.’

‘ Amy Gordon had reached her nineteenth summer — and as yet she knew of love only as she had read of it in old border songs and ballads. These ancient ditties were her delight — and her silent soul was filled with wild and beautiful traditions. In them love seemed, for the most part, something sad, and whether prosperous or unhappy, alike terminating in tears. In them the young maiden was spoken of as dying in her prime, of fever, consumption, or a pining heart; and her lover, a gallant warrior, or a peaceful shepherd, killed in battle, or perishing in some midnight storm. In them, too, were sometimes heard blessed voices whispering affection beneath the greenwood tree, or among the shattered cliffs overgrown with light-waving trees in some long, deep, solitary glen. To Amy Gordon, as she chaunted to herself, in the blooming or verdant desert, all these various traditionary lays, love seemed a kind of beautiful superstition belonging to the memory of the dead. In such tales she felt a sad and pleasant sympathy; but it was as with something far remote — although at times the music of her own voice, as it gave an affecting expression to feelings embodied in such artless words, touched a chord within her heart, that dimly told her that heart might one day have its own peculiar and overwhelming love.

'The summer that was now shining had been calm and sunny beyond the memory of the oldest shepherd. Never had nature seemed so delightful to Amy's eyes and to Amy's heart; and never had she seemed so delightful to the eyes and the hearts of all who beheld her with her flock. Often would she wreathe the sprigs of heather round her raven ringlets, till her dark hair was brightened with a galaxy of richest blossoms. Or dishevelling her tresses, and letting fall from them that shower of glowing and balmy pearls, she would bind them up again in simpler braiding, and fix on the silken folds two or three water-lilies, large, massy, and whiter than the snow. Necklaces did she wear in her playful glee, of the purple fruit that feed the small birds in the moors, and beautiful was the gentle stain then visible over the blue veins of her milk-white breast. So were floating by the days of her nineteenth summer among the hills. The evenings she spent by the side of her grey-headed father — and the old man was blest. Her nights passed in a world of gentle dreams.'

As Sir Hugh Evans says, " This is affectations." Nevertheless, considerable power is displayed in many parts of this story, which we regard as the best in the collection. It would have been well, however, if the exquisite simplicity with which Marmontel sketched his *Shepherdess of the Alps*, and the effect derived from that simplicity, had suggested to the present author a similar abstinence from the crowded and wordy phraseology which he mistakes for fine writing. With these exceptions, there is something pleasing in the loves of Amy and Walter.

'There was no guile — no art — no hypocrisy, in the pure and happy heart of the Lily of Liddesdale. She took not away her hand from that of him who pressed it — she rose not up from the turf, although her gentle side just touched his heart — she turned not away her face so beautiful — nor changed the silvery sweetness of her speech. Walter Harden was such a man, as, in a war of freemen defending their mountains against a tyrant, would have advanced his plume in every scene of danger, and have been chosen a leader among his pastoral compeers. Amy turned her large beaming hazel eyes upon his face, and saw that it was overshadowed.

shadowed. There was something in its expression too sad and solemn, mingling with the flush of hope and passion, to suffer her, with playful or careless words, to turn away from herself the meaning of what she had heard. Her lover saw in her kind, but unagitated silence, that to him she was but a sister; and rising to go, he said, " Blessed be thou all the days of thy life — farewell — my sweet Amy — farewell."

' But they did not thus part. They walked together on the lonely hill-side — down the banks of the little wimpling burn, — and then out of one small glen into another, and their talk was affectionate and kind. Amy heard him speak of feelings to her unknown, and almost wondered that she could be so dear to him, so necessary to his life, as he passionately vowed. Nor could such vows be unpleasant to her ear, uttered by that manly voice, and enforced by the silent speech of those bold but gentle eyes. She concealed nothing from him, but frankly confessed, that hitherto she had looked upon him even as her own father's son. " Let us be happy, Walter, as we have been so long. I cannot marry you — oh — no — no — but since you say it would kill you if I married another, then I swear to you by all that is sacred, — yes, by the Bible on which we have often read together, and by yonder sun setting over the Windhead, — that you never will see that day." Walter Harden was satisfied; he spoke of love and marriage no more; and on the sweet, fresh, airless, and dewy quiet of evening, they walked together down into the inhabited vale, and parted, almost like brother and sister, as they had been used to do for so many happy years.'

We have not room for more observations or extracts: but we cannot refuse our commendation to the short story of ' The Minister's Widow,' which holds in our estimation the next place to that of ' The Lily of Liddesdale;' and in these two tales, we think, the merit of the volume is comprized.

Art. 23. *Sketches and Fragments.* By the Author of " The Magic Lantern." Crown 8vo. pp. 139. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

It is understood that this little volume is the production of the Countess of Blesinton; and it bears both in its matter and its manner the impress of the mind and hand of a woman of fashion. The preface, also, which refers to " The Magic Lantern," expresses a regret that any part of that work has been unjustly considered to cast personal *reflections*, which indicates a correct sensibility and right feeling. The tales before us shew a lively turn for observation and an amiable intention, and are written with ease and freedom: but they do not manifest any great depth or originality of reflection, nor present any novelty of incident.

In the tale intitled ' Marriage', a good lesson is given to beautiful and accomplished young women, who, when married, expect from their husbands too exclusive and too irrational a devotion; seeking only adulation and frivolous amusement, to the neglect of laudable occupation and mutual improvement. The heroine thus relates to a friend her fault and her reformation:

'"When we parted, my dearest friend," she exclaimed, "you left me the most disconsolate and discontented of women. My vanity mortified at finding my husband did not quite adore me, — and nothing short of adoration would satisfy my self-love, — instead of endeavouring to render myself more worthy of his affection, I immediately concluded that the fault was his, not mine; and I gave way to peevishness, ill-nature, and satirical observations, taking every means of showing him that I could be as cold and careless as I fancied he was. If he rode out to view any improvements that were going forward on his estate, I felt myself slighted; if I accompanied him, I was dissatisfied if he thought of any thing but me. His visits to his old acquaintances also offended me; and his taking up a book, or devoting himself to his pen for an hour in the evening, gave me the greatest mortification. If I touched my harp or piano-forte, I expected him to fly to me, to lean over me with all the ecstatic delight of a lover, and to breathe nothing but raptures. Each day, each hour, my vanity received fresh wounds; and at each wound it became still more sensitive and insatiable. His commendations appeared to me cold and common-place when compared, as they constantly were, with the remembered inflated plaudits of former admirers. In short, when I found that he could amuse himself for hours independently of me, I determined that as I could not be every thing to him, I would be nothing. I put on an air of coldness that was far from my real feelings, but which effectually imposed on him. I avoided his society; and, when in it, did all in my power to make him feel that I thought it irksome. This conduct fatigued and disgusted him; and he began to consider me as a selfish, empty woman, who was completely dependent on society and admiration for happiness, and who, having no mental resources, could neither enjoy happiness herself nor contribute to the felicity of her husband. —

'To dispel the weariness of my solitude, I took to reading; and having a dislike to novels, I read only the best authors. By degrees I began to find that the hours glided so swiftly by, that I never felt the least portion of that tedium and ennui that had before oppressed me. My mind was so occupied by the studies I was engaged in that I ceased to remember my own grievances; and I could now excuse the ardour and constancy with which Lord T. devoted himself to reading. This produced a great improvement in my temper; and when my husband, as he frequently did, enquired with an air of interest what work I was perusing, I answered him with a kindness and complacency that induced him to advert to the merits of the author, and I felt gratified by the good taste and discrimination which his observations displayed; and still more so at discovering that his sentiments often accorded with my own. I had sought reading as an avocation that would render me completely independent of Lord T.'s society; but I now found that it formed a new and strong link to draw us together. Our books were frequently laid down in an evening to discuss the beauties of some passage that pleased us; an improving and rational conversation took the place of moody silence, or peevish remarks.

marks. I ceased to desire adulation, and felt my self-respect increased by the attention which Lord T. evinced to my observations. By degrees, confidence was established between us, and affection restored." '

At the end of the fragment on 'Friendship,' the fair writer quotes the well known maxim, "Live with your friends as if they might one day become your enemies," but the remainder should have been added, "and with your enemies as if they might one day become your friends:" for the frigid and apparently unamiable advice, contained in the first sentence, is both balanced and explained by the more obvious morality and wise self-government recommended in the latter.

Art. 24. *A Visit to Goodwood*, near Chichester, the Seat of his Grace the Duke of Richmond; with an Appendix descriptive of an ancient Painting. By D. Jacques, Librarian of Goodwood. 8vo. 15*s*. Boards. Lackington and Co. 1822.

This short production is of a class which is privileged from criticism: for it is nothing more, and does not pretend to be more, than a description of the celebrated seat of the Duke of Richmond in Sussex. It will be an useful and not unentertaining manual to those who happen to be making a tour in that delightful part of the kingdom, and whom taste or curiosity may dispose to visit one of its oldest as well as most beautiful mansions. The size of the rooms, the stair-cases, &c. &c. are described with much minuteness; and the catalogue of the pictures, few of which are by the great artists, appears to be perfectly correct.

The Appendix contains a document which, having never before been published, will be interesting to the antiquary. It is the description of a picture representing the cenotaph of the Lord Darnley, (Henry VI. of Scotland,) who was killed by Bothwell. The MS., from which this account is taken, was drawn up by G. Vertue: but the picture itself, in the possession of the Duke of Richmond, is only a copy of one on the same subject now in the collection of the Earl of Pomfret.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We shall gladly hear again from *C. Z.*, and as often as he pleases.

Upsilon is very right, we believe, and we shall endeavor to ascertain the fact.

Veritas must know that his note is of no authority, and that we are not of his opinion. We must therefore "agree to differ."

The letter from East Bergholt, dated 10th August, is only just now received, and without the accompaniment mentioned in it.

The APPENDIX to the last volume of the Monthly Review is published with this Number.

* * *

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For OCTOBER, 1822.

ART. I. *Journal of a Visit to some Parts of Ethiopia.* By George Waddington, Esq., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. Barnard Hanbury, of Jesus College, A.M. F.A.S. With Maps and other Engravings. 4to. pp. 333. 2*l.* Boards. Murray. 1822.

As soon may "the Ethiopian change his skin" as the curiosity of British readers be sated, or the enterprize of British travellers be repressed, while distant regions remain unexplored or but partially known. We partake of this "longing after" knowlege, and with the public we give a welcome to all new books of travels, numerous as they have lately become. To Mr. Waddington, therefore, the writer of the volume before us, and to Mr. Hanbury his way-faring friend, we are now disposed to pay a ready and complacent attention.

Intending to visit the East, the former of these gentlemen arrived at Venice in January, 1820, where the latter had for some time resided, and was then making preparations for an expedition into Egypt and Nubia, with the view of penetrating as far as Dongola. Having resolved to become a sharer in the scientific labours of Mr. Hanbury, Mr. W. proceeded with him, (first making a short tour through Greece,) to Alexandria; where they learned that a military expedition had been already despatched by Mahommed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, to reduce the countries beyond the Second Cataract. They hailed the circumstance as an auspicious omen to their long-cherished enterprize, and determined, if practicable, to follow the army. Accordingly they set off without delay, arrived at the Second Cataract, and at length reached the Turkish encampment: but, owing to impediments created by the intrigues and jealousies of those capricious and unmanageable barbarians, this spot became unfortunately the extreme boundary of their progress, and they were peremptorily ordered to return. The journey, which is the subject of Mr. Waddington's narrative, commenced and terminated for this reason at Wady Halfa; nd we cannot abstain from bestowing some commendation on the modest intention, so little practised by modern book-makers, which has restricted his journal to those countries that have not hitherto been explored: as also on his judicious silence respecting places and countries which have been described by antecedent writers.

Having thus stated the general object and extent of Mr. W.'s expedition, we should be wanting in justice to him if we did not add that the work to which it has given rise, is a valuable contribution to the existing stock of information concerning Egypt and Nubia. It is also an additional instance, among many others so flattering to our national feelings, of our leading the way in the great path of scientific discovery. Norden, one of our earliest travellers through these regions, gives us nothing more than a general description of Nubia, as high as Derr: and the enterprizing and studious researches of Legh in 1813 extended no farther than Ibrim. Burckhardt followed the course of the Nile as far as Tinareh: but, beyond this point of his laborious and zealous investigations, all was *terra incognita*; affording ample matter indeed for ingenious conjecture, but nothing that reposed on actual observation and personal inquiry. The merit was reserved for Mr. Waddington, and the accomplished companion of his tour, to pass the *ultima Thule* which had bounded the progress of former adventurers; and of their united comments during their journeyings through this remote and untrodden track, the volume now before us is the fruit.

The travellers arrived at the Shoonah, or Turkish magazine, of Wady Halfa, in November, 1820; bearing with them the requisite firmans, and strong letters of recommendation from the Pasha to Abdin Cachef, the governor of Dongola. At the commencement of their journey, they pursued Burckhardt's track; viz. the south and south-eastern direction of the Nile; — and on the 15th of the month, they passed the five Barrows which he remarked, and dismounted at the Sheik's house in Ferket. As a journey through the Nubian desert requires, so it may be considered, when performed, to imply no common qualities of body and mind: but the chief requisite, which Burckhardt so eminently possessed, is a calm insensibility to ordinary and trifling vexations; — a determination to meet with invincible good humour the daily obstacles, difficulties, and hardships of such an expedition. Fortunately for Mr. Waddington and his friend, they do not seem to have been unschooled in this useful species of philosophy, as the following passage serves to exemplify:

'At this place (Ferket) our engagement with our camel-drivers expired; and, according to the Aga's promises, we were to find others readily. The Sheik of this village had, on our arrival last night, certainly given us no such hopes; we were awaked this morning with the unwelcome assurance that there was not a single camel to be procured by any means in the town or neighbourhood. We began to consider how far we should be justified in taking forward two of the animals that had conveyed us so well hither, though they were the Pasha's, and always employed in his service; and while we were gravely engaged in deliberating on this very important point, we were informed that our honest guides, perhaps anticipating such a measure on our part, had taken advantage of the fair moonlight, to decamp with their sacred charge. After laughing as well as we could at this first disappointment, we proceeded to attach our luggage to the backs of a number of asses, who were successively brought up for that purpose. The breed here is remarkably bad; and as some began by falling perpendicularly under the weights imposed upon them, and others staggered home to their stalls with what they could carry, it was long before the whole cavalcade could be collected and put in motion: they then, above a dozen in number, quietly dispersed themselves about the country in search of food, and it was with some difficulty that they were at last driven into the kind of road we were fated to follow; we then commenced a kind of straggling march, and very soon had recourse to our feet, as a much easier method of travelling. In an hour and a half, direction south, we got to the large island Ferket; and in half an hour more (S. by W.) to Mograt.

'Here our prospects brighten a little; a camel is discovered among the palms and soon afterwards another, and a man with a woman and child near it; he proves to be an Ababde Arab, named Achmet, going down, with his wife and infant, to buy dates; we of course invite him very warmly to enter into our service, to which he as strongly objects; and on being more urgently pressed, he asks, with great feeling, "And will you oblige me to leave my wife and child in the hands of strangers?" Now his wife was a very pretty woman, and was watching this scene with great interest, though in silence. The case was certainly a hard one, and perhaps we were decided by the sight of one of our asses, at that moment down on the ground, struggling with his burden: however, we were decided; we justified ourselves by the tyrant's plea, and immediately proceeded to transfer part of our property to the more dignified situation it was once more destined to occupy. The man intrusted his family to a fellow-countryman, an inhabitant of the village, and proceeded reluctantly with us.'

A minute description of the grand and capacious ruins of Asmara having been already furnished by Burckhardt, we pass over Mr. Waddington's account of those interesting remains of antient grandeur with the less regret: but, in gratification of our own feelings, and in justice to the accuracy and elegance of the passage itself, we must insert the tribute which he pays to the *memory* of that lamented traveller:

'Thus far we followed the steps of Burckhardt, with his book in our hands; and it is impossible to take leave of him without expressing our admiration for his character, and our gratitude for the instruction he has afforded us. His acquired qualifications were, I believe, never equalled by those of any other traveller; his natural ones appear to me even more extraordinary. Courage to seek danger, and calmness to confront it, are not uncommon qualities; but it is difficult to court poverty, and to endure insult. Hardships, exertions, and privations of all kinds are easy to a man in the enjoyment of health and vigour; but, during repeated attacks of a dangerous disease, which he might have considered as so many warnings to escape from his fate, that he should never have allowed his thoughts to wander homewards — that, when sickening among the sands and winds of the desert, he should never have sighed for the freshness of his native mountains; — this does, indeed, prove an ardour in the good cause in which he was engaged, and a resolution, if necessary, to perish in it, that make his character very uncommon, and fate most lamentable; and perhaps none are so capable of estimating his character, as surely none can more sincerely lament his fate, than those who can bear testimony to the truth of his information; who have trod the country that he has so well described, and gleaned the fields where he has reaped so ample a harvest.'

We lament the accident which prevented the travellers from reaching the pillars of Soleb, one of the many monuments that attest the former splendor of the Nubian provinces. Though comparatively but a few paces distant from the spot, they were on the opposite bank of the Nile, and could find no ferry, nor prevail on any of the boatmen who navigate that river to carry them across: a disappointment that must have been acutely felt by young men who are imbued with the ardor of pursuit, and anxious to improve their antiquarian attainments. We find nothing peculiarly striking or interesting in their journal till they arrived at Argo, one of the beautiful islands which "inlay the bosom of the Nile," and abounding in antiquities. We insert a part of the account of this place:

'In about half an hour, due S. from the village, we came to the Antiquities, and approached them, not without great fears of disappointment. These were soon dispelled by the first object that appeared before us; it was a colossal statue of grey granite, representing a young man with the thin beard and corn-measure bonnet; the left leg is advanced; before the right, cut in the same stone, and standing on the foot, is a small statue, five feet high, bearded, and with the right hand on the breast, while the left hangs straight down; the hair is turned on the right side, in such a manner as to appear an ornament on that part of the head: and the face is much disfigured. The statue itself is broken in the middle, and the monstrous fragments lie about four feet apart, but nothing is lost; the face is entire, but flat and broad. The statue lies on its back, and is twenty-two feet six inches long, and five feet five inches across the shoulders; there is a small hole in the front of the bonnet, probably intended for the reception of the ornament or sistrum. It lies S. S. E. and N. N. W.

'There is a second statue like the first, except that it is not broken in the middle, that the face is in a better style, that the beard is twisted, an ornament of leaves goes round the edge of the bonnet, the dress is more highly finished and decorated, and there is no figure on the foot; the arms and beard have been intentionally broken. It is twenty-three feet five inches long, and measures seven feet four inches from the end of the bonnet to the end of the beard. The hands, which have suffered much injury, are open; those of the other are shut, with a short staff in them. It lies S. E. and N. W. nearly; the feet of the two statues are towards each other, and about thirty-five yards apart. They are both very well executed, and are inferior, if their perfection be considered, to no granite colossus existing; though the faces are not so fine as the Memnon, and, of course, not at all comparable in expression to those at Ebsámbal, as is natural, from the superior difficulty of working the material. A little to the west is a headless female statue, covered by earth up to the knees; and still further on is a fine block of grey granite, cut into four hippopotami, standing up, side by side. The small statue only is of black granite; the others really look as white and clear, and as free from the injuries of time, as if they were now fresh from the hand of the sculptor. The place is called by the natives Sanna Behát, or the White Art, as interpreted to us; a name inconsistent with the opinions formerly promulgated to us by our honest Ababde, but not so (as will afterwards appear) with those of the Nouba residents. There is much pottery and broken sandstone lying about, but no visible remains of any building whatever. Never was there so inviting a place for an excavator; the soil is soft, and as the ground is but little elevated, the labour would be small, and the rewards easily obtained and highly valuable. We retired reluctantly, with the determination of demanding Abdin Casheff's permission to return hither, and pass some time on the spot.'

A tribute has already been paid to the serenity of the travellers under the troubles of a Nubian journey; and this imperturbable happiness of temper has given to their work a glow and a liveliness of expression, of which the influence must be communicated to the reader:

'We sat by the water-side, waiting for the boat which was to take us across to the western bank, and congratulated each other on the conclusion of our labours. We were now, according to all our information, but a few hours from New Dóngola, where we should find Abdin Casheff resident as governor, who would, no doubt, receive us with that splendid hospitality for which he had always been remarkable. We dismissed, in consequence, at their own request, all our camel-drivers, except one, and presently the *boat arrived. The ferryman brings* us later and very different intelligence:

telligence; Abdin Casheff has advanced with Ismael Pasha, the whole army is collected, and engaged in daily skirmishes with the Sheygýa and Abyssinians*; we are still four days from Old Dóngola, and the troops are five days beyond it. This account induced us to examine, what we had not before much thought of, our money-bag, which was found to contain two hundred and twenty piastres, (somewhat less than five pounds,) and three Venetian sequins. With these reports and this certainty we enter the boat, and seat ourselves astern on the luggage, alternately looking very grave, and laughing loud. The ferryman, a black malicious looking man, with much magic in his eye, is behind us, on a projecting plank, steering with a paddle. In the middle lies a large old camel on its knees, perfectly quiet; and by its side stand James and Giovanni, pulling a rope, attached to another paddle, which serves for an oar, and which a sailor is also pulling with his hands. The dog, Anubis, is asleep beyond the camel; then comes Giuseppe, evidently philosophizing in silence on the mutability of human affairs, and regretting the pleasures and security of Cairo and of Malta; and at the prow is the camel-driver, standing on the bottom of a long shawl, and stretching out the upper part with his hands, to make a sail; thus do we cross over, and find the reports confirmed.

' "Praised be God," exclaimed an old Nubian, who observed me writing with a pencil, "praised be God, the Creator of the world, who has taught man to enclose ink in the centre of a piece of wood." '

Mr. Waddington rationally infers that Maragga, or New Dongola, from the similitude of sounds and the circumstance of the Nile flowing from east to west through it, must be the name of the country described by Burckhardt as lying next to the north of the district of Bakon. With much difficulty, they here procured a passage in one of the numerous provision-boats that were conveying stores to the Pasha's army. For several days their course was E. or S.E., and the scenery was extremely uniform. Only one side of the Nile presented any fertile or cultivated ground; and this seemed to extend about half a mile from the river, and was occasionally bordered with groves of the acacia. The rocks were sand-stone. Proceeding in a S.S.E. direction, the party arrived at a place opposite to Old Dongola, formerly the capital of a powerful and Christian monarch. From all that they had heard concerning it at Cairo, the travellers had conceived the highest expectations of its greatness: but they found it little more than a ruin, situated on a rock, half buried in sand. The impatience of the boatmen, however, did not allow them to stop there; and, after nine hours' progress in an E.S.E. course, they

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' * This part of the news was, of course, false.'

they came to Wady Jebriah. We have this pleasing sketch of some of their adventures in this part of the expedition:

'The soldiers every evening broke down the trees, which were dry and abundant, and lighted their large watch fires along the bank, which extending, with intervals, for nearly half a mile, threw a red and warlike glare on the river, and the opposite shore; and their own appearance, as they stood feeding the blaze, or conversing with much gesture by the side of it, possessed peculiar barbarity and wildness; the light shone on the handles of their pistols and the hilts of their sabres, and the various and strongly contrasted colours of their dresses appeared more confused and more brilliant; their faces, already shaded by beard and mustachios, assumed a darker and sallower hue, and the expression of their black rolling eyes, which by daylight would have been only animation, became heightened into anger and ferocity.

'My man, Giovanni, who is by profession a tailor, and whose unadventurous spirit has already been mentioned, foreseeing nothing in this ill-starred expedition but privations and dangers, exclaimed, this evening, smiling at the time most wofully — "*Quel chi è morto là basso ha fatto molto bene;*" and proceeded to lament the continuance of his own existence. James was much better employed in examining the contents of a Nubian cottage, which produced us a fine fowl, seized, of course, by violence, and then paid for. This was a bad example to the soldiers, who, extraordinary as it may appear, observed the strictest discipline, and in their transactions with the natives allowed themselves to be imposed upon with extreme facility, and confessed, that in small parties they dared not have taken the strong measures to which in the beginning of our journey we had been unfortunately obliged to have recourse.

'The first scene this morning was sufficiently amusing; our commodore, an elderly man, with a white beard, and who always consulted his dignity by wearing a long orange-coloured vest, appeared early on the bank with a long stick in his hand, declaiming violently: he warms as he goes on, and shortly proceeds to apply his nabboot to all within his reach, till he has cleared the coast; he then finished his harangue, and returned to his boat. The cause of all this confusion was a complaint of the natives, that the soldiers in the night had plucked the ears of their dhourra, of which offence this discipline, thus inflicted, was to prevent the repetition. Our case of the fowl also came under his cognizance; but as a previous refusal to sell and subsequent payment were proved on our part, he gave his approbation to such a modification of robbery, saying, at the same time, with great justice and a good deal of pride, that a French or Russian army, in a march through a conquered country, would not be troubled with so many scruples. He is evidently a very good sort of man, and, for a Turk, probably well informed. At the time when Mahommed Ali wished to open a trade with the East Indies by the Red Sea, he went thither, with Mr. Briggs, in an official capacity; and returned, though unsuccessful, yet with the highest possible respect for the English name. He gave us daily, and, as far as he could, substantial proofs of this, by supplying us with rice and flour, the only provisions on board the fleet.

'Owing to the change in the course of the stream, those of the soldiers who prayed were generally unfortunate in their guesses at the direction of the Holy City, and their prayers, in consequence, lost their efficacy; this exposed them to the ridicule of the sailors, who were in this instance better geographers. There were some artillery officers on board the fleet, sent, it was said, from Constantinople, and they were the only men who preserved the slightest appearance of uniform; they wear blue trowsers, a red jacket, and a striped black and white silk turban; the rest were such a motley set of ragamuffins as I never beheld; they were dressed in green, blue, scarlet, brown, or white, each man according to his own fancy, agreeing only in their general raggedness. Their offensive arms are a long gun, a brace of very long and often very bad pistols, and a sword, or attaghan, or knife; they are defended, rather than clothed, by a large turban round the head, and three or four long shawls, of which the inner ones are very coarse, and even the exterior seldom tolerably fine, bound very tight round the body, and capable of stopping a pistol-ball at fifteen or twenty yards. The Albanians are distinguished by wearing no turban, the only covering of their head being a large red cap, coming over the ears and forehead.'

As the continued analysis or even the abridgment of so various a journal would greatly exceed our limits, we do not profess to follow the travellers regularly from place to place. Passing over, therefore, much intermediate matter, we must be content to rejoin them on the 5th of December, at about ten or twelve miles from the frontiers of Dar Sheygýa, where the Turkish army was at that time encamped. The fine black mountains of that frontier bore about N.N.E. The causes which led to this hostile excursion are detailed by Mr. Waddington; and we find that vengeance against the small remnant of the ill-fated Mamelouks, who had taken possession of the country of the Sheygýa, was its predominant motive. It was moreover the ambition of Mahommed Ali to grasp at all the banks and islands of the Nile, and to be master of all who drink its waters, from Abyssinia to Cairo. This immoderate attempt at conquest, however, is attributable more to his insatiable avarice than his lust of dominion. The force employed in this expedition was about 10,000: but of these not more than 4000 were fighting men, with twelve pieces of cannon. In this motley army, we are told that 1500 Bedouins were the most efficient. 'The naked inhabitant of the desert,' Mr. W. observes elegantly and philosophically, 'is subject to no master, and acknowleges no superior: his very view is unbounded, and all that he views is his own; he can direct his steps whither he wills, and trace his path where the foot of man has never trodden before him; the shrubs on which he feeds his horse and the spring of which he drinks, like the stars that light or guide him, are common to himself with the whole world; he can change them when he chooses, and again travel the waste, which he fancies to be infinite.' Ismael Pasha, Mahommed Ali's younger son, who commanded the Turkish army, on his arrival at Sheygýa, sent the Sheygýa tribe orders to submit: but their answer was a brief defiance. In the first skirmish, which was unsuccessful, the dying countenances of those who fell attested anger rather than terror. The rest were pursued the whole night by the Turkish horse.

The journalist's picture of the horrible system of warfare, or rather butchery, adopted by the Turks, is given with considerable power. 'It was more deeply afflicting,' he remarks, 'than the destruction of cities and palaces. Simplicity of houses and buildings is connected with simplicity of manners and with innocence. The thirst of plunder becomes almost an excuse for hostile depredation when compared with the fury of that invader, against whom poverty itself is no protection.'—The travellers arrived on the 13th of December at the Turkish camp, and fortunately had soon afterward an opportunity of exploring Djebel el Berkel and its antiquities; for they received their dismission not long after their arrival, which was fatal to their enterprize. Mr. Waddington attributes this event to the disposition and policy of the Pasha himself. — The remains of Djebel el Berkel consist of public buildings, temples, pyramids, &c. &c. The most considerable of the temples are above 450 feet in length, and 159 in breadth. The granite pedestals are well sculptured, and sphinxes admirably executed were scattered about. Excavations would probably bring to light some of the statues which were the original ornaments of the temples. One of these temples must have been dedicated to Jupiter Ammon, since the ram is distinctly to be seen. The pyramids are inferior in size to those of Egypt; the base of the largest, which was in too mutilated a state to admit of any measurement of its height, being only 81 feet square. Those of El Bellal are 40 in number and much larger. The singularity of the largest is that it incloses another pyramid of a different age, stone, and architecture.

'They are situated on a rocky place surrounded by sand, and on the edge of the Desert; a spot selected for the dead by the veneration of their survivors, that they might dwell apart in sanctity and in solitude. This is only one out of many instances of coincidence in customs, genius, and religion, between the ancien Ethiopians and Egyptians. The government of Meroë was a more complete and a more durable hierarchy than that of Memphis: a college of priests elected their sovereign, and, when they thought that he had reigned long enough, sent a messenger to command him to die; and it was not till the age of the second Ptolemy, that a king named Ergamenes, who had studied philosophy in Greece, had the courage to simplify the government by a massacre of the priests. Hieroglyphical symbols were common to both nations; the nature of their worship was the same, and the same the divinities to whom it was directed, the principal difference being this — that while Osiris held the highest rank among the gods of Egypt, the vows of the devout Ethiopians were addressed to Jupiter Ammon.'

According to Mr. Waddington, the consenting voice of antiquity, the apparent state of the remains in both countries, and a variety of circumstantial evidence, concur in establishing one important fact, that the worship common to Ethiopia and Egypt migrated from the former into the latter country; a question into which he enters at much length. We concede to him that Strabo and Ptolemy are almost decisive authorities: but we cannot refrain from suggesting that the antient writers were very loose in their acceptation of the word Ethiopia. Homer[*] divides the Ethiopians (*εσχατοι ανδρῶν*) into the eastern and western, as to the Nile and the Red Sea; and Herodotus[†] mentions an Asiatic race of Ethiopians in the army of Xerxes, and enumerates them among the Indians, from whom they differed only in language.

The author renders deserved justice to Bruce, whose veracity is every day receiving new confirmation in the researches of succeeding travellers. No doubt can be entertained that he was the discoverer of the antient Meroë. Mr. Waddington at first imagined that the remains of Djebel el Berkel were the ruins of that city. The original name of the former place is the subject of an acute and probable hypothesis.

> ' Nápata was the second city of Ethiopia; in the time of Augustus it was the capital, and as such was besieged and destroyed by Petronius; it was situated, according to Pliny, five hundred and eleven miles above Syene, and according to Ptolemy, in lat. 20° 15′, on the right bank, and near the angle made by the bend of the Nile; the former thus places it rather lower down the river, and the latter higher up than the ruins of Berkel.
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> ' It is evident that this city has been less known to ancient authors than, by the magnificence of its remains, it seems to have de-

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[*] Odyss. i. 22.

[†] Herod. lib. vii.

served; and I attribute this to its angular situation and to the Cataracts, which render the Nile above it difficult of navigation. Travellers, merchants, and armies, have probably left the Nile at Korti, and crossed the Desert direct to Meroë, as they now do to Shendi: the sculptured grottos existing towards the eastern end of this pass confirm that supposition.

'The ruins of El Berkel bear marks of every age of sculpture, from the outlines of the rudest figures to the arched vaults of the pyramids, proving the great antiquity and long duration of the former city: the same causes that prevented its notoriety may have contributed to divert from it the course of the enemies of Ethiopia. It was fated to be at last overthrown by a Roman; and he accomplished its destiny so effectually, that the exploratores of Nero, in their enumeration of the cities afterwards found by them in that country, remark upon Nápata, "*Oppidum id* parvum *inter prædicta solum.*"'

On landing at Dongola, the party was courteously received by the king of that country, but the account which Mr. Waddington gives of his entertainment is a sorry specimen of royal hospitality; — a few rat-eaten dates and a calabash of water being the only refreshment that he could offer. New Dongola was recently the capital of the Mamelouks. Of those brave savages, Burckhardt gave many interesting particulars; and to the sad history of their fall and dispersion the present author adds several important notices.

'About twenty months after their establishment, they made an expedition against Malek Chowes, on the invitation of Malek Zobeyr, who was then at war with the King of Merawe. They are said to have beaten the Sheygýa at Koraigh, killing one hundred and fifty of them, and to have sent back a triumphant message to their wives, who were not (as Burckhardt was informed) molested by the enemy during the absence of their husbands. Malek Tombol served himself in this campaign, and was present at the action, and assured us that the victory was extremely glorious. Against the weight of his royal testimony it can hardly be urged, that the next battle was fought at Hettán, so that the conquerors must have retreated about fifty miles after their success. This second battle they certainly did gain; but owing to some difference between the chiefs, Ibrahim Bey returned with part of the army to Maragga, and Abdah Rochman followed up the Sheygýa with the rest, though, it would seem, with no permanent effect. However, the various events of these wars did not at all shake the security of their establishment in Dóngola, where, but for the persevering hatred of Mahommed Ali, they would have continued to rule and improve the kingdom they had founded. Their arms *,

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'* Each man had a double-barrelled gun, two brace of pistols, a sabre, and a dagger: the fire-arms generally of English manufacture.'

and their skill and intrepidity in using them, were the admiration of their subjects, and the Arabs themselves reluctantly allowed them to be the best horsemen in the world.

'The residence of respectable artizans among them is proved by their having constructed two or three boats with sails, which they destroyed before their departure, except one, which they gave to the Sheygýa; foreseeing, no doubt, that those Arabs would oppose the progress of the Turks, and willing to furnish one enemy with the means of injuring another more powerful and more inveterate: they had also one or two French surgeons with them.

'After being established for some months in Dóngola, they sent back most of their Cairine wives, and married the daughters of the native Nubians; these preserved to them, even in their latest misfortunes, the most sincere attachment; many left their country and fled with them, and those who remained behind continued faithful to their wandering husbands, and used to declare they would rather die than injure them. They say that it is not the Pasha, but God, who has driven them away; thus exerting their predestinarian principles to console their own misfortunes, and to vindicate the honour of their husbands.

'Ibrahim Bey died soon after the expedition against Merawe, and Abdah Rochman Bey was left at the head of the remaining warriors. He is said to be of a noble person and undaunted mind; horses stand trembling at his voice, and he has dromedaries that obey no call but his. When the Pasha, just before his last expedition, sent a message to the Mamelouks, full of flattering promises in case of their submission, it was he who returned the haughty answer, "Tell Mahommed Ali, that we will be on no terms with our servant." And accordingly, as the Turkish troops continued to advance, in the month of June, after an unusually grand celebration of the Ramadan, the brave exiles took their departure for Shendy; they were themselves three hundred, with double that number of women and slaves; they had lost about one hundred during their residence in Dóngola. The Sheygýa had heard of their intended departure, and, while lying in ambush to surprise them, were themselves surprised. The Mamelouks took several prisoners, whom they immediately beheaded; and thus the last act of intercourse between these warlike neighbours was marked by the same spirit of implacable hostility that distinguished all the preceding ones. This parting blow of the Mamelouks was amply revenged on their late subjects by an irruption of the Arabs, who seized the flocks and violated the women, and carried some of the inhabitants away into their own country.

'In the mean time, the Mamelouks had crossed the Desert from Korti to Shendy, where they were not received within the walls, but allowed to encamp without. They remained there till the successes of the Pasha over the Sheygýa terrified the Mek of Shendy into a determination not to oppose the Turkish arms. He then ordered the Mamelouks to quit the country, and the greater part of them, under Abdah Rochman Bey, retired towards Darfour: some went in the opposite direction, to the banks of the

Red Sea; and we were assured, on our return to Egypt, that a few, forgetful of the fate of all who had trusted to the promises of Mahommed Ali, had thrown themselves on the mercy of their persecutor.

'An expedition, which was at that moment advancing from Egypt against Darfour, would probably disperse or destroy the few who were still united under Abdah Rochman Bey; and the present details may be considered as the conclusion of the history of the Mamelouks.

'That once dreaded name has e'er now ceased to exist; and, if it be forbidden to lament the extinction of a race of insolent, though intrepid, warriors, I may be allowed to express a hope that they have not fallen by treachery, but have died, as they lived, with the sabre in their hand, avenging on the myrmidons of Mahommed Ali their severe and continued sufferings, their own fate, and the fate of their massacred comrades.'

We regret that we have not room for Mr. Waddington's description of the temple of Soleb; and we are conscious of having already omitted some lively and amusing, as well as grave and erudite matter: — but regions so barren of observation as the deserts of Ethiopia, though interesting to the antiquary, and explanatory of antient geography, present for the most part little more than a dry and tedious nomenclature of distances and places. We must not, however, take leave of the author without our sincere commendations of the perseverance and ardor with which he prosecuted his long and hazardous journey. It is highly gratifying to find a young man, distinguished by his classical attainments and the modest elegance of his social qualities, displaying the courage to resist the usual temptations of early life; and, unattracted by the blandishments of indolent pleasure, exploring barbarous countries, for the laudable purpose of elucidating the course of reading which he has followed in his education. He may exclaim with well-earned complacency, in the elegant words of a great scholar and orator: — "*Quare quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si, quantum cæteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis conceditur temporis; quantum alii tribuunt intempestivis conviviis, quantum denique aleæ, quantum pilæ; tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsero.*" (Cic. pro Archiâ.)

The engravings accompanying this work are executed on stone, and have probably contributed to moderate its price, though they have not materially added to its elegance. The composition of the narrative itself, also, is a little deficient in the niceties and polish of matured authorship.

ART. II. *Belshazzar;* a Dramatic Poem. By the Reverend H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Murray. 1822.

THE suggestion which we ventured to offer for the use of the Oxford Professor, at the close of our account of his "Martyr of Antioch," was made in the most sincere spirit of respect and good will; and we have every reason, at the present moment, to be convinced that our intimation was directed by sound judgment. The Poem of 'Belshazzar' will indeed add nothing to its author's high reputation; and we greatly mistake if Mr. Milman does not already regret his too rapid pursuit of that "bubble," fame. In truth, it is impossible for any mind, however gifted with natural talents, or strengthened and embellished by the acquirements of education and subsequent study, to maintain the dignity of its exertions under such quickly repeated calls on genius and knowlege. The *expectation* also of the public obviously begets fastidiousness in their taste, in proportion to its fickleness; and, distinguished as Mr. Milman has made himself, he must not be surprized if he begins to share in the effects of that vaccillation, which has already left the *poems* of Sir Walter Scott in comparative neglect, and has removed no small quantity of verdant leaves from the imperishable coronet of Lord Byron himself.

Belshazzar is a theme that has often been well treated in verse. Not to mention various other effusions on this favorite Scriptural subject, the "Sacred Drama" of Miss Hannah More was certainly well adapted to raise, to satisfy, and to delight the imagination of that youthful class of readers for whom it was principally designed: while the "Belshazzar" of Mr. Hughes (the Grecian traveller) was amply sufficient to support the honor of the muses of Cambridge; if indeed we should not rather consider it as calculated, in a great degree, to heighten the character of those tuneful inhabitants of the Fens.*

With these and numerous other recollections attached to his chosen story, Mr. Milman certainly had need of the strongest pinion in his poetical wing to lift him to a visible eminence above his rivals. If, therefore, he hovers round the base of the Parnassian hill in this excursion, rather than maintains his usual station on the summit, the depression is caused, we doubt not, by some omission in his *preparations for soaring;* — some destined and necessary parcel of gas has been carelessly left out of his aërial process; and the consequence is that his present flight rather resembles the irregular descent of the parachute, than that majestic up-rising of the *balloon* which he had before so well exhibited.

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* Some of our academical readers will perhaps remember the title of "*Fen Nightingales*" on this occasion.

To drop such *Lunardi* metaphors, it is with real pain that we acknowlege the impression made on us by this work: viz. that, *as a whole*, it is heavy and overloaded; often pompous without energy, and not unfrequently failing in the pathetic impression which it was intended to produce. With this *general* censure, extorted by a most unwelcome duty, we shall be satisfied; and if there are any *particular* instances of failure which we shall be obliged to notice, we shall also be able to adduce many splendid examples, in which the genius of our illustrious contemporary (for so he must be regarded) has kept pace with its former efforts, and has retained for that bard of Isis his well-merited fame, in all its purity and perfection.

One great contrast between the present work and the "Martyr of Antioch" is furnished by the unity of interest which was so well preserved in that poem, but which is wholly lost in the drama before us. Every thing duly related to the principal personage in the "Martyr:" but here the fate of the youthful heroine 'Benina' must be considered as an *episode, pervading the whole work:* a contradiction, it may be said, in terms; or, at all events, approaching to the confusion observable in the popular designation of *Roman Catholic.* Indeed, this poem might, in like manner, be intitled "*Benina Belshazzar;*" for while the Chaldean monarch is unconsciously revelling on the verge of destiny, the unhappy Jewess is ascending the Temple of Bel to her distinct, and wholly unconnected, destination. If the reader is properly interested in the doom of the virgin, and in the miseries of her separated lover, he proportionally forgets the approaching ruin of the king; or if, on the contrary, his admiration and pity are engaged in the fall of a mighty empire, the poor little Jewess may mount, and mount, with but a small portion of attendant sympathy. This is one principal cause of the inferior attraction of the work: but the labored and protracted *display* of the language lends additional *weight* to a declining interest.

We come to the proof; which shall first be taken from

' The Walls of Babylon.

' *Belshazzar in his Chariot, Nitocris, Arioch, Sabaris, &c.*

' *Belshazzar.*

' For twice three hours our stately cars have roll'd
Along the broad highway that crowns the walls

Of mine imperial city, nor complete
Our circuit by a long and ample space.
And still our eyes look down on gilded roofs,
And towers and temples, and the spreading tops
Of cedar groves, through which the fountains gleam;
And every where the countless multitudes,
Like summer insects in the noontide sun,
Come forth to bask in our irradiate presence.
'Oh, thou vast Babylon! what mighty hand
Created thee, and spread thee o'er the plain
Capacious as a world; and girt thee round
With high tower'd walls, and bound thy gates with brass;
And taught the indignant river to endure
Thy bridge of cedar and of palm, high hung
Upon its marble piers? — What voice proclaim'd,
Amid the silence of the sands, "Arise!
And be earth's wonder?" Was it not my father's?
Yea, mine entombed ancestors awake,
Their heads uplift upon their marble pillows;
They claim the glory of thy birth. Thou hunter,
That didst disdain the quarry of the field,
Choosing thee out a nobler game of man,
Nimrod! and thou that with unfeminine hand
Didst lash the coursers of thy battle-car
O'er prostrate thrones, and necks of captive kings,
Semiramis! and thou whose kingly breath
Was like the desart wind, before its coming
The people of all earth fell down, and hid
Their humble faces in the dust! that mad'st
The pastime of a summer-day t' o'erthrow
A city, or cast down some ancient throne;
Whose voice each ocean-shore obey'd, and all
From sable Ethiopia to the sands
Of the gold-flowing Indian streams; — oh! thou
Lord of the hundred thrones, high Nabonassar!
And thou my father, Merodach! ye crown'd
This city with her diadem of towers —
Wherefore? — but prescient of Belshazzar's birth,
And conscious of your destin'd son, ye toil'd
To rear a meet abode. Oh, Babylon!
Thou hast him now, for whom through ages rose
Thy sky-exalted towers — for whom yon palace
Rear'd its bright domes, and groves of golden spires;
In whom, secure of immortality
Thou stand'st, and consecrate from time and ruin,
Because thou hast been the dwelling of Belshazzar.'

As we cannot persuade ourselves to bestow any more of the preliminary tediousness of this sovereign on our readers, we shall hasten to matters of business, and against these haughty prolixities set the following more interesting passage.

It is, in truth, in these lyric effusions that we perceive the principal remaining energy of the author's genius.

' Hymn.

' Oh, thou that wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor heap fresh ashes on the mourner's brow,
Nor rend anew the wounds that inly bleed,
The only balm of our afflictions thou,
Teach us to bear thy chastening wrath, oh God!
To kiss with quivering lips — still humbly kiss thy rod!

' We bless thee, Lord, though far from Judah's land;
Though our worn limbs are black with stripes and chains;
Though for stern foes we till the burning sand;
And reap, for others' joy, the summer plains;
We bless thee, Lord, for thou art gracious still,
Even though this last black drop o'erflow our cup of ill!

' We bless thee for our lost, our beauteous child;
The tears, less bitter, she hath made us weep;
The weary hours her graceful sports have 'guiled,
And the dull cares her voice hath sung to sleep!
She was the dove of hope to our lorn ark;
The only star that made the strangers' sky less dark!

' Our dove is fall'n into the spoiler's net;
Rude hands defile her plumes, so chastely white;
To the bereaved their one soft star is set,
And all above is sullen, cheerless night!
But still we thank thee for our transient bliss —
Yet, Lord, to scourge our sins remain'd no way but this?

' As when our Father to Mount Moriah led
The blessing's heir, his age's hope and joy,
Pleased, as he roam'd along with dancing tread,
Chid his slow sire, the fond, officious boy,
And laugh'd in sport to see the yellow fire
Climb up the turf-built shrine, his destined funeral pyre —

' Even thus our joyous child went lightly on;
Bashfully sportive, timorously gay,
Her white foot bounded from the pavement-stone
Like some light bird from off the quiv'ring spray;
And back she glanced, and smiled, in blameless glee,
The cars, and helms, and spears, and mystic dance to see.

' By thee, oh Lord, the gracious voice was sent
That bade the sire his murtherous task forego:
When to his home the child of Abraham went
His mother's tears had scarce begun to flow.
Alas! and lurks there, in the thicket's shade,
The victim to replace our lost, devoted maid?

' Lord, even through thee to hope were now too bold;
Yet 'twere *to doubt thy* mercy to despair.

'Tis anguish, yet 'tis comfort, faint and cold,
  To think how sad we are, how blest we were!
To speak of her is wretchedness, and yet
It were a grief more deep and bitterer to forget!

'Oh Lord our God, why was she e'er our own?
  Why is she not our own — our treasure still?
We could have pass'd our heavy years alone.
  Alas! is this to bow us to thy will?
Ah, even our humblest prayers we make repine,
Nor, prostrate thus on earth, our hearts to thee resign.

' Forgive, forgive — even should our full hearts break;
  The broken heart thou wilt not, Lord, despise:
Ah! thou art still too gracious to forsake,
  Though thy strong hand so heavily chastise.
Hear all our prayers, hear not our murmurs, Lord;
And, though our lips rebel, still make thyself ador'd.'

Again, we are forced to obtrude the *overloaded* Belshazzar himself on observation:

' *Belshazzar.*

' Go — lead the Hebrew forth, array'd
In the proud robe, let all the city hail
The honour'd of Belshazzar. Oh! not long
Will that imperial name command your awe!
And, oh! ye bright and festal halls, whose vaults
Were full of sweet sounds as the summer-groves,
Must ye be changed for chambers, where no tone
Of music sounds, nor melody of harp,
Or lute, or woman's melting voice? — My mother! —
And how shall we two meet the coming ruin?
In arms! thou say'st; but with what arms, to front
The Invisible, that in the silent air
Wars on us? Shall we seek some place of silence,
Where the cold cypress shades our father's tombs,
And grow familiar with the abode of death?
' And yet how calm, how fragrant, how serene
The night! — When empires fall, and fate thrusts down
The monarchs from their ancient thrones, 'tis said,
The red stars meet, with ominous, hostile fires;
And the dark vault of heaven flames all across
With meteors; and the conscious earth is rock'd;
And foaming rivers burst their shores! But now,
Save in my soul, there is no prescient dread: —
Nought but my fear-struck brow is dark and sad.
All sleeps in moonlight silence: ye can wave,
Oh happy gardens! in the cool night airs
Your playful branches; ye can rise to heaven,
And glitter, my unconscious palace-towers;
No gliding hand, no prophet's voice, to you
Hath rent the veil that hides the awful future!

We

Well, we'll go rest once more on kingly couches,
My mother, and we'll wake and feel that earth
Still trembles at our nod, and see the slaves
Reading their fate in our imperial looks!
And then — and then —— Ye gods! that I had still
Nought but my shuddering and distracting fears;
That those dread letters might resume once more
Their dark and unintelligible brightness;
Or that 'twere o'er, and I and Babylon
Were — what a few short days or hours will make us!'

Again, also, we contrast the long, slow, *wounded*, serpentine speeches of the monarch with another strain, and now of a more vivacious mood:—

' THE FRONT OF THE TEMPLE.

' *Priests within.*

' Hark! what dancing footsteps fall
Light before the Temple wall?
Who are ye that seek to pass
Through the burnish'd gate of brass?
Come ye with the gifts of kings,
With the peacock's bright-eyed wings?
With the myrrh and fragrant spice?
With the spotless sacrifice?
With the spoils of conquer'd lands?
With the works of maidens' hands,
O'er the glittering loom that run,
Underneath the orient sun?
Bring ye pearl, or choicest gem,
From a plunder'd diadem?
Ivory wand, or ebony
From the sable Indian tree?
Purple from the Tyrian shore;
Amber cup, or coral store,
From the branching trees that grow
Under the salt sea-water's flow?

' *Priests, with Benina.*

' With a fairer gift we come
To the god's majestic home
Than the pearls the rich shells weep
In the Erythrean deep.
All our store of ebony
Sparkles in her radiant eye.
Whiter far her spotless skin
Than the gauzy vestures thin,
Bleach'd upon the shores of Nile;
Grows around no palmy isle
Coral like her swelling lips,
Whence the gale its sweetness sips,

That upon the spice-tree blown
Seems a fragrance all its own;
Never yet so fair a maid
On the bridal couch was laid;
Never form beseem'd so well
The immortal arms of Bel.

' *Priests, leading her in.*

' Mid the dashing fountains cool,
In the marble vestibule,
Where the orange branches play,
Freshen'd by the silver spray,
Heaven-led virgin, take thy rest,
While we bear the silken vest
And the purple robe of pride
Meet for Bel's expected bride.

' *All the Priests.*

' Bridelike now she stands array'd!
Welcome, welcome, dark-hair'd maid!
Lead her in, with dancing feet,
Lead her in, with music sweet,
With the cymbals glancing round,
And the hautboy's silver sound.
See the golden gates expand,
And the priests, on either hand,
On their faces prone they fall
Entering the refulgent hall.
With the tread that suits thy state,
Glowing cheek, and look elate,
With thine high unbending brow,
Sacred maiden, enter thou.'

One of the most striking characters in the drama is Nitocris, the mother of the King; and in her devoted affection for her son, we certainly perceive much of the marked and decided impressiveness of real genius. Even this character, however, is in some degree counteracted by the prevailing *verbiage* of the present poem; — as witness the introductory speech in the following powerful scene, with which our extracts and the play conclude.

' *Nitocris.* Why should I pass street after street, through flames
That make the hardy conqueror shrink; and stride
O'er heaps of dying, that look up and wonder
To see a living and unwounded being?
Oh! mercifully cruel, they do slay
The child and mother with one blow! the bride
And bridegroom! I alone am spar'd, to die
Remote from all — from him with whom I've cherish'd
A desperate hope to mingle my cold ashes!
'Tis all the daughter of great Nabonassar

Hath now to ask! — I'll sit me down and listen,
And through that turbulent din of clattering steel,
And cries of murder'd men, and smouldering houses,
And th' answering trumpets of the Mede and Persian,
Summoning their bands to some new work of slaughter,
Anon one universal cry of triumph
Will burst; and all the city, either host,
In mute and breathless admiration, lie
To hear the o'erpowering clamour that announces
Belshazzar slain! — and then I'll rise and rush
To that dread place — they'll let me weep or die
Upon his corpse! — Old man, thou'st found thy child.
‘ *Imlah.* I have — I have — and thine. Oh! rise not thus,
In thy majestic joy, as though to mount
Earth's throne again. Behold the King!
‘ *Nitocris.* My son!
On the cold earth — not there, but on my bosom —
Alas! that's colder still. My beauteous boy,
Look up and see ——
‘ *Belshazzar.* I can see nought — all's darkness!
‘ *Nitocris.* Too true: he'll die, and will not know me! Son!
Thy mother speaks — thy only kindred flesh,
That lov'd thee ere thou wert; and, when thou'rt gone,
Will love thee still the more!
‘ *Belshazzar.* Have dying kings
Lovers or kindred? Hence! disturb me not.
‘ *Nitocris.* Shall I disturb thee, crouching by thy side
To die with thee? Oh! how he used to turn
And nestle his young cheek in this full bosom,
That now he shrinks from! No! it is the last
Convulsive shudder of cold death. My son,
Wait — wait, and I will die with thee — not yet —
Alas! yet this was what I pray'd for — this —
To kiss thy cold cheek, and inhale thy last —
Thy dying breath.
‘ *Imlah.* Behold! behold, they rise;
Feebly they stand, by their united strength
Supported. Hath yon kindling of the darkness,
Yon blaze, that seems as if the earth and heaven
Were mingled in one ghastly funeral pile,
Arous'd them? Lo, the flames, like a gorg'd serpent,
That slept in glittering but scarce-moving folds,
Now, having sprung a nobler prey, break out
In tenfold rage.
‘ *Adonijah.* How like a lioness,
Robb'd of her kingly brood, she glares! She wipes
From her wan brow the gray discolour'd locks,
Where used to gleam Assyria's diadem;
And now and then her tenderest glance recurs
To him that closer to her bleeding heart
She clasps, as self-reproachful that aught earthly
Distracts her from her one maternal care.

'*Imlah.* More pale, and more intent, he looks abroad
Into the ruin, as though he felt a pride
Even in the splendour of the desolation!
'*Belshazzar.* The hand—the unbodied hand—it moves—look
there!
Look where it points!—my beautiful palace——
'*Nitocris.* Look—
The Temple of great Bel——
'*Belshazzar.* Our halls of joy!
'*Nitocris.* Earth's pride and wonder!
'*Imlah.* Ay, o'er both the fire
Mounts like a conqueror: here, o'er spacious courts,
And avenues of pillars, and long roofs,
From which red streams of molten gold pour down,
It spreads, till all, like those vast fabrics, seem
Built of the rich clouds round the setting sun—
All the wide heavens, one bright and shadowy palace!
But terrible here—th' Almighty's wrathful hand
Every where manifest!—There the Temple stands,
Tower above tower, one pyramid of flame;
To which those kingly sepulchres by Nile
Were but as hillocks to vast Caucasus!
Aloof, the wreck of Nimrod's impious tower
Alone is dark; and something like a cloud,
But gloomier, hovers o'er it. All is mute:
Man's cries, and clashing steel, and braying trumpet—
The only sound the rushing noise of fire!
Now, hark! the universal crash—at once
They fall—they sink——
'*Adonijah.* And so do those that rul'd them!
The Palace, and the Temple, and the race
Of Nabonassar, are at once extinct!
Babylon and her kings are fallen for ever!
'*Imlah.* Without a cry, without a groan, behold them,
Th' Imperial mother and earth-ruling son
Stretch'd out in death! Nor she without a gleam
Of joy expiring with her cheek on his:
Nor he unconscious that with him the pride
And terror of the world is fallen—th' abode
And throne of universal empire—now
A plain of ashes round the tombless dead!—
'Oh, God of hosts! Almighty, Everlasting!
God of our fathers, thou alone art great!'

It only remains to add that Imlah is the father and Adonijah the lover of Benina, who was to have been sacrificed to the superstitious worship of Bel, or rather to the guilty passions of his priest, Kalassan.

Our readers have now had ample opportunity of estimating the justice of that censure, and of that praise, which we have *alike felt it our* duty to bestow on this poem. That the work could have been composed by any other living author, we more than doubt; yet it falls, in our opinion, greatly below the standard of poetic excellence which this writer himself has raised. It will afford matter of triumph to puny wits; who, we suppose, will largely console their own imbecility, by wholesale and unmitigated reprehension of the *puerilities* (as we have heard them called) of this confessedly imperfect production. To all who can appreciate Mr. Milman, it must be matter of regret, mingled with much applause.

Art. III. *Graham Hamilton.* (By Lady Caroline Lamb.) 12mo. 2 Vols. 16*s.* Boards. Colburn. 1822.

A SINGULAR kind of novel appeared a few years ago, intitled *Glenarvon*, which we briefly noticed in our lxxxth volume, p. 217., and which excited some passing attention from the peculiarity of its character, its personages, and its origin. It was generally understood to be the production of Lady Caroline Lamb; whose rank and connections render her well known in the circles of fashion, and to whom her talents and a certain degree of excentricity have also given a place not only in the annals of literature but in the general range of public cognizance. According to report, the volumes now before us proceed from the same source; and in the copy which has reached us, the name of her Ladyship as the author has been written with a pen, — we presume, under sufficient sanction.

Conceiving ourselves to be justified, then, in viewing this publication as emanating from the fair writer of *Glenarvon*, we have pleasure in stating our opinion that it is much more creditable to her than its predecessor, both as displaying greater powers and as subject to less objection on the score of personal allusions and revolting characters. It is an elegant and pathetic tale; and its style and execution would not reflect discredit on names much more known in this department of literature than that of her Ladyship. It insinuates none of those pernicious doctrines of ambiguous morality, nor any of that whining and sickly sentiment, which, by a double process of deterioration, have so often rendered this class of productions the instruments of enervating the intellect and vitiating the heart: but it displays, in polished and vigorous language, the rocks on which the young, the unthinking, and the gay have so often wrecked their hopes, their conscience, and their tranquillity; and to the thoughtless worshippers of fashion it addresses a grave and awful admonition, well calculated to awaken *them from the* dream of folly and dissipation, which "binds as in a spell" the best feelings of the bosom and the noblest faculties of the mind.

The hero is made to tell his own story, by a contrivance of little use and of as little ingenuity. Two strangers, of whom Graham Hamilton is one, find themselves casually thrown together in America; and, in spite of the dissimilarities of age and disposition, they become intimate and friendly. To beguile tedious hours, the elder has related without reserve to the younger the incidents of his life; and, on his demanding a similar confidence, the latter details the narrative which forms the subject of these volumes, and which may be thus compendiously stated. — Graham Hamilton is the son of Scotish parents, whom reverses of fortune had driven into retirement and obscurity: but almost every family has its *great man*, (by comparison at least,) to whom his humbler relations look for support and assistance; and here is Sir Malcolm Hamilton, a little ugly old bachelor, inhabiting a miserable house in the centre of London, and devoted to the accumulation of wealth, but overflowing with an excentric species of benevolence not unfrequently associated with frugal and parsimonious habits. He pays a long-expected visit to his northern relations, which ends in his adoption of his nephew, Graham Hamilton; an eventful circumstance in his life, and the source of all his future misery.

Persons who spend their money in ostentatious and fashionable follies, at the west end of the town, are often compelled by their necessities to apply to the wealthy capitalists of the city; and at his uncle's house, our hero became acquainted with several individuals of this description. — Among others, is the Earl of Orville *, who had married an heiress and a beauty, and on that account was most unhappy in domestic life, her unbounded extravagance having involved him in serious embarrassments. The reputation of being heir to the immense riches of Sir Malcolm, together with an agreeable person, soon procures for Graham an easy introduction to the circles of fashion; and he becomes fascinated with rather than enamoured of the beautiful but dissipated, the gay but unhappy Lady Orville. This unfortunate attachment for a while estranges him from the object of his earliest vows, Gertrude, daughter of his paternal uncle, Captain Hamilton; a young and ingenuous creature, ardently devoted to the companion of her childhood, and maturing, through succeeding years, that pure and simple affection into a settled passion, which was too deeply rooted to enable her to sustain the conviction that she had cherished it for an unworthy object. Graham, whose inconstancy to this amiable and interesting girl proceeds rather from the transient thoughtlessness of youth than from perfidy of the heart, is at last roused from his delirium, and returns penitently to Gertrude: but it is too late. She had long been struggling with ill health: a report had reached her that, in consequence of the embarrassments into which his mistaken fondness for Lady Orville had hurried him, Graham had shot himself: she had not strength to endure the shock; and she survived his arrival but a few days.

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* This title, and that of his Lordship's son, Lord Merton, will not fail to remind the reader of Miss Burney's *Evelina*, where both these denominations occur.

Considerable powers of genius have been summoned to the embellishment of this simple story. The first separation of Graham and Gertrude, before the former left his paternal abode, is thus pleasingly sketched:

'After vehement discussion on all sides, passions, prayers, and kindness from my parents, and long exhortations from my uncle, I yielded, as all dutiful sons must yield. I should say, I obeyed, and at last resigned myself to become the heir of a wealthy uncle; and, like many others, to sell my liberty, youth, and happiness, for gold. For this concession I received my father's thanks. But I sought the approbation of another.

'No sooner was this arrangement finally concluded, than I met Gertrude; she was in tears, and I wept with her. "You have done right in deciding to go," she said, trying to smile; "it may break our hearts to part, but we are young, and we shall meet, I trust, some bright day yet."—"We shall meet no more, perhaps," I answered, striking my forehead, and feeling as miserable as if our separation were really to be eternal; "or if we do, I may be grown a miser, and you will hate me, Gertrude, or you will have forgotten me and your love, and you will marry another."

'My father and uncle laughed, and called me romantic. I felt confused — I felt hurt; for I had not thought they were near enough to hear us. Gertrude, however, without embarrassment, modestly and cheerfully assured me she should never marry, and, smilingly, said, "If you grow an old miser, at all events you shall find me an old maid on your return."

'When we parted, Gertrude shed more tears than I did. She was, in fact, less violent, but more wretched. I had been to her a playfellow, a brother, a companion; something she looked up to as above herself, one whom she preferred to every thing around her; and my departure seemed to condemn her to a degree of loneliness and dulness for which she was not prepared. In vain I promised soon to return — in vain I gave her my books, my flower-garden, and even my dog. Nothing could soften her sorrow, and she has assured me since, that she suffered at that time so much, that she often doubted whether her strength would enable *her to support it.* I said the same; but he who quits home feel feels less than those who remain behind. The hurry of preparation — the eager hope which will spring up in the bosom — the change of scene — new interests — new ties, all divert the mind of the one, and prevent it from dwelling upon grief and regret; whilst every tree and flower, every look, every word, cruelly remind the others of all they have lost.'

Under a mock admonition of old Sir Malcolm to his nephew, in the presence of two noblemen, the author has concealed much poignant satire on the hollow-hearted society of what is called fashionable life:

' " These lairds of the creation address their heirs: saying, 'My sickly and sole offspring, I bequeath unto you nae wealth, for I have squandered it all away; I bequeath unto ye, for an heritage, nae honour — I never sought it; but I leave you — a Title! and you are born a gentleman; however little any one who knows or sees you might suspect it.'

' " But I, Sir Malcolm, thus speak to my heir: " Take money in thy hand — open thy house — ha' the best of every thing. — And, first, as my Lord Chesterfield doth hold that the exterior deportment is of the most important consequence to the man, take care, Nephy Graham, to acquire an easy, and something of an insolent manner; look nae modest, nae sharp. Have eyes that see not, ears that hear not; and repress every voice that would utter the genuine feeling of human nature. Learn neither to laugh loud, nor weep; say little, learn discretion, and, with little study, you will easily acquire that talent which knows how to treat of every thing as if you had read it, and understood it. Be, as in dreams, surprised at nothing; but try and surprise others if possible. Affect to be weary of every thing, and in time you will grow so. This is a difficult, but a material acquirement. Hate no one, — it is too much trouble: envy no one; but keep beneath the level of all that is good and great, and then they cannot clash with you in life. Aspire to nothing, then nothing can greatly humiliate you. Never love: and whilst you assume power over every other, beware of putting yourself into the power of any one. Keep your own secret, but master that of your neighbour. Form no intimate friendships, but seek, as your companions, those you despise; associate with the worthless, and smile in pity at every sort of superiority. Call feeling hypocrisy, and sterling worth vulgarity. In speaking and in writing, cultivate a style of affected conciseness, acquire a ready command of ill-natured observations, and steer as far from truth as facts and dates permit. But beware of stumbling over such obstacles, they being like fearful sand-banks, so that a shipwreck upon them may put you to the necessity of exerting yourself. Speak ill of others. Detract from excellence; by destroying high character you will shine yourself the brighter: thus may you be a London ephemeron, a man of fashion. This heritage, which lairds bequeath of right to their offspring, I bestow upon you by precept, and with it hoards of gold to keep it up with prouder state than they can. Yet a' this shall be done without making you pass ten years fagging at a public school, learning every vice, and every extravagance, with the cost and trouble their children do."

'One of the two gentleman smiled and accused Sir Malcolm of being very severe; that one was Lord Orville, my uncle afterwards informed me; the other was an old Lord S——, whose son I had seen when once on a visit in Edinburgh, and who evidently understood not a word of what was passing.

'Sir Malcolm continued: "You shall be instructed in fencing and dancing; learn to play with ladies' fans till you break them; swear that their pretty verses at least equal Pope's; and appear well acquainted with, and indifferent to them all. You must drop your enthusiasm, nephy, and assume a contempt for the great landmarks of learning; above all, talk of Homer, as of one you could never relish, and of Milton's poem as a tedious tale, and taste the sublime alone in some novel production of the present day. Be over fond of Italian poets, in particular if you do not understand the language. Lace yourself into the figure you may see passing, not these doors, but along the west end of the town, assuming all his airs and conceits. Speak ever ill of your own country. Buy yourself a house, and fill it with gewgaws. Spend liberally where it is seen, and keep a train of well-fed liveried lackeys to do nothing. Marry some young girl of rank, whom others love, and who loves another, but sells herself for your fortune; and let her be the only woman you treat with cold neglect. Boast of the attachment of those who have trusted ye, and if they trouble ye with complaints, break their hearts by your unkindness. And when you have done all this, and a great deal more, you may pronounce yourself, Nephy Graham, — as great an ass as any in the kingdom, without a' that trouble they have taken to become so. And then you shall, as soon as age permits, stand for a borough upon government-interest — or, if it pleases you better, a county upon loud-roaring radical principles, without knowing or understanding one word of the constitution or laws of the country. Ha, ha, ha! what think ye? And such a man, if the best tailor in London takes you under his protection, in matters of dress, will do — for what?"'

The ensuing scene appears to have been suggested by the pathetic picture drawn by Miss Burney, in *Cecilia*, of the thoughtless extravagance of Mrs. Harrell. It happened at a splendid ball given by Lady Orville; when a poor tradesman had obtruded on the festivities of the evening:

'Lady Orville had fainted. "Augusta," said her friend Moncrief, with tenderness, "Augusta!" and with my assistance he supported her into an adjoining parlour, where the cloaks and shawls had been thrown upon the sofa, and where, upon a heap of them, we laid her. What a sight was this — a lifeless, lovely form upon a bed of coloured trappings, contrasting their vivid, varied tints with the paleness *of her cheek*. Moncrief was calm; — he durst not *call for assistance, least* he should excite attention; — he bathed her temples with the water which he brought her, and kept a strict watch on the door, only permitting the stern being, who was the cause of this disturbance, to be a witness of the scene.

' By degrees Lady Orville recovered, raised herself, and sat upright; then trying to assume composure, she fixed her eyes mournfully on the man before her, and prepared to hear his reproaches.—" When the poor man drops in the streets from want," he said, at length, breaking silence in a hollow tone, " the rich man says he is an impostor: I will not presume, my Lady, to judge you so harshly: I will not refuse to believe that nature, though spurned so often from the resorts of fashion, yet continues in some measure to influence the hearts of those who reject her." Moncrief darted an eye of fury on the man. " Let me turn him out," I cried, — " the wretch — the impious wretch who dares to utter ——" — " Let him speak," said Lady Orville, in a low, but firm tone, " let him say all he pleases; I deserve it."

' " Madam," said the man, affected for a moment by her loveliness, such patience, such magnanimity, — " If it is your desire, I will postpone my visit." — Lady Orville did not answer. " Far be it from me," he continued, " to judge you — beggared as I am by my trust in your countenance of innocent sweetness. I wish not to insult you, but when disease and famine — when aching limbs and motherless children cause distress — human nature cannot bear it. The great man pleads his nature as his excuse for every evil deed. I have by a year's imprisonment expiated the crime, your want of punctuality — your riot and extravagance led me to commit." — " Hold — have mercy," Lady Orville interrupted him. — " See," continued the man, pointing to her, " what gifts heaven has bestowed there — and yet that heart, in the midst of this splendour, must, if it beat at all, beat with self-reproach. Amongst the many whom you and your gay associates have brought to ruin, I am one of the most unfortunate — for I am disgraced. To save your honour, I suffered myself to become the sacrifice; I saw my wife's tears — heard my children's cries — but, faithful to the lady whose protection and benevolence had such a name, I trusted to your promise. The money due to me was a thousand pounds — the property I possessed was not half that sum. Deprived of all, without a friend on earth, I wrote daily to you for succour, nay for justice: — an insolent porter turned me from your gate. I was advised to have recourse to the law — but your word alone had been my guarantee. She will remember me, I yet said — and I wept as I traced letter upon letter to one whom I still believed too generous to act as you have done. At length one night — it is terrible to me to recall it — temptation came across me. I was utterly destitute. I attempted a robbery — I was seized and prosecuted: I was convicted, but obtained a pardon after long confinement. My life was saved, but disgrace is stamped on me for ever. Three days ago I wrote to you again. My letter was menacing — was desperate; but so was my situation. All yesterday — all this day I have awaited your answer; to-night the answer is given — a ball and supper, splendour, excess: this is my money — this is my sustenance. Take my heart's blood — take my life: — you have ruined me. My wife died, almost of want; my youngest boy lies famished and cold before me: if I apply for work, I am spurned. Are you not afraid of wearing, before the Almighty God who made you, those glittering baubles, which you must feel are the bread of my children? Give me but justice — I ask no charity. Your God is my God: we are the same before him. What you have taken from me, that alone I claim: and if you are too poor to restore it, are you not too poor to wear this costly attire, to keep these liveried minions, to give this feast?" '

We shall make one extract more, viz. the heart-rending account of poor Gertrude's dissolution:

' "I found her seated by my uncle Richard. She looked very ill and pale, and so changed, oh who could bear to see it? Not I — my heart was not hardened — she smiled and held her dear hand to me, as if I had not been a villain; and her eyes, though streaming with tears, turned away for fear of lacerating my heart. Heavens, what reproaches were in those acts of generous kindness! How when I trembled as I approached her, speechless from contrition, shame, despair — how did she kindly bid me sit near her, and in a hollow tone of voice, and faintly, as if drawing her breath with difficulty, speak of her garden. I cannot continue."

' Here Mr. Hamilton paused, and wept without controul. His stern companion was moved.

' "Heaven is just," continued Mr. Hamilton, "and my punishment, great as it is, was merited. I was given again to behold Gertrude's superiority. I was permitted again, once again, to witness her charms, her kindness, her disinterested sweetness, even when tortured by a cruel and deadly malady. I was condemned to see every beauty increase and soften under the influence of approaching death. Alas! I had not thought how much, how faithfully, this girl was capable of feeling attachment.

' Sir Malcolm, whose thoughts no sorrows could entirely draw away from his money, continued to enumerate to my father and uncle the stores he possessed, and was resolved to settle upon Gertrude and me. "Give them," said my father, gravely, "to the wretched woman whose ruin Graham has caused; let Lady Orville possess the wealth; Gertrude needs it not." He spoke too truly, Gertrude needed little here; and her patience, her fortitude, her calmness, seemed to rise in proportion as her strength decreased.

' She must die: I saw it plainly. I knew it from the first. There was no deception here — no flattery to beguile from day to day her surrounding relations by false hopes and delusive promises — phrases and circumlocution were here useless. All in the little mansion of my father bespoke truth and simplicity.

' It was a mournful, but a striking example of Christian fortitude. I would I could bring it before others in all the dignity and sublimity of truth.

'The few first days after my return, she permitted me to support her into the garden, and place her upon the bench for a few moments during the heat of the day. She was soon unable to leave her bed — she often spoke a consolatory word to her friends — said she was happy; but when she looked upon me, and read in my countenance the agony of my soul, tears sometimes stole down her cheeks. Gertrude still lived: on that remaining breath — on that faint flush — that still beating, rapid pulse, I hung in breathless anxiety. I watched life's decay, and hoped, when there was no room for hope.

'The night before she died she desired to take the sacrament. Her whole family assembled to take it with her. I durst not — yet I knelt, though Scottish custom requires it not. I knelt in token of humility of despair, and I prayed even as my father's broken accents ascended in fervent prayer to heaven. How sweetly calm was Gertrude's countenance, when thus she heard him. Her hands were folded in each other. I thought too, that when he prayed for mercy on the sinner, her eyes sought for me. I was kneeling by her bed — she could not see me. My heart had ceased to throb — my eyes to weep. The awful act of worship was over; — every one but my uncle Richard, my father, and myself, withdrew. My father approached Gertrude, and thinking, perhaps, he should see her alive no more, he kissed her forehead — saying, "God bless thee! dear sweet child, and pardon him who caused thy sufferings." The Captain took my hand when my father said this, and Gertrude made sign to me to approach her — "Grieve not, cousin Graham," she said, "I am happy!"

'The heat was oppressive. The physician opened the window. The moon shone upon the garden — I looked for a moment out to hide my tears: — the mild light, the fresh air seemed to revive poor Gertrude. "Where is Graham?" she said distinctly. I struggled with my feelings, and approached her. I supported her again on her pillow. Her father and Dr. G. left us, and went towards the window. I pressed her lips to mine — she returned the kiss with fervour. "Be good — be comforted," she said. Her breath was short. "Be a son to my poor father — fear God, cousin." She never spoke one word after. A slight struggle followed. I called Dr. G. He took her hand to feel her pulse. — "It is all over now," he said.

'Moncrief remained with me through the trying scene: he tore me from the contemplation of its final close; and when I forgot myself, and the duties of a man, his generous and firm friendship saved me from my own despair.'

We could scarcely abstain, "albeit unused to the melting mood," from shedding tears at the sad termination of this little story, and could have almost wished that it had ended happily, according to the more common and vulgar mode. Yet we cannot call in question the right of an author to dispose of his heroes and heroines according to his own will and discretion; and we feel some abatement of the pain imparted by so melancholy a catastrophe, in the assurance that its perusal may chasten into reflection, and stun as it were into sobriety, the heedless and the unthinking. Certainly, they may here benefit by the instructive biography of a person who drew down on himself all his miseries, by the weakness of his character and the inconsistency of his conduct; and who, having trifled away the golden hours of youth in idleness and vanity, suffered the severest punishment which human errors can incur, in being doomed to pass the remnant of his days in unavailing regret, which his vast wealth served rather to embitter than to alleviate.

ART. IV. *Mr.* Burchell's *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa.*

[*Article concluded from page* 16.]

EARLY in January, 1812, when the summer had nearly attained its height, the pools and ponds were dried up, and the frogs had retreated into holes in the ground; where, in sleep and silence, they awaited the fresh moistening of the land. On the 15th of the same month, the season of the rains commenced, and changed the whole scene, as if by enchantment; verdure again quickly clothing the plains, and the languor of the animal frame, induced by protracted and excessive heat, giving place to the renovation and consciousness of muscular energy. In the midst of his perplexities, Mr. Burchell finally resolved to retrace his steps to the Asbestos mountains, and endeavour to engage his requisite complement of attendants. — A great variety of plants, not formerly observed, had now sprung up, and among the rest *Amaryllis toxicaria*, from the bulb of which is extracted a poison.

> ' This poison is obtained by inspissating the milky juice either by the heat of the sun, or, as I was told, by boiling. It is mingled with the venom of snakes, or a large black species of spider of the genus *Mygale*, and forms a half-viscous, gummy compound. In this state it is spread upon the heads of their arrows; and the direful and fatal effects of a wound made by them are the chief, and almost only cause of that dread in which the Bushmen are held by every other inhabitant of Southern Africa.
>
> ' The ingredients of their arrow-poison vary according to the part of the country inhabited by them; as the same plants, or substances, are not to be found in every place: but the venom of serpents always constitutes an essential part. This shows how attentively the nation have studied the horrid art, and how well they understand the effect of their combinations: for they must have perceived that the poison of serpents operates in a manner different

ferent from that of vegetables; the former attacking the blood, while the latter corrupts the flesh.

'From such a wound, if the poison be fresh, there is little hope of surviving, unless it happen to have been made in some part of the body where all the surrounding flesh can be instantly cut out. Yet examples of a cure are sufficiently numerous to encourage every unfortunate sufferer to try all the remedies within his reach; for it may be possible, that the poison have, by age, lost much of its strength, or that the manufacturers of it, not having the most dangerous materials at hand, may have been obliged to employ a less fatal kind.

'As the Bushmen endeavour to conceal from strangers a knowledge of the different substances which they use, it is not easy to find out exactly what they are. Of serpents, they select several kinds as preferable; but, on necessity, often take others. Of vegetables, they occasionally make use of various sorts, which are all endowed with an acrid thick juice, capable of being inspissated, such as *Euphorbias,* several species of different genera of *Amaryllideæ,* and *Apocyneæ;* with many others. To these are to be attributed the great pain and heat of the wound; and all the inflammatory symptoms. On lightly touching the arrow-poison with my tongue, I have, in most cases, experienced a highly acrimonious taste.

'Medical men, especially those of the Cape colony, could not dedicate their time and study to a more important object than the discovery of an antidote to this poison, and of some certain mode of treating such wounds. This would in effect be nothing less than to disarm these dangerous tribes of their most formidable weapon, and to relieve the bordering colonists of the greatest portion of those fears which render their abode in such parts of the colony exceedingly uneasy. From what has been stated above respecting the component parts of the arrow-poison, it naturally follows that the antidote must be of a two-fold nature: one to counteract the serpent-venom, such as the *Liquor Ammoniæ,* or a similar preparation; the other to resist the power of the vegetable poison, yet at the same time not of such properties as to impede the action of the former. It would perhaps be advisable to administer these remedies both internally and externally as a topical application; for which latter purpose they might be prepared of greater strength.

'He who should discover such a remedy would receive, in the consciousness of having been the means of saving the lives of many of his fellow-creatures, the highest reward which a philanthropic mind can desire. Nor would he, I think, be less entitled to a public recompense, than those who invent new means of warlike destruction.'

The narrative of the present volume closes on the 23d of February, at which date the journalist had returned to Klaarwater without accomplishing his object, but fully determined *to push forwards* on the morning of the following day. To the diary are appended an itinerary, a register of the weather, geographical observations, and some unsparing remarks on a critique in a periodical publication, in which Mr. Burchell's "Hints on Emigration to the Cape of Good Hope" were treated, as he conceives, with unmerited reprehension. This is not the only occasion on which he expresses, in no very guarded phraseology, the opinion which he entertains of the Under-Secretary of the Admiralty: but it is not our province to *review reviewers*, or to pass a verdict between disputants without a patient hearing of both parties. Under the influence of the latter principle, we also beg leave to abstain from rashly affixing inculpation on the managers of the British Museum: but, if they cannot make out a strong case in opposition to Mr. Burchell's allegation, we should not hesitate to affirm that his *spolia opima* were intitled to a more respectful reception. The donations of few individuals, indeed, can be accompanied with more valid claims on the attention and gratitude of the public; since few are capable of bringing to such an arduous pilgrimage as that which we have partially sketched the same liberal and adventurous spirit of research, the same high pretensions to natural science, or the same activity and zeal in accumulating the memorials of their observations. A course of four thousand five hundred miles, sixty-three thousand specimens, and about five hundred drawings, attest the extent and complication of Mr. B.'s labors. — The general, zoological, and botanical indexes are intended to be given in the second volume, for the appearance of which we shall wait with no ordinary measure of expectation.

In the mean time, having traced some of the principal occurrences of the first portion of the journey, it will be proper to direct our attention to a few of the many notices in botany and zoology which are scattered through the narrative, but which we could not introduce in their places without constantly trenching on the continuity of our report. The mere catalogues of plants spread over the margins would cover many pages, and we must be contented to cull a *bouquet* from among the more rare or remarkable species: but several of the more gigantic sorts, not easily reducible to the limits of a nosegay, really require distinct commemoration. Such, in particular, is the *Agave Americana*, or *Great American Aloe*, with leaves six feet long, and flower-stems of thirty feet in height. When planted as a hedge, its prickly leaves present a most formidable barrier to the intrusions of cattle and men. — The highly elegant and diversified tribes of *Erica*, we need scarcely mention, have their appropriate seat in Southern *Africa; and* not a few of the species fell under the author's observation.—The extensive sandy level, called *Green Point*, which forms the western point of Table Bay, becomes in September a complete flower-garden; being garnished with an astonishing variety of the families of *Ensatæ*, *Oxalides*, and small liliaceous plants.—The ravines of the Table Mountain are enlivened by the fine scarlet flowers of *Crassula Coccinea*.—Here, the *Hæmanthus coccineus*, in full bloom, presents a fine and singular contrast to the white sand; and there the *Leucadendron decorum* displays its bright yellow leaves. The *Cunonia Capensis*, which affects damp rocky situations, is remarked for its glossy green foliage, its crowded and elongated bunches of small milk-white flowers, and its red twigs.—*Salvia Africana* 'is an ornamental flowering shrub, of very frequent occurrence. All the *Diosmas*, when bruised, give out a strong odor more or less pleasant; so that in walking, it is not easy to tread on a plant of this tribe without being made sensible of it by the smell.'

In the course of a stroll on Green Point, on the 22d of May, Mr. Burchell thus expresses his surprize at the effects of the preceding rains:

> 'Not six weeks before, the herbage seemed entirely parched up; vegetation had disappeared, and the plain looked like a barren waste; but the sterile plain was now changed to a verdant field, and myriads of gay flowers had started up out of the earth. Those who have seen this spot only in the summer, would never suppose that a soil so arid and bare contained such an astonishing quantity, and such a great variety of bulbous roots. Blossoms of every color and every hue were at this time expanded to the genial warmth of the sun, and in such profusion that, from a little distance, some particular parts of the plain appeared as if painted red, others white, and others yellow. It is chiefly to the beautiful tribe of *Oxalis* that these enlivening effects are at this season attributable; but not less so to two other extremely small and delicate plants, which, in countless multitudes, whiten the soil. Later in the season other flowers spring up in their place, and color the ground with other tints.'

Mahernia oxalidiflora decorates with its elegant scarlet bell-flowers a dry and solitary district in the country of the Bushmen.—From the more rare, curious, or non-descript species, we have selected, much at random, *Serpicula rubicunda*, *Cliffortia ruscifolia*, *Aulax pinifolia*, *Staavia glutinosa*, *S. radiata*, *Hydrocotyle hederifolia*, *Cotula integrifolia*, *Androcymbium volutare*, *Aphyteia multiceps*, *Aptosimum indivisum*, *Cotyledon parvula*, *Euphorbia tenax*, *Phlomis parviflora*, *Cyphia hastata*, *Pelargonium munitum*, *Eriocephalus purpureus*, *Alyssum glomeratum*, *Aloe claviflora*, *Hibiscus cucurbitinus*, *Mahernia vernicata*, *M. spinosa*, *M. grandiflora*, &c. *Polygala* *pungens, Rhus pyroides, Celosia odorata, Terminalia erythrophylla, Boerhaavia pentandria, Amaryllis lucida, Systephra filiforme*, and *Uncaria procumbens*.

From these notices, slight and cursory as they are, our botanical readers will readily perceive that the publication, when completed, will be the means of conveying rich and numerous stores to the temple of Flora. Although the vegetable tribes, however, have solicited the author's fondest and most decided regards, he has been by no means neglectful of mammiferous animals, birds, fishes, and insects.

The numerous little hillocks and excavations, which render riding on the sand-flats so insecure, are chiefly occasioned by the *Mus maritimus* and *Mus Capensis*, of Gmelin; which might, perhaps, more correctly, be transferred to the genus *Talpa*. The former is nearly as big as a rabbit, and apparently destitute of eyes, ears, and tail. Its soft, downy, and ash-coloured fur might possibly be converted to an useful article of trade.

After having remarked that the *Equus Montanus*, or *Wild Horse*, has been hitherto confounded with the Zebra, Mr. B. thus proceeds:

'When these were first described by modern writers, the *Quakka* was considered to be the female *Zebra*; while both that and the true *Zebra* bore in common, among the colonists, the name of *Quakka*. The *Wilde Paard*, named *Dauw* by the Hottentots, and a much scarcer animal than the other two, was never suspected to be a different species, although it be far more distinct from the *Quakka* and *Zebra*, than these are from each other.

'The hoofs of animals destined by nature to inhabit rocky mountains are, as far as I have observed, of a form very different from those intended for sandy plains; and this form is, in itself, sufficient to point out the *Dauw* as a separate species. The stripes of the skin will answer that purpose equally well, and show, at the same time, the great affinity, and the specific distinction of the *Ass* (*Equus Asinus*), which may be characterised by a single stripe across the shoulders. The *Quakka* has many similar marks on the head and fore-part of the body: the *Zebra* is covered with stripes over the head and the whole of the body; but the legs are white: and the *Wilde Paard* is striped over every part, even down to the feet. The *Zebra* and *Wilde Paard* may be further distinguished from each other by the stripes of the former being brown and white, and the brown stripe being double; that is, having a paler stripe within it: while the latter, which may be named *Equus montanus*, is most regularly and beautifully covered with single black and white stripes. Added to this, the former is never to be found on the mountains, nor the latter on the plains.'

Among the Antelopes particularized in the body of the work, we find the *Mergeas*, which seems to be nearly allied to the *Grimmia* of Gmelin, and has its specific name from its

habit

habit of suddenly leaping over the bushes, and instantly plunging down among them, when pursued. It is likewise distinguished by an upright thin tuft of long black hair on the top of the head, and, like most of its tribe, is destitute of fat. The *Rupestris* is another small species of the same family, which is also hunted on account of its flesh. The *Euchore*, or *Springbuck*, is in some districts far from uncommon:

> 'The variety of names by which it has been this Antelope's fate to be called by different writers, is rather remarkable. But *Springbok* by the Dutch, and *Springbuck* by the English, inhabitants of the Cape, is the common appellation; and, therefore, that of *Euchore*, which was intended as a Greek translation of these, is here perferred for its technical name. It is easily distinguished from all the known species, by the very long white hair along the middle of the back, which, lying flat, is nearly concealed by the fur on each side, and is expanded only when it takes those extraordinary leaps which first suggested its name.'

The *Strepsiceros*, or *Koodoo*, is at once characterized by its twisted horns; and the *Gnu* is by no means the extraordinary creature that has been described by some naturalists and travellers: 'it is an Antelope, and that is all.'

The *Hyrax Capensis*, which frequents crevices in the rocks, affords eatable flesh, but is very shy and wary, and consequently not often procured. — *Orycteopus Capensis* (*Myrmecophaga Capensis*, Lin.) has the appearance of a hog, with the manners of the ant-eaters. Though otherwise helpless and defenceless, yet, owing to its faculty of burrowing with great rapidity, it is with difficulty dragged from its retreat. — At page 487. the *Pedetes Caffer*, (*Dipus Caffer*, Gmel.) *Jerboa*, or *Leaping Hare*, is well described. It inhabits the neighbourhood of mountains, and comes out to feed only during the night.

Of the numerous birds passed in review, the following are non-descript, or at least little known: *Anas punctata*, seen only once, *Upupa purpurea*, *Saxicola leucomelana*, *Sylvia flaviventris*, *Lanius atro-coccineus*, (having the under parts of the body of the brightest scarlet, and the rest of the finest black, except a white stripe down each wing, and a few faint white marks on the back,) *Otis kori*, *Oriolus arundinarius*, and *Charadrius armatus*. The Kori Bustard measured seven feet in extent of wing, and its body was so thickly protected by feathers that the largest sized shot made no impression on it. Its flesh was fat and well-flavored. The author also alludes to a small species of Bustard, called *Karro-Koorhaan*, which he encountered only once in the whole course of his travels. —

— The Hottentots confirmed the fact noticed by some ornithologists, that the female Ostriches leave some of their eggs near the nest, for the nourishment of the young: but, from the improvident manner in which the boors hunt down these birds and purloin their eggs, they have become rare within the boundaries of the colony, and may finally disappear. — The *Witte Kraai* (*White Crow*) of the Dutch proved on inspection to correspond with the description of *Vultur Percnopterus*, or the *Sacred Vulture of Egypt.*

'On the body of a dead ox,' says the author, 'I observed several large vultures, feeding in harmony with a number of crows. This being the first time I had seen this species, I attentively watched its manners for a long while with a telescope. It was of an imposing size; and its solemn, slow, and measured movements, added to its black plumage, possessed something of a funereal cast, well suited to its cadaverous employment. An excellent picture of the manners of a vulture is drawn by Virgil, in the third book of the Æneid, in his story of the harpies; too long to be quoted here, but which the sight of these birds, and their habits, brought immediately to my recollection, and served greatly to increase the interest with which I viewed them. There was a heaviness in their gait and looks, which made one feel half inclined to consider them rather as beasts of prey, than as feathered inhabitants of the air. When not thus called forth to action, this bird retires to some inaccessible crag, sitting almost motionless in melancholy silence for days together, unless the smell of some distant carrion, or too long an abstinence, draw it from retirement, or force it to ascend into the upper regions of air; where, out of sight, it remains for hours, endeavouring to get scent of its nauseous food. These birds must possess the sense of smelling in a degree of perfection far beyond that of which we have any idea.'

The Vulture, however, like the Eagle, is possibly guided to its distant repast more by its acute sense of vision than by that of smell, and soars aloft that it may embrace an ample range of observation.

Cape Town is well supplied with fish from the surrounding seas: but fresh-water species are scarcely ever seen, and even eels are regarded as a rarity. — The deepest pools of the Sack River yield the *Geel-visch*, (*Yellow fish,*) *Cyprinus æneus* of the present author, being entirely of a yellow green, with a brazen lustre. The flesh is white, and of a very delicate flavor. — The *Silurus Gariepinus*, or *Platte-kop*, (*Flat-head,*) is of a plumbeous hue above, whitish beneath, nearly three feet long, with the head very flat, the eyes extremely small, and the mouth bearded with very long filaments. The flesh, which resembles that of the Conger-eel, is reckoned rich and nutritious. 'It is a remarkable circumstance, and one which is confirmed by the general observation of the colonists, that it is only those rivers which run to the western coast, (that is to say, to the northward of the Cape of Good Hope,) in which this fish is found; whilst, on the contrary, eels have never been seen in any but those which fall into the ocean eastward of that cape.'

Papilio montana, which affects the loftiest ridges, was the only insect found on the top of Table Mountain. — At the Zak River was discovered an *Anthia*, resembling the *decempunctata*, but without the white spots; and another species of the same genus was denominated *effugiens*, from the velocity of its movements and the difficulty with which it is caught. — An undescribed black beetle, from its frequent occurrence on the road, was designed *Moluris vialis*. — A species of *Acheta*, resembling the domestic cricket of Europe, attracted the attention of the travellers by a loud and teasing noise, which it emitted for about a quarter of an hour at sun-set; while *Aphodius vespertinus*, of an uniform dark chesnut hue, and scarcely two lines long, proved particularly troublesome at candle-light. On the banks of the Gariep, Mr. Burchell observed a new species of *Mantis*,

> 'Whose presence,' he says, 'became afterwards sufficiently familiar to me, by its never failing, on calm warm evenings, to pay me a visit as I was writing my journal; and sometimes to interrupt my lucubrations by putting out the lamp. All the Mantis tribe are very remarkable insects; and this one, whose dusky sober coloring well suits the obscurity of night, is certainly so, by the late hours it keeps. It often settled on my book, or on the press where I was writing, and remained still, as if considering some affair of importance, with an appearance of intelligence which had a wonderful effect in withholding my hand from doing it harm. Although hundreds have flown within my power, I never took more than five. I have given to this curious little creature the name of *Mantis lucubrans*; and having no doubt that he will introduce himself to every traveller who comes into this country in the months of November and December, I beg to recommend him as a harmless little companion, and entreat that kindness and mercy may be shown to him.'

The hillocks constructed by a large species of black ant are generally from two to three feet in height, and, though much perforated within, are sufficiently hard and firm to bear the weight of a man, or even sometimes that of a loaded waggon: when they are carefully avoided, to prevent an overturn.

The few geological notices dispersed through the volume are too scanty and isolated to detain us: but so far from expressing regret or disappointment at the author's omissions, we are rather astonished that, in the course of his painful and perilous wanderings, he was enabled to accomplish so much. Of his manner and style, it may suffice to remark that they are generally distinct and forcible, though occasionally verging on the confines of romantic sentimentality. In taking leave of him for the present, we have only to state that, admiring as we do the feelings and the deeds of ethical independence, we are yet antiquated enough still to respect the government of noun and verb, and to vow allegiance to the rules of correct composition. We are confident, therefore, that he will pardon us for submitting to his revision such expressions as the following: (p. 13.) '*agreeable* to the plan;' — (153.) 'At this season the weather is generally rainy at the Cape, although in the present year *they* set in,' &c.; — (182.) 'each *are*;' — (236. misprinted 266.) 'Mistaken the *tract*' for *track*; — (261.) 'when there *happen* to fall an unusual quantity of rain;' — (262.) 'of which there *was* evident proofs;' — (263.) 'generally *lie* concealed a large sort of *coot*;' — (275.) 'Just as the luxurious feast, or the frugal meal, *bring* either disease or health;' — (276.) 'an *irruption* on her arm at the part where she had been vaccinated;' — (308.); 'but covered with fine grass, green only at bottom, while *their* withered stalks remaining, showed *them* to be chiefly a kind of *Poa*;' — (319.) 'whose course and source *is* unknown;' — (482.) 'The whole waggon-load of meat was *totally* eaten up;' — (499.) 'they feel friendly disposed;' — (576.) 'such whose annual variation in declination *have* been well ascertained.'

Art. V. *Memoirs of Charles Brockden Brown*, the American Novelist. Author of "Wieland," "Ormond," "Arthur Mervyn," &c. With Selections from his Original Letters, and Miscellaneous Writings. By William Dunlap. 8vo. pp. 337. 10*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Colburn and Co. 1822.

A LIFE not of long continuance, passed in thought and reflection, can supply but very meagre materials for a biographer. All the most valuable details, viz. the results of the individual's contemplations, his progress in intellectual acquirements, his observations on his own feelings, — the history, in short, of his own mind, — are peculiarly and necessarily confined within his own knowlege; and all that is left even for the most partial friend to accomplish is probably a barren and unsatisfactory history of the incidents of an unpretending career, and a catalogue of the works which the deceased had published. On this account, all the memoirs of literary men *should be auto*-biographic; and it is only when the subject of the memoir has left in his writings a picture, as it were, of himself, that the biographer who undertakes to delineate his character has any chance of rendering the copy either interesting or valuable. What cold and dull materials would the life of Gibbon, for example, seem to have afforded to a stranger's pen, and yet what can be more amusing and instructive than his own journal? Among those who have in fact written their own lives, without the formality of collecting the details together, Dean Swift stands conspicuous: the most perfect idea of his singular but powerful genius, of the history of his unhappy life, nay even of all his petty and amusing personal peculiarities, may be obtained from his correspondence; and more especially from that very curious and entertaining portion of his writings, the Journal to Stella. His able and judicious modern biographer, Sir Walter Scott, availing himself of these great advantages, has produced a life of the Dean which, had it even proceeded from the pen of Cadenus himself, could scarcely have been more interesting. The life of Alfieri, also, is another instance to prove how much the value of an author's memoirs depends on his being his own historian.

With regard to the present volume, we have to regret that the subject of it, certainly a man of very considerable talents, did not leave either any account of himself, or any sufficient materials from which his friend Mr. Dunlap might have been enabled to supply the deficiency. A correspondence, by no means copious, appended to the Memoirs, is the chief source of our information concerning the novelist's personal character; while the biographer's early acquaintance with him has enabled him to relate, with fidelity, the few incidents of a secluded and inactive life. In another point of view these memoirs are curious and interesting. The life of one of the American *literati*, written by another, (for this, we believe, is not Mr. Dunlap's first appearance before the public,) is too unusual a production not to excite our attention; and it is on this account principally that we are induced to notice the work at some length, though the reputation, which Mr. Brown's writings procured for him on this side of the Atlantic, would alone be sufficient to render any information respecting him acceptable to our readers.

Charles Brockden Brown was born at Philadelphia in the year 1771. A weak and sickly constitution, unfitting him for the more boisterous pleasures of childhood, compelled him at a very early age to seek for occupation and amusement from books; and, like Pope and Gibbon, he appears to have owed to this circumstance his taste for literary pursuits. Before he attained his sixteenth year, he had accustomed his pen to frequent composition both in prose and verse; and, with that youthful and adventurous boldness which characterizes the mind of genius, he had already sketched the plan of three distinct epic poems. Amid all these intellectual delights, it became necessary for him to chuse a profession, and he accordingly selected the law; no doubt, as the one which afforded him the widest field for mental exertion. He is said by his biographer to have made very considerable progress at this time in his legal studies; and to have been distinguished, in a professional society of which he was a member, by his sagacity, sound judgment, and research. He furnished, according to one of his friends, "a model of the dry, grave, and judicial style of argument." Had we, however, been allowed to judge of his probable success in this logical pursuit from his subsequent writings, we should certainly have believed him to have been singularly unqualified to excel in it; since in all his novels he manifests so remarkable a want of coherence and regular design, so complete an absence of all attention to probability, and such a display of exuberant fancy and feeling, that we should have been persuaded that the mind of the novelist could never be disciplined into that of the lawyer. Indeed, in his aversion to his legal duties he soon displayed his inaptitude for them; and after a little time he finally relinquished them, without having adopted any other pursuit. To his disappointed friends he attempted to justify this desertion, by adducing those common-place and scarcely specious arguments against the practice of the law, which could appear convincing only to persons as young and inexperienced as himself. His mind, thus deprived of its healthful occupation, began to prey on itself; and he now became as unhappy as that man must necessarily be who is gifted with a lively and active turn, and a quick fancy, but has no means of employing his time and thoughts. His temperament, indeed, appears to have been of that morbid kind which we often remark in men of genius, and which too frequently renders life rather a burden than a blessing to its possessor: — his mind was unhappy by organization; — innately and originally miserable. To divert in some degree the *tædium vitæ* with which he was oppressed, he had recourse to travelling; and at New York he met with several friends, in whose society he found both instruction and amusement. In this city, in the year 1798, he witnessed the appalling devastations of the yellow-fever; and of his dangerous acquaintance with that dreadful pestilence, he has made considerable use in his novel of "Arthur Mervyn." He was himself attacked, *though not* seriously, by the disease.

About this time, Mr. Brown first entertained the idea of becoming an author by profession, at that period a *desideratum* in the literary world of America. His first publication was "Alcuin," a dissertation on the subject of marriage; worthy, by its rambling arguments and wild sophistry, to be ranked with the author's early *tirades* against the law. In the year 1798 he produced "Wieland;" which, notwithstanding its excentricities, must be considered as the most powerful and original of his writings. Encouraged by the manner in which this work was received, he immediately commenced another novel, and in the following year appeared as the author of "Ormond." The literary *impetus* being thus communicated, his pen knew no moderation in its labors: he actually ran a race with his printer, each finishing their *composition* at the same time*; and he was at this period actually employed on five novels. This fact accounts in some degree for the looseness and irregularity of fable in many of his works, and especially in "Arthur Mervyn," which was one of the five, and was published in the same year with "Ormond." — "Edgar Huntley," the author's fourth novel, speedily followed; and in 1800 he gave to the world a second part of "Arthur Mervyn." In 1801, his fertile genius produced "Clara Howard," which was republished in England under the title of "Philip Stanley;" and a few years afterward appeared "James Talbot," the last of his novels.

While the romantic fancy of the author was thus overflowing, he engaged to edit a periodical publication, the first number of which was printed in April, 1799, under the title of "The Monthly Magazine and American Review." He was the principal support of this work, which lived only until the end of the year 1800, and was one of the many unsuccessful attempts of the kind that have been made by the Americans; which have failed principally, we believe, from the circulation, and of late years the republication, of our own Reviews and Magazines in the United States. In 1805, Mr. Brown commenced a new work on a similar plan, intitled "The Literary Magazine and American Register," which existed rather longer than the former Magazine, but expired at the end of five years. To these may be added "The American Annual Register," which Mr. B. edited for five years before his death. Two or three political pamphlets, and various fugitive articles, complete the catalogue of his productions.

On these works we cannot, in this place, afford to make any detailed remarks: but of the merit of their author it may be observed, that it consisted chiefly in that keen sensibility and quickness of sensation, which fitted him to describe with energy and effect, if not with nature and truth, the operation of the higher passions; and to rivet the attention of his readers by his enthusiastic and sometimes exaggerated delineations of character. His great defect appears to have been, what is often a concomitant of unpruned genius, a want of common sense in matters of taste and feeling; — or of that propriety of sentiment, which enables a writer to distinguish the nice shades that sometimes separate the sublime from the ridiculous, the awful from the disgusting, and the sensible from the sententious. This deficiency occasionally led the novelist into a stately pomposity of expression which he mistook for dignity; and into an exaggeration of sentiment, which assumed in his eyes the shape of deep feeling. The following passage, for instance, which was no doubt intended to be read with great gravity, must necessarily, by the curious solemnity of its phrases, call forth a smile from the reader: 'My conceptions of the delights and benefits connected with love and marriage are exquisite. They have swayed most of my thoughts and many of my actions, since I arrived at an age of reflection and maturity. They have given birth to the sentiment of love with regard to several women. Mutual circumstances have frustrated the natural operation of that sentiment in several instances. At present I am free. None of those with whom I recently associated have any claims upon me, nor have I any upon them.' Another most glaring sin in this author's novels is a carelessness so extreme, as not only to strike but to offend even the rapid reader of such *kill-time* publications. Characters are introduced evidently for an ulterior purpose, but are neglected and forgotten, as in the instance of Mrs. Wentworth in "Arthur Mervyn;" inexplicable coincidences are contrived, which are as improbable as useless; and after many marvellous circumstances, from which we expect the most portentous effects, we find, like Dr. Johnson when he had heard the voice of his deceased mother crying *Sam!*, that "*nothing ensued.*"

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* See Letter to his brother A. Brown, p. 200.

Returning from this short digression, we have to relate the melancholy termination of this author's life in the full prime of manhood, and amid the ardent pursuit of his literary labors. In the year 1804, he married a lady of the name of Linn, and became thenceforwards an inhabitant of his native city; but his sedentary habits operated unfavorably on a constitution naturally delicate, and it was soon evident that he was hastening into a decline. In the summer of 1809 he visited New Jersey, and New York, in the hope of benefiting by a change of air: but the experiment proved useless, and on the 19th of February, 1810, he sank under his complaint.

We insert the following letter from the correspondence, as a specimen of Mr. Brown's epistolary style, at an early age:

‘ To W. DUNLAP.

‘ My dear friend, *Philadelphia, Nov.* 28. 1794.

‘ How many weeks have elapsed since you left us, and since you requested me to write to you some comments both upon your performance and the representation of it. Better late than never, is an excellent adage; and when men have delayed the performance of their duty, instead of prolonging the breach by elaborate apologies, they had much better apply themselves forthwith to the discharge of it, that being the best reparation that can possibly be made for past neglect.

‘ But what, my friend, shall I say upon this interesting subject? You yourself were present at the performance of the piece; you know how little the theatrical people are entitled to encomiums; what, therefore, could justify your friends here, in publishing their sentiments upon the acting: the public could judge of the intrinsic merits of the tragedy only as it was performed. How defective must their judgment therefore be, since their knowledge must be so imperfect.

‘ My imagination is too undisciplined by experience to make me relish theatrical representations. I cannot sufficiently abstract my attention from accompanying circumstances and surrounding objects. Custom, or a differently constituted fancy, enables others to distinguish and separate with ease the dramatic and theatrical.

‘ My sufferings during that evening were such as to make me unalterably determine never to be an author. That, indeed, was before scarcely possible; but if every other circumstance were favourable, the dread of being torn and mangled by the play-house gentry, either of the stage or pit, would sufficiently damp my ardour.

‘ You cannot expect that I should say any thing about the play itself. Undistinguishing encomiums must be as disagreeable to you to hear as fruitless in me to utter. Not having the piece before me I can mention only the general impression: that indeed would give you occasion for panegyric, which, however delightful [illegible] would perhaps be unpleasing to the [illegible]. Particular animadversions would require [illegible] and passages, for which purpose I [illegible] sufficiently tenacious.

‘ I suppose you proceed with your usual celerity, in the [illegible]. Has your pen been entirely neglected? [illegible] the song which you have con[illegible]

‘ [illegible] with me, that the genius of a [illegible] of his country: how far this [illegible] particular facts: how far he [illegible] his success has crowned the efforts of those, who, in their compositions, have shown that they have not been unmindful of it, is perhaps not worth the inquiry.

'National songs, strains which have a peculiar relation to the political or religious transactions of the poet's country, seem to be the most precious morsels, which do not require a dissatisfying brevity, nor preclude the most exalted flights of genius: for in this class I rank the Iliad and Æneid, and Orlando (the last is a truly national song, since the streets of every Italian city have re-echoed with it for this hundred years or two) as well as Chevy Chase, or the song of Roland.

'Does it not appear to you, that to give poetry a popular currency and universal reputation, a particular cast of manners and state of civilization is necessary? I have sometimes thought so; but perhaps it is an error, and the want of popular poems argues only the demerit of those who have already written, or some defect in their works, which unfits them for every taste or understanding.

'Remember me affectionately to your family, and I will write speedily to Elihu. Tell him, he must not be offended by my long silence. 'Yours, affectionately,

'C.B.B.'

We must now say a word on the execution of Mr. Dunlap's biographical duties, which he has, on the whole, performed in a satisfactory manner. His partiality for his hero is certainly evident and unconcealed, but is not greater than we might expect and excuse from the piety of a surviving friend. His analyses of the novels are not well executed, and the perplexity and confusion in which they are involved give the reader no slight trouble: but this may in some degree be owing to similar faults in the originals. — We have not discovered many Americanisms in these Memoirs, though in the following sentence we have one very palpable instance: 'Now had this intellectual labour *eventuated* in the erection of a pyramid, or in the accomplishment of a victory, they would expect to derive amusement from the biography of such a man.' (P. 66.) At p. 92., also, Mr. Dunlap has fallen into an amusing error, and presented us with a curious specimen of the *anti-climax*. The novelist, he tells us, 'excites his hero to the commission of acts, which, though they have their prototypes in authentic records, are of a character so *horrible* as *to border on the shocking.*'

ART. VI. *Sketches of India:* written by an Officer for Fire-side Travellers at Home. Crown 8vo. pp. 329. 10*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1821.

THIS is a lively and picturesque tour: the author of which eminently possesses the art of exciting visual imagery by means of words, and paints with poetic vivacity the scenery, the persons, the moving bustle, and the strange impressions, which every where burst on his senses. He offers a familiar picture of Indian phænomena, invites the reader as it were to lounge in his tent or take a seat in his budgerow, and directs attention to the transient objects in his view with felicity of choice and vividness of representation.

The visit to Madras begins thus:

'Those poor wretches, with no other clothing than small rags round the middle, and loads on their heads, whom you meet singly or in large groups, are the common coolies, or road-porters, of the country; for thus light burdens are usually conveyed here, even for distances of two or three hundred miles.—This haughty-looking man with a prominent nose, dark eye, and olive-brown complexion, having a large turban, muslin vest, gaudy silk trowsers, and noisy slippers, is a Mahometan.

'This next, with his head bare and shaven, except a few thick-falling locks clubbed behind, his forehead marked with stripes of the ashes of cow-dung, his naked body, clean yellow-coloured skin, the zennaar, or distinguishing threads worn over the shoulder, and a large pale salmon-coloured loin-cloth, is an officiating bramin.

'These fat-looking black men, with very white turbans and dresses, and large golden ear-rings, are dubashes; a sort of upper servants or public inferior agents, ready to make any purchases for strangers or residents; to execute their commissions, change their monies, or transact any business for them.

'These men with red turbans, broad shoulder-belts of leather, breast-plates, sashes and swords, are government-peons of the zillah, or police foot-soldiers. There are establishments of them in every district. They are distinguished by their belt-plates; the belts being often of red, blue, or yellow cloth, or even tiger-skin.

'There is a groupe of native women returning to their houses with water: they are of a common class; but observe their simple dress, erect carriage, and admirable walk. One piece of cloth wrapped twice round their loins in its breadth, and passing in its length upwards over the bosom, is either disposed mantle-like to cover the head, or thrown gracefully across the right shoulder, and brought under the left arm to the middle. Their shining hair is neatly rolled up into a knot at the back of the head; and is occasionally ornamented with little chaplets of pale yellow flowers. The vessels which some carry on the head, some on the hip, are of brass or clay; but ancient and urn-like in their form.

'This low, curiously carved car, with a white canopy, and cream-coloured bullocks, having their horns ornamentally tipped with wrought brass, collars with bells, and crimson body-clothes, is the conveyance of some native merchant, or shroff.

'These horsemen with red hussar jackets, high spherical-shaped caps of blue cloth richly ornamented, leather breeches, boots, and *English* saddles, so well mounted, and as light-coloured as Spaniards,

niards, are of the body-guard of the governor. — Observe the horse-keeper following that staff-officer: thus the groom runs after his master in this country, and will keep pace with him at a smart canter. He is always provided with a leading rein and chowrie. *

' These well-appointed black soldiers, clothed and accoutred so completely like British troops, except the peculiar cap of blue cloth with brazen ornaments and plates, are sepoys of the Madras establishment.'

After having visited Cudapah, the author becomes stationary at Belhary, where he thus delineates a Mohammedan festival:

' On the last night of the Mohurrum, a Mahometan festival, I walked out after dark in a white jacket, went alone into the large pettah outside the fort, and mingled with the crowds on foot, that I might fairly see the people, as it were, in their joyous undress character: for, when you ride among them, or are borne in your palanquin, you labour under many disadvantages for close observation.

' A fine noisy tumultuous scene it was. I first met an immense crowd carrying a sort of light ornamental temple, made of pasteboard, talc, and gauze, and painted and gilt with much taste. At the head of this crowd were groupes of tumblers, and men with ornaments and bells on their legs, dancing like our morrice-dancers; there were also several low masks, such as men naked, their bodies painted like tigers, and led in chains by others, either crawling on all-fours, or roaring and springing about amidst the crowd; others daubed over with a shining African black colour, and armed with short staves, imitating negro combats and dances.

' Then several hundred Mahometans (most in our army), with glittering sabres, black shields, and in their native dresses; turbans of green, red, purple, pale blue, rose, brown, and all colours; large wide trowsers of silk, of the gaudiest patterns, and many with shawls thrown over one shoulder. Nearer the Tazier, were groupes of dancing girls, covered with joys, and dressed in showy muslins and silks, with round golden embossed plates on the back of the head. Numbers of insolent-looking Fakirs, and a vast concourse of people of all castes and classes.

' All these distinctly seen at night-time, by the light of innumerable torches, matchlocks firing off, rockets flying, the few natives who had horses galloping and prancing round the crowd, and one huge elephant, borrowed from our commissariat to make up the procession, gave a very lively picture of an eastern festival. As I walked in the bazaar, I came upon a crowd, one minute attentively silent, the next merrily talkative. I pushed among them, and found an exhibition of the magic-lantern kind: in light, colouring, and motion, it was exceedingly well managed. The repre-

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' * The chowrie is a fly-flap, made of the singularly bushy tail of the Bootan cow.'

> representations were combats between natives and English; now groupes of horsemen, now of foot; now a single combat. The showman explained every scene, with many coarse jokes which I could not understand, but which took vastly with the crowd. The British were *always beaten*, especially in the horse-encounters, and their figures and dress were much caricatured. Had I been known, I should perhaps have been insulted, but with my hat over my eyes, and a handkerchief held generally to my face, I was probably taken for a half-caste Christian. Fruits, sweetmeats, sherbet, arrack, and toddy, were selling every where. In many places were large shallow pits filled with fires, round which circles of Moors brandishing their naked swords danced a sort of war-dance in honour of the victorious Ali; singing and shouting at every pause "Ali, Ali!" Occasionally too, one or other of them leaped into and through the fire with looks and gestures half frantic. Walking on, you will see at the corner of one street tumblers, at another dancing girls; here singers and music, there a story-teller with a party squatted round him. In short, every thing wore a festive pleasure-seeking air; and, in spite of the difference of climate, religion, laws, and education, we find the materials in which the heart of man seeks the coarse gratifications suited to it in its natural state are pretty much the same all over the world. Noise, glitter, show, vanity of dress, and indulgence of animal appetite. Portsdown fair has its booths, stages, merry-andrews, puppet-shows, jessamy waistcoats, and flaring ribbands. Portman Square, the Opera-house, the theatres, and Vauxhall, have corresponding pleasures suited to tastes a little, and often *but a little* more refined. And I could remind, or perhaps inform the fashionable gamester of St. James's Street, that before England ever saw a dice-box, many a main has been won and lost under a palm-tree, in Malacca, by the half-naked Malays, with wooden and painted dice; and that he could not pass through a bazaar in this country without seeing many parties playing with cards, most cheaply supplied to them by leaves of the cocoa-nut, or palm-tree, dried, and their distinctive characters traced with an iron style.
>
> 'Such features of general resemblance in their manners have the enlightened inhabitants of Europe, and the poor ignorant crowds of Hindostan!'

The ruins of Bijanagur are depicted with eloquent melancholy. A religious turn occasionally overspreads the reflections of the author, who seems to be a disciple of the missionaries, and has a horror of idolatry which is somewha dangerous to tolerance. The declamations, in point of style resemble those of Volney, but the inference is precisely the reverse.

Nundidroog, Bangalore, the Nackenairy pass through the Ghauts, the garden of Sautghur, (inhabited by a Mohammedan priest one hundred years old,) and the fort of Vellore, are successively described; after which the author embarks for Calcutta. His sketch of this important metropolis is very animated, but too long for our limits; and indeed the city has been often described. From Calcutta, he proceeded to Benares by water, in the month of September, when the river was in high beauty. The first place of note is Berhampore; the next, Cassimbuzar; and then, Moorshedabad. A silk-factory is visited at Jungypore; and the ruins of Gour, the antient metropolis of Bengal, are examined, which overspread an extent of fifteen miles: — among them, dwells at Gomalty a pious individual who has translated the Gospels into Bengallee. Rajemahl, Boglipoor, Sultangung, Monghyr, (near to which is a hot well,) and Patna, are successive mooring-places. Ghazipoor calls for some attention: but at length the author reaches Benares, the holy city, the antient seat of Braminical learning, and still the school of Hindoo theology. If the exceptionable rites of the Hindoos are to be abolished by native and voluntary reformation, it is through the teachers at this university that the new interpretations of the sacred texts must be insinuated.

'The very first aspect of Benares is fine; and, when you come opposite to one of its central ghauts, very striking. It extends about four miles along the northern bank of the river, which makes here a bold sweeping curve. Its buildings, which are crowded, built of stone or brick, and uniquely lofty; its large ghauts, with long and handsome flights of steps; here and there, the sculptured pyramidal tops of small pagodas; one mosque, with its gilded dome glittering in the sun-beam; and two proud and towering minars, rising one above another, form a grand and imposing *coup d'œil.* I landed, dismissed my boat, and proceeded to the house of a friend at Secrole; which is the station of our civil and military servants.

'The city is only to be visited on horseback, or in a palanquin. I decided, at the recommendation of my friend, on a tonjon, or open sedan-chair; as thus only can you leisurely survey every thing, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, and the crowds in them, through whom your way must be cleared by a police-trooper in your front.

'In the heart of this strange city, you are borne through a labyrinth of lanes, with houses of six or seven stories high on either side, communicating with each other above, in some places, by small bridges thrown across the street. These houses are of stone or brick; and many of them are painted either in plain colours or stripes, or with representations of the Hindoo deities. Every bazaar or street containing shops, you find a little, and but a little, wider than the others. Shops here stand in distinct and separate streets, according to their goods and trades. In one, all are embroiderers in muslin, which they work here in gold and silver most beautifully; in another, silk merchants; in another are displayed

played shawls; in some, shops filled only with slippers; in one, jewel-merchants; in the next, mere lapidaries. Several contiguous streets are filled entirely with the workmen in brass, who make the small brazen idols; also the various urns, dishes, vessels, lamps, which the Hindoos require either for domestic or sacred purposes. These shops make a very bright and showy display; and, from the ancient forms, various sizes and patterns of their vessels, attract your attention strongly. You meet numbers of the naked officiating brahmins indeed, but you also see here a distinct class of wealthy brahmins, most richly dressed in fine muslin turbans, vests of the most beautiful silks, and valuable shawls. Their conveyances out of the city are the open native palanquins, with crimson canopies; or hackrees, sometimes very handsome, and drawn by two showy horses, with long flowing manes.

'The women in Benares (for many of high cast fetch all their own water) are beautifully formed, wear garments of the richest dyes, and walk most gracefully. But these are minor features; — innumerable Hindoo youth, of high cast, are sent hither for education. They have not colleges or schools, but reside six or seven in each brahmin's or pundit's house, and pursue the studies which he enjoins. There are eight thousand houses in Benares, belonging to brahmins: what number may receive students I know not; perhaps not more than one thousand.

'He who has looked upon the pagodas of the south of India, is quite surprised to find those of Benares so few in number, so small and inconsiderable. The principal one is covered with much beautiful sculpture, representing fancy flower-and-wreath borderings. I went into it. During the whole time I remained, there was a constant succession of worshippers; for, except on festivals, they visit their temples at any hour they please or find convenient. This temple is dedicated to Mahadeva; and has several altars, with lingams of large size and beautiful black marble. It has two fine statues of the bull of Siva couchant; and, small as the temple was, three or four Brahminy bulls were walking about in it, stopping in the most inconvenient places. All the floor was one slop, from the water used at the offerings; and the altars, shrines, &c. were quite covered with flowers, glistening with the waters of the Ganges. The only thing in the temple, which was to me novel, was a small representation in brass of Surya, the Indian Apollo, standing up in his car, and drawn by a seven-headed horse. The arched crests and eager bend of their necks were exceedingly well executed. It appeared to me to stand neglected in the temple; and none of the priests seemed to have any feeling of particular interest about it.'

It is stated at p. 221. that a British General in the Company's service has become a sincere convert to Hindooism; that he makes offerings at their temples, carries about their idols with him, and is attended by fakirs, who dress his food according to their law.

The track of the author proceeds from Allahabad to Cawnpore, to Kanoge, to the Jumna, and to the tomb of Acbar, the most exquisite perhaps in existence, except the Taaje Mahal, of which the description follows:

'In the afternoon of this day, I drove to visit the Taaje Mahal. It is indeed the crown of edifices. As I drew near I could not take my eyes from its dome, white with such cold calm lustre as sheds the pure unsullied top of a snow-crowned mountain.

'I could not pause at the magnificent gateway; I could not loiter as I paced up the garden; till, from near a basin in the centre, where fountains murmur and play, the view of a lofty and polished dome of marble, and of the graceful and elegant detached minars of the same beautiful material, Parian in whiteness, rising above a thick bed of dark foliage, formed by the intervening trees, arrested my step, and fixed for several minutes my admiring gaze.

'I thence moved slowly forward, ascended the terraced area on which the building stands, and walked, wherever I trod, on marble.

'The front of this splendid mausoleum, adorned with borderings of flowers, and headed by inscriptions from the Koran, the former executed with due attention to colouring and form, both of leaf and flower, entirely inlaid with stones more or less precious, and the latter composed of Arabic characters cut with freedom and boldness out of the blackest marble, and then closely and beautifully let into the white, perfectly astonishes you. But, when led within the dome, where stand two small sarcophagi covered with the most delicate mosaic, and surrounded by walls of mosaic to correspond, without a leaf, a flower, or a petal wanting: when you see cornelians, agates, blood-stones, opals, pebbles, and marbles of all colours wrought into the finest mosaic, and producing an effect at once rich, chaste, and so perfectly natural, that the easier art of the painter seems mocked, you are silent. They tell you, and they tell you truly, that it is the most superb mausoleum in the world. Pride must have been ingenious in devising a work so costly, and the artist must have laboured with delighted wonder, as the precious materials for this sumptuous edifice were displayed in rich abundance before him. Perhaps there never was exhibited in any work of the same size such a regardless disdain of the expence which might be incurred.

'The whole, whether seen inside or out, looks as if the scaffolding had not long been cleared away, and it was just fresh from the hands of the architect.

'The delicacy may be in some degree guessed, by those who have never seen it, from the expression of Zophani, an Italian painter, who, after gazing long upon it with fixed admiration, said, that it wanted nothing but a glass-case of sufficient magnitude to cover and protect it.

'I visited it again by moonlight; a light soft, and well adapted to give effect to the cold clear polish of the dome. I also passed a long solitary day, either in minutely examining its beauties within, or viewing it from without, while seated under a shady tree near one of the garden-fountains. At every visit I felt more strongly, that to describe the Taaje, at once so chaste and so splendid as it is, would be a task, either for pen or pencil, impossible. But after all, how poor, how mean are the associations connected with it! It is a monument of the boundless exactions of a beauty's vanity; of the yielding folly of a proud voluptuous slave-governed sensualist; for such was Shah Jehan, — a prince who made his way to the throne of the Moguls by the murder of a brother and four nephews; and who shed the blood of one-half of his subjects, to secure the trembling obedience of the other. The close of a debauched life he passed as the degraded captive of his hypocritical son, Aurungzebe. Here, under these beautiful sarcophagi, in this noble mausoleum, lie Shah Jehan and his favourite Begum, side by side.'

Agra, Delhi, Nurabad, Gualior, Narwha, Dungree, the river Sind, Siparry, Kalarrus, the province of Malwah, Nya Serai, Seronge, Bhilsah, Bahsein, Husseinabad, and Tikaree, are noticed in passing; and the author returns through Ellichpoor to the Nerbuddah, visits Hingolee, Mongrole, Bassim, Kair, where he passes the Godavery, takes the route of Beeder, visits the mausoleum of Ameer Bereed, and terminates his circuit at Hyderabad.

Few works of travels are better adapted than this for British popularity; even the prejudices which it betrays being exactly in unison with the lately fashionable evangelical piety.

Art. VII. *The Wierd Wanderer of Jutland.* A Tragedy. Julia Montalban. A Tale. By the Honorable and Reverend William Herbert. 8vo. 8s. 6d. Boards. Murray. 1822.

Any person, who has lately witnessed the representation of "the Pirate" on a country-stage, and has heard the following sentence frequently repeated, "She's an *awsome* woman, that Norna of the Fitfu' Head!" cannot, we think, have a very strong relish just at present for 'Wierd Wanderers of Jutland,' or any similar personages. As we labor under this disadvantage, we are not perhaps properly qualified, at this moment, to appreciate the popular taste of our countrymen. Truly our contemporaries would seem to demand the introduction of some "extravagant and erring spirit" into every work of literary fiction. A good-for-nothing man, or an out-of-the-way woman, seems to be indispensable to dramatic, epic, or narrative, reputation; and, without such characters, the writer has no chance of gratifying the reader. Hence the almost infinite series of dark-eyed, white-foreheaded, flowinghaired, mysterious villains; issuing first, in all their giganti want of principle, from the brains of our poetic Jupiters, an descending on us subsequently in whole hosts of dwarf ragmuffins, through the mimic channels of the prolific pres Hence also the hideous family of 'wierd women;' mor hideous than their dams. Too often, however, have we reasoned on this subject, too often ridiculed this strange propensity, to hope in these latter days for any influence on th practice, or the perusal, of author or reader; — and therefore, swimming downwards with the current, deeper an deeper sinking in the muddy stream of our literature, we ca only occasionally prove our personality, and independence, b a kick, a splash, and a struggle, on the way!

We shall enter *in medias res* without farther preface; an in the 'Song of Agnes,' the daughter of Sweno, we open th story of the 'Wierd Wanderer' to our readers:

'MUSIC.

'*Agnes sings.*

1.

'With a turf at her feet,
In her winding-sheet,
Shall Elfrid lie where the wild winds howl;
But the deathless shame
Of her lost, lost, fame,
Shall weigh like a stone on the fair one's soul.

2.

'There's a curse above
Upon faithless love,
Can turn the morning's ray to dead midnight;
There's a secret voice,
When false lords rejoice,
Can change to dark anguish their soul's delight.

3.

'The curse shall cling
To the bridal ring
Of the faithless lord who left her to mourn;
An angel in the sky
Has graven it on high
On a scroll of fire that can ne'er be torn.

4.

'His bride is gay,
And his children play,
While Elfrid lies where the wild winds roar;
The fiend has set his mark
On their heads dark, dark,
And the spirit of vengeance is near his door.

'(*While she is singing,* Sweno *appears strangely agitated, and interrupts her when she has just uttered the word* vengeance.)

'*Sweno.* 'Tis a fiend's song. Where gat you that foul strain,
Crossing our mirth with such portentous sounds,
As if the deep could send the unshrouded dead
To scare us from our joys?

'*Agnes.* Father, it bodes not
Evil to us; a wild lay, long since learnt
From a wierd woman that craved alms: the notes
So sweetly rung in mine attentive ear,
Time has not robb'd me of their melody.

(*Thunder and lightning, which had begun faintly while she was singing, becomes loud and bright, with noise of violent rain. The agitation of* Sweno *increases.*)'

From this German stage-direction, and from the foregoing song, (which is as much superior to the "Eleleu loro" of Scott, as it is beneath the Shakspearian imitations of Chatterton,) we may easily conjecture the main incident of the drama: but we shall not assist curiosity any farther; — conceiving it to be quite unfair to a tragedy not intended (we conclude) for representation, to destroy its chief attraction in the closet.

The combined charms of Meg Merrilies, and her *Brummagem* copy, (as Mr. Maturin's "awsome woman" has been happily called,) together with the late edition of a supposed witch in "Norna of the Fitfu' Head," must surely have satisfied many of our soberer and more reflective friends. For their sakes, therefore, we shall omit the high and moody ravings of this other Elspeth; the wild and wandering flashes of this forty-second Madge Wildfire. We shall, however, give a speech or two of Sweno, and Bertha his wife, to exhibit another specimen of the modern-antique style of dramatic dialogue; which, as well as the introduction of witches and wizards above mentioned, seems essential to the poetry of the nineteenth century.

'*Enter from the Castle,* Sweno, Bertha.

'*Sweno.* The bolts have spent their fire; yon lurid cloud
Still, and disburthen'd of its teeming wrath,
Hangs like a misty shroud on the horizon.
The air is calm; Bertha, I breathe more freely.

'*Bertha.* Nay, good my lord, I needs must hold it strange
E'en to the natural temper of your soul,
That you, so far removed from taint of fear,
Instant in danger, firm in resolution,
Should start, thus from yourself estranged and wild,
At these rude flaws of nature, making
Unkind divorce between your alter'd thoughts
And that sweet peace they owe you.

' *Sweno.* O loved Bertha,
There be some thoughts too deep for time to medicine,
Which on the seemliest and freshest cheek
Would stamp dread's livery, though the heart were steel.
' *Bertha.* What thoughts? strange roamings of the troubled fancy,
Air-blown imagination's empty bubble!
For shame, my lord; this is the bodiless spectre
Of that poor maniac, whose ill-omen'd vision
Comes, like the shadow of a passing cloud,
O'er the bright mirror of your better judgment.
Fie on't, a dream.'

The pretty Agnes, too, is of course doomed to speak in the same quaint and established manner.

' *Agnes.* My honor'd sire,
This is the very breathing hour of bliss;
The storm is roll'd away, and merry birds
Do trick their plumes, and sing their cheerful welcome
To the mild beam of evening.'

—— ' And merry birds
Do trick their plumes!' ——

Oh dear! Oh dear!

Again, in her conversation with her lover Ubald, the young lady observes,

' Thou art a saucy knave to say me thus!'

We do earnestly exhort the Honorable and Reverend William Herbert, who is evidently a man of talent, and manifests through the veil of this old-play affectation the fruits of a classical education, with the spirit of a manly taste, to cast away the echo of the Elizabethan drama, as well as the "*Hammer of Thor,*" and all the discordant sounds which it so naturally produces; and to adhere to that nervous, elegant, and simple style, of which he has shewn himself so distinguished a master in the second poetical effort in this volume, the Tale of Julia Montalban. The well-known and beautiful novel of Julia de Roubigné has furnished the materials of the story: but it is illustrated and worked up most pleasingly by the present author. We shall not detain those of our readers, who yet preserve their fondness for our classical English poetry, from the gratification which we are sure they will derive by the perusal of a few extracts from this tale.

The death-bed of Julia's mother is the scene with which we begin:

' Wintry and bleak was the Sierra's brow,
And thy black ridge, Cordova, capp'd with snow.

Deep sigh'd the gale; thro' swift-borne clouds, serene
The moonlight stream'd upon that lonely scene,
Silvering the glens beneath; while far and wide
Night's shadows flitted o'er the mountain's side.
Full on a cheerless chamber fell its ray,
Where, pale and almost spent, a matron lay.
Mournful her look; upon her bosom prest
Both hands were clasp'd; the breath scarce heaved her breast.
Fixt upon one, who neither moved nor spoke,
Her eyes seem'd heaven's last blessing to invoke.
One painful thought alone appear'd to stay
The parting soul, and crave some brief delay;
While he, her partner in each earthly care,
Sat chain'd to grief, and conquer'd by despair.
Behind stood one, whose mien some pity wore,
And, though unblest his office, still forbore;
By his sad prisoner, waiting for the close
Of life's last scene in that abode of woes.
E'en the hard hand of justice dared not strive
To break that tie which nature soon must rive.
Nor long the pause; her glass was nearly run,
Her limbs unnerved, her strength almost foredone.
'Tis said, strong wishes can in death's despight
Arrest the spirit and deny his right;
But soon the spell must pass; without a groan
Her weak pulse ceased; that last desire was gone.
Then rose the shriek of one to whom the view
Of death and the heart's agony were new,
Her own sweet Julia; she, who o'er her bed
Had watch'd desponding, and now saw her dead.
Each moment had foretold it: but that grief,
So sure and present, now was past belief.
Say ye, who early o'er a mother's grave
Have seen the plumed pomp of burial wave,
How oft your fancy unconstrain'd by wo
Has seem'd to hear her cherish'd accents flow!
View'd her loved couch, void room, or wonted chair,
And almost thought to see her image there!
Perchance that incredulity of grief
To desolation brings some faint relief,
Deludes the pang, and soothes the youthful heart
With that fond hope from which it will not part.
 ‘ Sweet childhood, in the lap of kindness rear'd,
How are thy careless sports by love endear'd!
Thine is the love, that knows no timid blush,
The heedless brow, which changeful pleasures flush;
The gentle confidence, that fears no harm;
The breast, which gaily throbs without alarm!
O that thus manhood could securely sail
On the smooth tide adown life's pleasant vale!

O that the dreams of childhood could remain,
When years steal on, and reason grows with pain!'

These, in our judgment, are for the most part very beautil verses; and so are the following, with the exception of me instances of careless rhythm, occasioned by the modern ror respecting the variety of versification. We have exosed this error too frequently to think of returning to the opeless task.

'But painful scenes drew nigh: fate had not shed
Its utmost malice on Velasquez' head.
E'en on that night of mourning, while his wife
Still press'd the fatal couch, just reft of life,
Stern justice dragg'd him from his gloomy home,
To linger cheerless in a living tomb.
Young Julia shared his doom, content to dwell
A self-devoted victim in his cell.
There, spiritless as the corse which he had left,
Disease assail'd him, of all hope bereft.
His pallet was of straw, and Julia hung
O'er his uneasy sleep. Carelessly flung
On her white bosom, the dishevell'd hair
Made her more beauteous even in despair.
She sate entranced, while memory round her drew
Forms of the past in long and sad review.
In her heart graven with unerring truth
She traced each pastime of her earliest youth;
And in that dungeon, free and unconfined,
Valentia's charms came beaming on her mind;
Rodrigo's smile; the mutual joys and fears
Which had endear'd him in her infant years:
And then the clouded brow, the constrain'd look;
The pleading eye, when that last leave he took;
The hasty pressure of her yielded hand;
The barque, that bore him from his native land.
Next rose the grief, that reft her of her home,
Torn from the shades where once she loved to roam;
Her mother's failing strength, her kind caress,
Foreboding thoughts which she would fain repress;
The paleness that betray'd life's dwindling flame,
The slow decay of that exhausted frame.
Then keener thoughts arose; the pang, that prey'd
Like poison on her heart, to none bewray'd;
The tale, which dagger-like had smote her soul,
"*Rodrigo wedded to a rich Creole.*"'

We need not say that we except from any portion of our raise the *Crabbe-like* line of

'*Rodrigo wedded to a rich Creole.*'

s little, we trust, need we add that in the term Crabbe-like e *intend no disrespect to* the great *genius* of the founder of

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the Dutch school of poetic painting among us; although we must be allowed to assign him his due share in the corruption and degradation of those qualities, which we once considered as the refinement, the dignity, and the *idealism*, of English poetry.

In the subjoined common-place, on love, we discern rather too much of the *violence* of our contemporaries; and yet, with this drawback, it has much merit. We should remark that the preceding rhyme,

——— 'it was a *power*
Which sway'd his passions, *rooted in its* CORE.'

is very unworthy of the general correctness of this little poem.

'O thou stern god! imperious, fearful love!
In thy deceitful cradle as a dove,
Thou in thy might dost like a giant move!
Thro' the wide universe thy strength is spread,
And nature quivers underneath thy tread!
Whether thou art of hell or child of heaven,
To thee on this our world all power is given.
Blest author of delight, and yet our bane!
All bliss, all guilt, are mingled in thy reign.
Thy steps are viewless as the lapse of time,
And lead the soul from ecstacy to crime.
Thy lip thou clothest with an angel's smile,
Lord of each dearest charm that can beguile;
And thou dost lure the wretch thou wilt destroy
With such sweet rapture, that to fall is joy.
But, in thy passion roused, thou art of might
To make man's essence shrink before thy sight.
Thy look, which late with mildest beauty shone,
Shall like a gorgon turn his heart to stone;
Murder, and rape, and phrensy rise from hell,
And the whole host of sin obey thy spell.'

The line

'And nature quivers underneath thy tread!'

is genuine bombast. — There is a *fairness* in this style of composition, this copy of the true English couplet, which betrays at once any weakness or impropriety in the thought; while, on the other hand, the most extravagant or most feeble images are apt to be excused, or even to gain an apparent strength, under the cloak of the older dramatic phraseology. Any observant reader must have detected numerous instances of this fact in our best modern poets; especially in Lord Byron and Mr. Milman.

We have no time, however, to prolong either our remarks or our extracts; although we are reluctant to leave some very beautiful passages still untouched. This poem, and the *Pia Della Pietra*, (reviewed in a former Number,) will preserve Mr. Herbert's fame, when the milder and rougher vagaries of his muse shall long have sunken in merited oblivion. Yet this we say on the fond and perhaps erroneous presumption that a purer literary taste will at some time revive in England; and that the inheritors of our glory and our genius, in another hemisphere, will not be misled and interrupted in their natural course of improvement, by our present meteor lights, and false models of composition.

Art. VIII. *Sketches of Upper Canada*, Domestic, Local, and Characteristic: to which are added, Practical Details for the Information of Emigrants of every Class; and some Recollections of the United States of America. By John Howison, Esq. 8vo. pp. 356. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Whittakers, London. 1821.

Although some few individuals may fly to distant lands because they are impatient of the political restraints imposed on them at home, and others in order to save from the gripe of the tax-gatherer the little wreck of property that yet remains to them, the great mass of emigrants must always consist of those miserable and hopeless beings who are driven from their native country by absolute poverty and want, and whose labor is insufficient to procure a maintenance for their families. "The world is all before them;" and the mother-country ought undoubtedly to alleviate, as much as possible, the inevitable difficulties with which those bare and wretched exiles have to struggle who choose to settle in one of her colonies, rather than under a foreign government. Formerly, the British ministry encouraged emigration to Canada with an humane but injudicious liberality which defeated its object. Besides the payment of their passage across the Atlantic, it provided them with rations and farming utensils for an entire year after their arrival: but the consequence was that the most worthless people took advantage of these facilities to emigration, lived in idleness as long as their rations lasted, then sold their agricultural utensils, and went into the United States. As it was impossible to enforce any stipulation for permanent residence in Canada, it might have been foreseen, if the United States presented advantages for settlers which our own colony did not offer, that British emigrants would soon cross the frontiers. The conduct of these people, however, made government abandon all idea of assisting emigrants, farther than by granting them a certain quantity of land.

Let us now hear what is said on this subject by Mr. Howison; a native, evidently, of the northern part of this island, whence the emigrations to America have been so numerous: who tells us that he passed two years and a half in Upper Canada, residing in various parts of the Province; and who enjoyed such numerous opportunities of inspecting its new settlements, that all his statements intended for the information of emigrants are the result of his own personal knowlege. His observations on this point appear to us to be judicious, and deserving the attention of our government.

At first, Mr. H. remarks, too much was done for emigrants from this country, and now too little. He found at Quebec and Montreal *crowds* of these poor creatures in the most dreadful state of poverty and disease. Most of them had funds, when they first landed, sufficient to carry them to the Upper Province, and even to settle them comfortably on their "locations:" but they knew not where the promised land was situated, and were detained in Lower Canada by anxious and unavailing efforts to obtain information. All this misery, he thinks, might be prevented, and thousands of active settlers be annually added to the province, if government would place an agent in Quebèc, Montreal, and the other towns, to whom emigrants might apply for information. It is true that emigrant-societies are established: but, owing their existence to individual benevolence, they are superficial and limited in their operation; and government-assistance seems necessary to relieve the emigrants from their difficulties.

> 'A regular, cheap, direct mode of conveyance should be established between Quebec and York for them alone; they would then be enabled to reach the Upper Province at a very trifling expense, and the concern would not cost government any thing, as people might be carried up the St. Lawrence and lakes for one-third the sum they pay for their passage at present. When the emigrants had reached York, I should consider further assistance unnecessary. Were all persons to get there as cheaply and expeditiously as the plan recommended would enable them to do, there would be few of those instances of poverty and distress which are at present so common among new-comers. Almost all emigrants, after paying their passage to Quebec, have what they conceive to be enough, and what *really* is far more than enough, to pay their expenses to York; but the present mode of travelling up the country is so unreasonably expensive, and the delays and uncertainties which attend their movements are so numerous, that they spend twice as much in the course of their journey as is necessary, and four times as much as would be required, were government to take *the charge of* transporting them into its o

On the principle that people are apt to undervalue that which they obtain without merit or exertion, the author deems it inexpedient to allow emigrants a *free* passage to Canada, or to give them any thing but land when they arrive there; the great object being to *lessen* the expence of the voyage across the Atlantic, and of the journey through the interior of the country. The passage-money to Quebec, he says, might be made so low as two pounds, provisions included: since, from actual calculation, it is said that government might transport emigrants for this insignificant sum without any other loss than the use of the vessels employed; and an individual might be conveyed from any port in Great Britain to York, in Upper Canada, for three guineas, under a proper system of management at home and abroad.

The most fertile, populous, and, from the comparative mildness of its climate and various local circumstances, the most important portion of the Province commences at the mouth of the Niagara, and extends westward to the head of Lake Erie. Mr. Howison draws no flattering picture of Canadian felicity, however: for he says that, having anticipated much pleasure from being an eye-witness of the neatness, taste, and simplicity which were said to characterize the peasantry, he felt disappointed when he saw 'every thing in a state of primitive rudeness and barbarism, even in the oldest settlements.' That country must, indeed, be in a very low state of civilization, in which mercantile transactions are carried on by barter, and this appears to be the case throughout all the western part of the Province: circulating medium being so scarce that it can with difficulty be obtained in exchange for any thing, and growing still more scarce every day.

'The causes of this deficiency are very obvious; Upper Canada receives the various commodities she requires from the United States, or from the Lower Province, and she must pay money for every thing she buys from the Americans, they having a superabundance of flour, pork, and every kind of produce which she could give in exchange. Thus, almost all the commercial transactions that take place between Upper Canada and the United States are the means of drawing specie from the former country, and this specie of course never returns to the inhabitants of the Province *under any form whatever.* Again, the retail merchants send all the money they receive to Montreal, to pay the debts they have contracted there; or, if they do retain any in their own hands, the country is not benefitted, for they never put it into circulation. The only channel through which a regular influx of money took place was by the sale of flour; but this is now stopped, as that article has of late brought no price in Lower Canada; and those persons in the Upper Province who used to buy it up, and speculate upon it, can no longer do so with profit or advantage to themselves. Formerly, the farmers received cash for their wheat, because Montreal and Quebec then afforded a ready market; but things are now altered, and the agriculturist rarely gets money for any kind of home-produce, in consequence of its being unsaleable abroad.

'Specie becomes daily more scarce, and will continue to decrease in quantity, until a European war with America creates a market for the produce of Upper Canada. The inhabitants are continually wishing that the Province may again become the scene of hostilities, not aware that in consequence of this the necessary influx of circulating medium would be as temporary as it formerly was, and that the return of peace would be followed by a crisis infinitely more disastrous than any that has yet occurred in the Province. The scarcity of specie is indeed a circumstance highly injurious to the interests of the colony. The farmer is discouraged from raising grain or making agricultural improvements, —mechanics and artizans cannot prosecute their labours with advantage, — and the merchants are obliged to impoverish and oppress the people by exorbitant charges.'

It is obvious that, till some substitute is introduced for this deficiency of specie, agriculture and manufactures must be grievously crippled, and all the operations of commerce encumbered with a most circuitous and sluggish machinery. No calculation can ascertain the amount of circulating medium which Canada may require: but, in the defect of metallic currency, she must be perfectly at a stand until bills of exchange, promissory notes, and a paper-currency by which the price of commodities may be measured, and debts and credits balanced, are introduced. The establishment of two or three banking-houses would tend more to the improvement of Canada, to subdivide employment, and to give elasticity to the productive powers of all the various branches of industry by facilitating exchange of commodities, than any single measure that could be devised.

A ferry, two miles below the mouth of Lake Erie, is the main channel of communication between Upper Canada and the United States. The villages on the American frontier form a striking contrast with those on the Canadian side: a fact which was mentioned by Miss Wright in her account of Manners and Society in America.* There, says Mr. H., bustle, improvement, and animation fill every street: — here, dullness, decay, and apathy discourage enterprize and repress exertion. What occasions this contrast? Surely, observation and inquiry on the spot would have been usefully employed in solving so important a problem. The Americans are of a more speculative disposition than their neighbours on the opposite frontier: but what makes them more speculative? Man is the creature of circumstances. Is there any thing in the nature of the government, or of the society, which encourages this disposition on one side of the border, and damps it on the other?—It is no matter of surprize, if such be the relative state of the frontier-villages, that British emigrants pass over the line which separates, as it were, the living from the dead, at the first opportunity that presents itself.

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* We reviewed this work in vol. xcvii. p. 247.

Between Queenston and the head of Ontario, farms are in high cultivation, and their possessors comparatively wealthy. These persons came to the province twenty or thirty years ago as needy adventurers, and had either a grant of land from government or purchased it for a trifle. Perseverance enabled them to overcome the difficulties which at first surrounded them, and now they are enjoying the fruits of their labor, neither encumbered by rent nor harassed by taxes. Observing that this amelioration in their condition has not produced a corresponding effect on their manners and mode of life, Mr. Howison makes this extravagant and conjectural dash at their original character:

> 'They are still the same untutored incorrigible beings that they probably were, when, the ruffian remnant of a disbanded regiment, or the outlawed refuse of some European nation, they sought refuge in the wilds of Upper Canada, aware that they would (should) neither find means of subsistence, nor be countenanced in any civilized country. Their original depravity has been confirmed and increased by the circumstances in which they are now placed. Possessing farms which render them independent of the better classes of society, they can, within certain limits, be as bold, unconstrained, and obtrusive, as they please, in their behaviour towards their superiors; for they neither look to them for subsistence, nor for any thing else. They now consider themselves on an equality with those to whom, in former times, the hope of gain would have made them crouch like slaves; and tacitly avow their contempt of the better part of society, by avoiding the slightest approximation towards them, so far as regards habits, appearance, or mode of life.
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> 'The excessive obstinacy of these people forms one great barrier to their improvement, but a greater still is created by their absurd and boundless vanity. Most of them really conceive that they cannot be any better than they are, or at least, that it is not worth their pains to endeavour to be so; and betray, by their actions and mode of life, that they are under the influence of an obstinate contentment and unmoveable fatuity, which would resist every attempt that was made to improve them. If they could

really be brought to feel a desire for amendment, this effect would most likely be produced by flattering their vanity. If a man wishes to obtain popularity in Upper Canada, he will fail, unless he qualify this passion of the people. When a farmer proposes to cheat his neighbour, he succeeds by flattering his vanity. If a merchant determines that one of his customers shall pay his account, he flatters his vanity, or serves an execution.'

Something has given Mr. H. a distaste to these people; whom he characterizes, without giving any proofs of the fact, as being 'the ruffian remnant of a disbanded regiment, or the outlawed refuse of some European nation.' Having assumed this point, he has no difficulty in asserting that their 'original depravity' has been confirmed and increased by the circumstances in which they are placed; that is, they have become more depraved as they have become more prosperous! They were bad enough when they came out as needy adventurers, drifted like the planks of a wrecked vessel on the ocean to some unknown shore: but, since their hard and unwearied industry has accomplished the clearing of the forest, — since they have levelled, and drained, and cultivated the earth, — since they have reared large herds of cattle, (we are taking Mr. Howison's own statement,) — since, by their frugality and foresight, they now annually store up two or three thousand bushels of grain in their barns, — since their farms are in high cultivation, and they have raised themselves from a state of poverty to opulence, — since their condition has been thus ameliorated, entirely and solely by their own industry, — it seems that their original depravity has been confirmed and increased! How does this appear? Because they have made themselves 'independent of the better classes of society, and can, within certain limits, be as bold as they please:' — because 'they are under the influence of an *obstinate contentment*:' — because they indulge a natural complacency at the success which has crowned their exertions, and probably laugh at travellers who officiously interfere to improve them, and fancy that they cannot be better than they are! Bold as these Canadian peasants are, *their* boldness, we find, is restrained 'within certain limits;' the limits, it may be presumed, of decency and decorum; and it would be well if some of those who undertake to describe them were under similar restraint.

Mr. Howison has a theory of his own on the subject of colonization. The first view of a new settlement, says he, excites pleasing emotions; for it is delightful to see forests vanishing away before the industry of man, and the solitude of the wilderness changed into a theatre of animation and activity: — 'but a deliberate inspection will destroy all those

Arcadian ideas and agreeable impressions. He who examines a new settlement in detail will find most of its inhabitants sunken low in degradation, ignorance, and profligacy, and insensible of the advantages which distinguish their condition.'

'A lawless and unprincipled rabble, consisting of the refuse of mankind, recently emancipated from the subordination that exists in an advanced state of society, and all equal in point of right and possession, compose, of course, a democracy of the most revolting kind. No individual possesses more influence than another; and were any one, whose qualifications and pretensions entitled him to take the lead, to assume a superiority, or make any attempt at improvement, he would be strenuously opposed by all the others. Thus, the whole inhabitants of a new settlement march sluggishly forward at the same pace, and if one advances in the least degree before the others, he is immediately pulled back to the ranks.'

Mr. H. adds that a reference to most settlements proves the truth of this statement. We think it proves no such thing. Can this paragraph have been penned on the frontiers of the largest, the freest, the most enterprizing and most prosperous Republic that the world ever saw: within sight of a powerful and populous commonwealth of yesterday's creation, where subordination in society is established sufficiently for all useful purposes, but without any insolent domination on one side and crouching sycophancy on the other; and where, also, the principles of political and civil liberty, if not better understood, are better practised than in any one of the old governments of Europe? The time is not so far back since the *democratic* and *discontented* spirits which some of those old governments contained fled for refuge, a motley groupe, ("*Bos, fur, sus, atque sacerdos,*") to the shores of America: there they fixed themselves, proceeding with no 'sluggish march' to the point of repose and security which they now enjoy; not 'by pulling back to the ranks those whose qualifications entitled them to take the lead,' but by pulling back those who would assume a superiority *without* such qualifications and pretensions. We are not meaning to deny that the prosperity of an infant-settlement must very much depend on the character and condition of those who found it: or that the refuse of society, without morals, religion, industry, and capital, settling themselves in an isolated spot, will make much slower advances to prosperity than the followers of a William Penn, a George Rapp, or even a Flower and a Birkbeck: but we might suppose that Mr. Howison had never heard of the settlements at Harmony and in the Illinois, or surely he would not have expressed himself in terms so general and depreciating.

'Those straggling Indians, who wander about the inhabited parts of Upper Canada, are not fair specimens of the race of people to which they belong; for an intercourse with the Europeans has rendered them vicious, dissipated, and depraved. Hard drinking has likewise impaired that acuteness of the senses for which the North American Indians are so remarkable; and were a Mohawk to join any of the tribes who inhabit the north-west territory, his deficiency in this respect would probably subject him to contempt. However, those Indians that frequent the settled parts of the Province even yet possess faculties of observation which are altogether inconceivable to a European. They find their way through the thickest woods, having no kind of compass to guide them but the moss, which always grows on the north side of the trunk of a tree, and seldom fail to arrive at the very point or spot they proposed to reach when they began their journey. They can discover and follow paths, the existence of which no white person would be aware of, and know, by the appearance of the withered leaves, whether any individual or game has recently passed. Most of them are excellent marksmen; and none ever seem to have the least defect in the organs of hearing or seeing. Civilization and its consequences tend powerfully to destroy that acuteness of the senses, and those bodily perfections, which belong to man when in a state of nature, for he loses them in proportion as he ceases to require their aid. But these form the boast and glory of the savage; and the Indians, it is said, often express their pity for the white people, who appear to them to spend life in learning how to live.'

The Indians are in possession of some valuable secrets, which nothing will induce them to disclose to any white person, lest, as they say, he should be *as clever as they are.* They have the art of dyeing with colours more beautiful and permanent than any that we can produce, and are acquainted with various vegetables possessing strong medicinal virtues: they can prepare a bait which never fails to allure certain animals in the traps set for them; and they all know where the salt-springs are to be found, which are the resort of deer and other animals. Their numbers are diminishing; and, as a people, they have lost as much of their original strength and importance as the natives of South America lost after the conquest of Mexico. Mr. H. thinks that, if the population of Upper Canada goes on increasing as it has done, scarcely an Indian will be found below Lake Huron a few years hence. He entered into conversation with one who spoke English fluently; who made several inquiries about the nature and object of the *reform*-meetings held in Great Britain; and who regarded the civilization of Europeans with considerable contempt, observing that the Great Spirit showed how much he preferred Indians to any other people by teaching them to live in the woods, to find their way through the forests, and to acquire many wonderful secrets which were denied to white men. 'I inquired of him,' says the author, 'whether the Missionaries had come among his tribe, and converted any of them to the Christian religion. He replied that Missionaries had once visited the chiefs of his nation, but no one would listen to them; for, though they talked much about the superiority of their faith and its beneficial influence among men, every one knew that they said what was not true; and, as long as the white people got drunk, told lies, and cheated Indians, his nation would doubt the goodness of their religion, and prefer that which the Great Spirit had given to them before it.'

Of the tract of country named Long Point, Mr. H. speaks as being one of the most alluring and desirable; the land is tolerably free from timber, and well supplied with water; the air is mild and salubrious; the roads are good; and the country abounds with pigeons, wild fowl, and game of every description, while Lake Erie presents a convenient water-communication with the other parts of the Province. This projection of land, from which the adjacent country derives its name, extends twenty-five miles into the Lake, and vessels bound westward often find difficulty in weathering it: but there is a good harbour on its eastern side. The base of Long Point abounds with rich iron ore, and a foundery has recently been erected, which cannot fail to become a most useful establishment.

The settlement, however, which from its various local advantages, and the superior excellence of its soil, climate, and natural productions, is represented as better suited to the lower orders of Europeans than any other part of the Province, and to which likewise native Americans and Canadians are daily flocking in vast numbers, commences about thirty miles beyond Long Point; lying parallel to the shore of Lake Erie, and consisting of two great roads extending from seventy to eighty miles. It owes its origin and present magnitude to the exertions of Colonel Talbot, from whom it is called "the Talbot Settlement." This gentleman, a person of birth and fortune, took up his residence here in the year 1802, for the sole purpose of forming in this wilderness a colony around him: he was opposed (Mr. Howison says) by some minions of the provincial government, but he bravely and successfully encountered every obstacle thrown in his way; and a country which, ten or twelve years ago, hardly knew the foot of man, now swarms with thousands of active settlers. This tract having been placed by government under the superintendance of the Colonel, no body can obtain land

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without applying to him. At first, emigrants had lots of two hundred acres of land given to them: but, when both the roads were planted through their whole extent, the quantity was reduced to one hundred; and the settler is obliged to clear ten acres, to build a house of certain dimensions, and to open one half of the road in front of his farm within the space of three years. After a residence here of several months, Mr. Howison thus describes it:

> 'The Talbot Settlement exhibits more visibly than any other part of the Province these (those) advantages, and that amelioration of circumstances, which Upper Canada affords to the peasantry who emigrate from Europe. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants were extremely poor when they commenced their labours, but a few years' toil and perseverance has placed them beyond the reach of want. All of them have rude houses and barns, also cows and oxen, and innumerable hogs. Some of the wealthier settlers feed sheep, but on most lots the quantity of cleared land is so small, that they cannot afford to lay much of it out on pasture. Most of the settlers might live much more comfortably than they do at present, if they exerted themselves, or had any ideas of neatness and propriety; but they follow the habits and customs of the peasantry of the United States, and of Scotland, and, consequently, are offensively dirty, gross, and indolent, in all their domestic arrangements. However, these, it is to be hoped, are temporary evils, and do not at all affect the conclusions that a view of this settlement must force upon every unprejudiced mind. It is evident, that the advantages to be derived from emigration to Upper Canada are not altogether chimerical, as has been too generally supposed; but that, in so far as concerns the lower classes of Europeans, they are equally numerous and important, as some of our most sanguine speculators have represented them to be. No person, indeed, will pretend to say, that the settlers, whose condition I have described, are in a way to grow rich; but most of them even now enjoy abundant means of subsistence, with the earnest of increasing comforts; and what state of things can be more alluring and desirable than this to the unhappy peasantry of Europe?'

Many emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland have taken up their residence here; preserving as much of the spirit of clanship as circumstances will allow, and shewing no great partiality to their American or Canadian neighbours. Mr. H. sarcastically remarks that 'they now begin to consider themselves as gentlemen, and become independent; which, in North America, means to sit at meals with one's hat on; never to submit to be treated as an inferior; and to use the same kind of manners towards all men.' Having just seen his theory concerning the conduct of new settlers, it is very amusing to read a description, but a few pages farther, of that which prevails in the democracy of Talbot.

'The difference in point of wealth, which exists among them, is as yet too trifling to create any distinctions of rank, or to give one man more influence than another; therefore, the utmost harmony prevails in the colony, and the intercourse of its people is characterised by politeness, respect, and even ceremony. They are hospitable, and, upon the whole, extremely willing to assist each other in cases of difficulty. — But the most extraordinary thing of all is, the liberality which they exercise towards emigrants, in immediately admitting them to live on an equality with themselves; for any poor starving peasant, who comes into the settlement, will meet with nearly the same respect as the wealthiest person in it, captains of militia excepted. The Scotch and English emigrants are frequently, at first, a good deal puzzled with the consideration with which they are treated, and, when they hear themselves addressed by the titles *Sir, Master*, or *Gentleman*, a variety of new ideas begin to illuminate their minds. I have often observed some old Highland crone apparently revolving these things within himself, twitching his bonnet from one side of his weather-beaten brow to the other, and looking curiously round, as if suspicious that the people were *quizzing* him. However, those who are at first most sceptical about the reality of their newly acquired importance, generally become most obtrusive and assuming in the end; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that, in Upper Canada, the *ne plus ultra* of vanity, impudence, and rascality, is thought to be comprised under the epithet *Scotch Yankey*.'

Mr. H. is too honest to suppress facts because they happen to contradict his opinions, as we must say they very often do: but, immediately at the close of a description of the settlers at Talbot, which of itself shivers his hypothesis into fragments, he resumes his piteous moanings over the degraded state of man in new settlements, where 'human beings are seen in a state of natural and inexcusable depravity,' &c. &c.

As we proceed westward, the traces of civilization become fainter and fainter. The tract of country called the Long Woods comprehends about a hundred and ninety thousand acres of land: which is at present a wilderness, an uninterrupted forest of thirty-seven miles in length: but it will soon be divided into townships, and many hundreds of persons are now waiting for allotments; and, in a few years, Mr. H. thinks, this may become one of the most populous and best cultivated tracts in the western part of the Province. Some villages now present themselves to the traveller: Sandwich, about twenty miles down the Detroit river, contains thirty or forty houses and a neat church; and Amherstburgh, near the head of Lake Erie, and fifteen hundred miles distant from the mouth of the St. Laurence, contains above a thousand inhabitants, many of them persons of respectability and opulence. In surveying *embryo* towns, the author was frequently shewn spots of ground reserved for universities, hospitals, churches, and other public buildings, *to be* erected!

'These chimeras and erroneous conceptions have been introduced by people from the United States. There, villages and towns start into existence almost instantaneously; and when any place is peculiarly calculated by nature to be a theatre for the energies, enterprise, and associated labours of man, it is immediately occupied by an active and industrious population, and soon attains that degree of importance to which its advantages entitle it. But in Upper Canada things are very different; for the Province at present affords so few excitements to individual exertion, and such unpromising prospects, that all plans to promote its aggrandisement and prosperity, whether rational or chimerical, are alike doomed to languish for want of supporters.'

A defect must prevail somewhere, as we before observed, if all be activity and enterprize on one side of the boundary-line, and all lethargy and despondence on the other.

Amherstburgh is the most western settlement in the Province; and having reached it Mr. Howison retraced his steps. With that inconsistency which we have already noticed, he takes a parting leave of it in these words: 'I have always observed, that the new settlers in Upper Canada are perfectly happy and contented in the midst of their severest hardships; and with reason; for a moment's observation must convince them that prosperity and abundance will, sooner or later, be the result of their labours and exertions.' (P. 219.)

The climate of Upper Canada is healthy, notwithstanding that the thermometer occasionally stands below zero for three or four days together, and that the changes of temperature are inconceivably sudden; and in the western parts of the province it is even agreeable. The Spring commences in March, and is usually tempestuous and rainy. Verdure covers the earth in May; and orchards are in full bloom in June. During July and August, the sky is cloudless and the heat intense; Fahrenheit's thermometer sometimes exceeding 100° in the shade, and averaging 82° to 90°. The Autumn is particularly fine and dry: its days are mild, and its nights frosty, with very little wind. — If the climate be healthy now, its salubrity will be much improved as the forests are felled and the marshes drained. — Waste land varies very much in value, from a few shillings per acre in large tracts, to seven or eight pounds in populous districts. Cultivated land sometimes is sold for twenty pounds or even thirty pounds per acre.

Waste land may be cleared and fenced at three or four pounds per acre: farm-laborers, hired by the day, receive from three shillings to four shillings and sixpence without board; and a man's wages are three pounds per month *with* board. Women-servants have a pound or a guinea per month. The cost of a good horse is from twenty to twenty-five pounds; of a yoke of oxen, the same; of a cow, six or seven pounds; of a sheep, four to five shillings. Wheat *averages thirty-six shillings per quarter.* The taxes are very trifling: all rateable property, such as horses, live-stock, &c., is subject to a tax of one penny in the pound, *ad valorem:* cultivated land pays a penny per acre, and waste land one farthing. There is a statute-duty to keep the roads in due repair, but they are in a very bad state. The want of specie, and the miserable necessity resulting from it of bartering goods against labor and commodities, give a great advantage to any man who has a little money at command: for he gets his work done cheaper, and obtains a large discount in his purchases. One cause of high wages here is the exorbitant price at which all merchandise of British manufacture is sold in Upper Canada: the retail prices, Mr. H. says, being a hundred and fifty per cent. higher than they are in England. The poorest individual, if he be industrious, may obtain an independence, plenty to eat and drink, and a warm house, without any taxes to pay, in the space of four or five years:

'Those who have been accustomed to a country life, and to country labour, are, of course, more fitted to cultivate land, and endure the hardships at first attendant upon a residence in the woods, than artisans or manufacturers, whose constitutions and habits of life are somewhat unfavourable to the successful pursuit of agriculture. But every individual who, to youth and health, joins perseverance and industry, will eventually prosper. Mechanics cannot fail to do well in Upper Canada; for, when not employed in clearing lands, they will find it easy to gain a little money by working at their professions; and they likewise have the advantage of being able to improve their dwelling-houses and repair their farming utensils, at no expense. Weavers, being ignorant of country affairs, and unaccustomed to bodily exertion, make but indifferent settlers at first, and their trade is of no use to them whatever in the woods. Married persons are always more comfortable, and succeed sooner, in Canada, than single men; for a wife and family, so far from being a burden there, always prove sources of wealth. The wife of a new settler has many domestic duties to perform; and children, if at all grown up, are useful in various ways.

'Emigrants ought to embark in vessels bound for Quebec or Montreal. If they sail for New York they will have to pay a duty of 30 per cent. upon their luggage when they arrive at that port;

and, as there is very little water-carriage between it and Canada, the route will prove a most expensive one, particularly to people who carry many articles along with them.'

The passage to Quebec or Montreal, provisions included, is about seven pounds; half price for children. Emigrants should convert any money that they have into guineas, or dollars; *British bank-notes*, or any other silver, not being current in Canada. It is advisable to waste no time at either of those cities, where living is very expensive: but, having applied for information about vacant lands at the Emigrant-office, to proceed as fast as possible to York, which is the centre of all transactions connected with the purchase of land. Steam-boats ply every day between Montreal and Quebec, and the passage costs fifteen shillings. The emigrant should then secure a place in one of the *batteaux* which are rowed up the St. Laurence, and arrive at Kingston in about six or seven days: the expense being twenty-eight shillings for each person. A steam-boat leaves Kingston once a week for York, in which the steerage-fare is fifteen shillings. He must now go to the Land-office; and, on proving himself a British subject, he receives a grant of fifty acres of land, free of cost. If he wishes for more, he must pay fees to a certain amount. For one hundred acres he pays 5*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*: for two hundred, 16*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; and for every additional hundred, he pays an additional fee of about 7*l.* 14*s.*: the fee for twelve hundred acres amounts to 93*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* All lands are bestowed under certain stipulations: such as that the settler must clear five acres on each hundred granted to him, must open a road in front of his lot, and build a log-house of given dimensions. These settling duties being performed within eighteen months after the location-ticket has been issued, he is intitled to a deed from Government, which makes the lot his property for ever. The emigrant would do well, Mr. Howison says, to choose his lot in some part of that tract of land which extends from the mouth of the Niagara river to the head of Lake Erie. If he has a wife and family with him, he ought to leave them at York, (where he should not arrive later in the season than the month of July,) while he proceeds in the selection of his residence; as it will add very much to his expence and inconvenience, if they accompany him in his search.

This volume affords a great portion of useful information, particularly in the fourteenth letter, for emigrants; and the common reader will not be disappointed in his expectation of interesting narrative: but Mr. H. has unhappily something of a *cacoethes* for fine writing, in which he does not excel. A few out of a very great many instances will suffice to shew the false taste which pervades his book. The grand river Ottawa may fairly be allowed 'to roll majestically and glitter in the sun:' but, when 'the king-fisher, with orient plumage, springs out of the thick copse, like a fragment of the rainbow, darting from behind a dark cloud,' (p. 11.) we are very much disposed to bring him down with a gun-shot. In a forest where 'axes rung in every thicket, and the ear was occasionally startled by the crashing of trees falling to the ground,' Mr. H. attempted to ascertain the age of an oak by counting the 'circumgirations of the wood:' — its *circles*, we suppose, would not have been *round enough* for the sentence. In this identical forest, fallen trees may be observed in all stages of decay, 'from simple rottenness to that of absolute *disintegration*.' (pp. 21, 22.) When conducted to his apartment at a tavern, he heard 'distant *stertorous* murmurs which seemed to proceed from the lungs of some person who was asleep.' (P. 27.) Mr. H. once stepped into a canoe, where the influence of the heat and scenery was overpowering, and he fell into a half slumber, but was 'occasionally awakened to a consciousness of his situation by the radiant flashes which were shot forth by the sun-dipt wings of the humming birds which flew over him.' In describing the Falls of the Niagara, he has out-Heroded Herod, and beaten *Bombastes Furioso* out of the field: he has copied the poet's advice, has made "the sound an echo to the sense," and, like the cataract itself, his description of it is all splash, dash, roar, and foam. — His national substitutions of *will* for *shall*, *would* for *should*, &c. are innumerable.

The 'Recollections of the United States of America' add nothing to our previous knowledge respecting them, and confer no particular credit on Mr. H.'s publication.

Art. IX. *An Essay on the Production of Wealth;* with an Appendix, in which the Principles of Political Economy are applied to the actual Circumstances of this Country. By R. Torrens, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 430. 12*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1821.

We have for some time delayed to make our report of this work, in the hope that, before this time, the author would have given us an opportunity of perusing the Appendix announced in the title-page, in which the principles of Political Economy are promised to be applied to the actual circumstances of this country: but no such Appendix has yet reached us, and we shall now direct our attention to the volume before us.

Colonel Torrens speculates, somewhat sanguinely, that the period of controversy is fast passing away, and that twenty the hunter's capital; then, the produce of one direct day's labor in the chase will exchange for the produce of two days' labor in gathering fruits, because the labor which had prepared the capital must be taken into account as well as the labor which applies it.

'We must now proceed to more advanced and complicated stages of society, and inquire what it is which determines the quantity of one commodity that shall be given in exchange for another, when capitalists and labourers have been separated into distinct classes.

'Let there be two identical capitals, each consisting of a hundred quarters of corn, and a thousand pounds of wool; and let the proprietor of one of these capitals employ it in manufacturing broad cloth, while the proprietor of the other capital employs it in preparing carpeting. Now it must be evident, that the cloth and carpeting on which equal capitals were expended would be of equal value. If either of these manufacturers offered a *part* of his productions in exchange for the whole of the productions of the other, the other would immediately reply,—"For the articles which I have had fabricated from a hundred quarters of corn, and a thousand pounds of wool, you must give me the whole of the articles which you have had prepared from a like capital. My capital is of equal power with yours; and if you will not barter upon equal terms, I can at any time employ as many labourers as will produce to me that which you refuse." To this no reasonable objection could be urged. Hence we see, that when the capitalists become a class distinct from the labourers, the results obtained by the employment of identical capitals, or identical quantities of accumulated labour, will be equal in exchangeable value.'

In this instance, the two capitals are identical, but the result would be the same if they were only equivalent; for instance: the capital of *A.* consists of subsistence for one hundred laborers, with a thousand pounds of wool, equal in value to this subsistence, and the capital of *B.* consists of subsistence for one hundred laborers with a thousand pounds of cotton: the woollen goods and the cotton goods will, in this case, have an equal exchangeable value. The distinction then is, that, before the separation of capitalists and laborers, it is the sum of accumulated and immediate labor expended on production which determines the exchangeable value of commodities: but, after that separation, it is the amount of accumulated labor alone, or capital, which determines it.

Equivalent capitals may possess very different degrees of durability, and they will often put into motion different quantities of immediate labor: but in neither of these cases is the general principle disturbed, as Colonel Torrens has shewn by various examples.

'The reason why, in these different stages of society, exchangeable value should be determined upon different principles is sufficiently obvious. Every person seeks to obtain the objects of his desire at the smallest possible sacrifice. When all labour for themselves, no one will for any length of time give more than the result of a day's labour for that which a day's labour can procure for him; and, in like manner, when the capitalist hires others to work for him, he will not consent to part with more than the product of a given capital (say a hundred days' subsistence) in exchange for that which, by the expenditure of a hundred days' subsistence, he can cause to be prepared for himself.'

In every case, the returns on capital are assumed to be equally quick, and exposed to equal risk; a difference in either of these respects would alter the results. There are likewise other limitations and exceptions, to which the general principle is exposed: for the law of competition is always at work; and the exchangeable value of every commodity will, in any given state of the market, be determined exclusively by the proportion which exists between the supply and the demand for it. This occasions fluctuations, but in the long run, and on the average, the results obtained by the employment of equal capitals will be of equal exchangeable value; a term which has a different signification from *price:* the former expressing the power of purchasing with reference to commodities in general, and the latter denoting the same power with reference to some particular commodity, the quantity of which is given, — such as money, the usual medium of exchange:

'Exchangeable value may rise while price falls, or fall while price rises. For example, if cotton were, from any cause, to acquire twice its former power of purchasing with respect to commodities in general, while gold, the particular commodity in which the price of cotton is expressed, rose in a still higher ratio, and acquired four times its former power in the market; — then, though the exchangeable value of cotton would be doubled, its price would fall one-half. Again; if cotton would purchase only half the former quantity of commodities in general, while it purchased twice the quantity of some particular commodity, such as corn, or wine, or labour, or money, — then its exchangeable value would have sunk one-half, while its price, as expressed in corn, or wine, or labour, or money, became double. And again; — if cotton, and the particular commodity in which its price is expressed, should rise or fall in the same proportion with each other, then the exchangeable value of cotton, or its general power of purchasing, would fluctuate, while its price remained stationary.'

Chapter ii. treats of the different instruments of production, and the different kinds of industry. The latter are comprized under four heads: *Appropriate Industry,* or that which is applied to the mere collecting or appropriation of the things that nature spontaneously supplies; *Manufacturing Industry*; *Agricultural*; and *Commercial*; and to the consideration of each a separate chapter is devoted.

Chapters iii. and iv. Almost the whole of the productions of nature are presented to man in a raw state. Although that industry, therefore, which merely appropriates them is the first, in order of time, it is not so in importanee; since it is obvious that, but for the application of labor and capital in preparing and adapting these gifts of nature for consumption, the infinitely greater portion of them would absolutely have no utility. Without manufacturing industry, man would be the most defenceless and helpless of all animals; and it is by the application of artificial instruments in making all the elements obey his will, that he has raised himself to be but a "little lower than the angels." The economists of France, however, fancied that they had proved to demonstration that the industry of the manufacturer was barren, and incapable of effecting any addition to wealth, because he was supposed to consume, while at work, a quantity of subsistence equal in value to the value which he added to the raw material:—but, admitting the premises, the conclusion would not follow. Value is not wealth. Suppose, says Colonel Torrens, that the exchangeable value of a plough does not exceed that of the materials and subsistence consumed in its fabrication, yet the industry which gave existence to this powerful instrument of reproduction would be a most important source of wealth.—The chapter on *Manufacturing Industry* not merely shews how the manufacturer does actually add more to the value of the raw material than the value of the subsistence which he consumes while he is at work, but it explains, by a careful and ingenious deduction from hypothetic assumptions, the manner, and according to the different stages of improvement the degree, in which manufacturing industry adds to the value of the material supplied by the other branches of industry. The products of equal capitals are equivalent: this is the foundation-stone of the theory: in proportion, therefore, as a greater quantity of capital is required to raise the same quantity of agricultural produce, the exchangeable value of this produce will rise; in other words, that of wrought goods as compared with it will fall. If, in the application of improved machinery and the subdivision of employments, one hundred and fifty men can work up three thousand pounds of flax, equal in value to food for three hundred, and which was originally wrought up by the labor of three hundred men; then, though the expence of raising agricultural produce has not increased, yet the exchangeable value of the manufactured article will fall in relation to the material form in which it is prepared. Food for one hundred and fifty men is expended, instead of food for three hundred; and, if we assume the food to have constituted one half of the capital employed, we diminish the whole capital one fourth, and consequently the value of the linen-cloth will fall one fourth with respect to every article of which the cost of production remains unabated. In those branches in which subsistence forms two thirds of the whole capital, wrought goods will fall one third; and where it forms one third they will fall one sixth, and so on.

Chapter v. As in Manufacturing Industry an increase in the quantity of labor and capital leads to the use of improved machinery and the subdivision of employment, and thus enables a given number of workmen to produce a greater proportional quantity of goods, so in *Agricultural Industry* the reverse of all this takes place: for the application of every increased quantity of labor and capital there gives a less and less proportional return. This singular and striking fact is almost self-evident. As we extend cultivation successively over soils of inferior fertility, for any given quantity of labor and capital the return of produce is less and less; and it is plain that those soils, which do not replace the seed, implements, and subsistence of the cultivators, must be abandoned. The high price of produce cannot avail them; because, not having enough for their own consumption, they can have no excess to sell. It is just the same with respect to additional applications of capital and labor to superior soils: the return on these applications is less and less; and there is a point, very soon obtained, beyond which no farther application will add, to the produce before extracted, a sufficient quantity of subsistence for the workmen employed. Here improvement must stop; and high farming, as it is called, becomes a ruinous experiment: it is giving eighteen-pence to get back a shilling. As we resort to soils of inferior fertility, therefore, and as the application of capital and labor is increased on those of superior fertility, the proprietor must receive a constantly diminishing proportion of the whole produce, because the whole produce bears a constantly diminishing proportion to the capital which raised it.

These principles lead to some very important conclusions.

'We have seen how intimately and inseparably one branch of industry is connected with another. In manufactures, each additional portion of labour and capital which is employed produces not merely an equal, but a greater proportional effect than that which was previously applied; and where one hundred workmen can fabricate one thousand yards of cloth, there, two hundred workmen, from being able to establish among themselves more perfect subdivisions of employment, will be able to fabricate, not merely two thousand yards, but some greater quantity; say two thousand five hundred yards. But though manufacturing industry has not in itself any natural limits, yet it is affected by those which nature has assigned to agriculture; and its advancement must necessarily be arrested when cultivation can be pushed no farther. Though additional portions of capital might still be capable of producing a higher proportional effect than those previously applied; yet, as the productive powers of agriculture became stationary, it would be impossible that such additional portions should be attained. Manufacturing capital consists of subsistence, materials, and instruments for abridging labour; and as these implements were formed by labour employed upon other materials, and supported by other subsistence, into subsistence and material all manufacturing capital ultimately resolves itself. Now, in a country that has advanced beyond the hunting or savage state, the greater part of material, and almost the whole of subsistence, is extracted from the soil. Hence, when no additional capital can be applied to the soil, no additional capital can be obtained for manufactures; and where the progress of agricultural industry is arrested, there the progress of manufacturing industry must be arrested also.'

By any discoveries in the application of labor and capital which increase the surplus, not the gross produce of the soil, — in other words, by all that enables a given quantity of labor to raise a greater quantity of produce, — a real improvement in agricultural science is effected; and, as such improvements throw back the point beyond which cultivation can neither be heightened nor extended, they likewise remove to a greater distance the point beyond which manufacturing capital cannot be accumulated. Another important principle, too, is developed in this chapter; which is that, as improvements in agriculture increase the quantity of capital that can be advantageously employed in manufactures, so do improvements in manufactures remove to a greater distance the ultimate limits of agricultural prosperity, and admit of additional applications of capital to the soil: — so effectively do the different kinds of industry augment each other's powers. For the illustration of this principle, we must refer to the work itself, p. 133 — 146.; as also of its consequences, that threshing-machines and all contrivances for abridging agricultural labor increase the demand for workmen rather than diminish it, augment the surplus-produce of the soil, and furnish the means of employing a larger manufacturing population: — consequences flowing directly from the first position, that the results of equal capitals are of equal value.

The *sixth* and last chapter is allotted to *Mercantile Industry*, and is divided into six sections, treating respectively, 1. On the Origin and Effects of Barter or Trade. 2. On the Home Trade. 3. On the Colonial Trade. 4. On Foreign Trade, or Commerce. 5. On Money and Paper Currency. 6. On the Principles of Demand and Supply.

Colonel Torrens defines mercantile capital 'to consist of all the things employed to circulate wealth, and of all the wealth which is circulated.' As capital invested in trade and commerce puts a much smaller quantity of labor in motion than that which is employed in manufactures and agriculture, Dr. Smith concludes that mercantile industry does not augment the annual value, or, as he defines the term, *riches* of a country, in nearly so great a degree as agricultural and manufacturing industry. This conclusion has often been disputed: but the problem, perhaps, has never been so fully and satisfactorily explained as by the present author, viz. In what manner does commercial industry produce wealth? How does the mere exchange and transport of commodities effect this object? — If wealth consists of articles of utility on which labor has been bestowed, it is obvious that the industry, which is engaged in transporting such articles from one country in which they are redundant to another in which they are deficient, and in re-transporting equivalent articles of utility, is directly productive of wealth to both those countries. Its indirect efficacy, however, is much greater, in giving rise to the divisions of employment, and in determining the extent to which they can be carried. Were a suspension of all exchanges to take place, the division of labor would be immediately stopt. The weaver would fabricate no more cloth than he required for his own consumption; for his attention would be distracted by a multiplicity of employments necessary to supply his wants, and he could become expert at none. The cultivator would grow no surplus corn, and the grazier rear no surplus cattle. The meadow must be ploughed up to yield a scanty crop of corn, and the corn-field made to produce grass, ungenial to its soil. Vineyards must be converted into sheep-walks, and sheep-walks into vineyards. Nature would no longer co-operate with the labor of man, but punish the violence which he commits on her by withholding her supplies. — So, if we prohibit trade, the divisions of employment cease; restore it, and they return with all their benefits. When, from the thinness of population or any other cause, few exchanges can be made, the productive powers of industry are low: but they rise in proportion as exchanges multiply, and both become at last indefinitely extended. Mercantile industry not only heightens the productive powers of all the other kinds, the appropriative, manufacturing, and agricultural, but it likewise affects the exchangeable value of those articles which it is employed to transfer and convey. They acquire an additional value in the hands of the merchant, because there they become the product of additional capital indirectly bestowed on them, and the products of equal capitals are equivalent: the merchant must receive the customary rate of profit on his capital, as well as the manufacturer and the farmer. Thus: let the manufacturer and the farmer engage equal capitals; they will exchange their respective products *at par*, dividing the expence of carriage, &c. Suppose that a merchant intervenes who is obliged to employ a capital equal to both the others: the whole product of the farmer's capital would then exchange for only half of the product of the manufacturer's capital, and the whole of the latter for only half of that of the former; and the other two halves would go to the merchant as the profit of his double capital, employed in indirect production, or in aiding by the establishment of the divisions of labor the effective powers both of agriculture and manufactures.

> ' As one half of the dealer's business will consist in exchanging with the manufacturer corn for cloth, in this one half of his capital will be employed. But when one half of the dealer's capital, or fifty days' subsistence, is employed in conveying and offering for exchange a quantity of corn raised by an agricultural capital of fifty days' subsistence, *then the corn thus offered is in fact the product of capitals of one hundred days' subsistence*, and consequently will be worth double the quantity of cloth fabricated by a capital of fifty days' subsistence.'

Perhaps the author has not explained this case with his usual clearness. He has assumed that the capital required to interchange two equivalent products is itself equal to the value of them both: but this can take place only in those very rare instances in which the cost of transport, or rather the charges of merchandise and customary rate of profit, are equal in amount to the cost of production of all the articles exchanged. In the case supposed, Colonel Torrens says, ' The corn thus offered is in fact the product of capitals of one hundred days' subsistence;' meaning the whole of the farmer's and the half of the merchant's capital: — but, when the farmer gives his corn to the merchant, he gets back his capital; the merchant, therefore, in exchanging this corn elsewhere, has nothing to do with its cost of production to the farmer: it was included, with the usual rate of profit, in his purchase from the farmer, *and is now* transferred to the merchant. He sells to the manufacturer,

nufacturer, therefore, adding to the prime cost merely the charges of merchandise and the customary rate of profit. It is only when these two equal the direct cost of production, that the exchangeable value is doubled in passing through the hands of the dealer; whose intervention, the author observes, must always occasion an increased production of wealth, sufficient at least to pay the customary rate of profit on his capital. If it did not, either he or his employers must be injured: if the latter, they would return to direct and immediate barter with each other; and if the former, he would remove his capital to something else. It is clear also that it is for the interest of all parties, and consequently of the community, that these exchanges should be conducted with the least possible expence. In the case just stated, if the merchant could effect such exchanges with half of his former capital, those of the farmer and the manufacturer remaining the same, the difference between the prime cost and the selling price would be reduced one half, or fifty per cent., to the consumer. The capital of the merchant being now reduced from one half to one third of the whole, his proportion of the articles would be reduced in the same ratio. The improvement in mercantile industry, moreover, which enabled the dealer to effect these exchanges with half of his former capital, would disengage an equal capital for cultivating the earth, and working up its produce. One third, therefore, would be added to the capital employed in direct production, and the commodities raised or fabricated would be increased fifty per cent.

The principles unfolded in this and the preceding chapter are calculated to set at rest some controverted questions of importance. The vulgar prejudices against large farms, (p. 138. *et seq.*) and the investment of what are called overgrown capitals in any business, (p. 193. *et seq.*) are in opposition to all sound reasoning. A large capitalist can supplant a small one solely by underselling him; and in whatever degree he does this, in the same proportion he benefits the public. He can only undersell the small one, however, by doing business at a smaller expence; and we have just seen that every saving in mercantile capital increases the quantity of capital available for direct production, and lowers the difference between the prime cost and the selling price of commodities; that is, reduces the price of all articles of consumption.

Of the commodities consumed in any country, the greatest part is always produced at home. It is to the infinite subdivisions of employment which the activity of the home-trade occasions, that the mass of the population is indebted for food, clothing, habitation, and furniture; for every article of necessity, and for most articles of enjoyment. If England sends a thousand pounds' worth of woollen cloth to Ireland, and receives a thousand pounds' worth of linen in exchange, it is obvious that the productive powers of the labor and capital of the country are twice as much exerted as if England had exported the same amount of cloth to France, and had brought back an equivalent in lace, for France would divide the benefit in the latter case which we enjoy exclusively in the former. The advantages of mercantile industry, then, are very erroneously and inadequately estimated by the amount of exports and imports; and the home-trade has accordingly been promoted, not merely by speculative writers, but by governments, to the discouragement of the foreign trade, even in those articles which can be purchased cheaper abroad than raised at home. The popular prejudice on this subject yet remains; and it is probably more in deference to that feeling than from an ignorance of the true bearings of the question, that we are yet re-enacting, under certain modifications, those corn-laws which have done more mischief perhaps to the agriculturists themselves than to any other class of the community. The agriculturists are short-sighted people. Colonel Torrens relates that, when turnpike-roads began to be introduced into England, the land-proprietors round London petitioned that they might not be extended to the distant counties, lest the improved means of communication might increase competition, and reduce the price of agricultural produce. * London would not have become what it now is, nor would the cultivation of those districts which were the objects of such especial solicitude have yielded any thing like so profitable a return as they have done, had the principle of this foolish petition been enforced. All preferences on the part of government,—bounties, monopolies, &c. in favor of any one species of industry or article of production, — inflict a corresponding depression on every other; frequently injuring, in the long run, even that which they were intended to protect.

What are the peculiar and distinguishing effects of foreign trade, and how does it promote the wealth of a country?

"As in the operations of the home and colonial trades, the benefit is always two-fold; so, in the operations of foreign trade, the benefit is always reciprocal. The opinion so frequently urged by economists, and acted upon by statesmen, that what one nation gains by commerce, some other nation must lose, is totally destitute

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* A petition not very dissimilar was presented to Parliament in the last session by certain coach-proprietors, against the unlimited use of steam-packets between London and Calais!

of proof, and directly contrary to fact. When England, availing herself of her natural advantages, prepares more tin and iron than is necessary for her own consumption, and exchanges the surplus for the wines and fruits of France, she obtains a much greater quantity of these articles than the labour and capital expended upon the equivalents with which they are purchased could have raised at home. But, in this case, the gain of England is not the loss of France. On the contrary, the latter country, by availing herself of the natural peculiarities of her soil and climate, and exchanging her surplus wine and fruit for the tin and iron work of England, obtains a much larger and better supply of these useful commodities than the labour and capital expended upon the fruit and wine by which they were purchased could otherwise have procured for her. Again; while, in consequence of more accurate divisions of mechanical employment, and of the application of better machinery, England can manufacture cloth cheaper than Poland; and while Poland, in consequence of having none but her first-rate soils under cultivation, can raise corn cheaper than England; then, England, by exchanging cloth for corn, will obtain a much greater quantity of corn than the labour and capital expended on the cloth could have extracted from her own soil. But this gain of England is not acquired at the cost of Poland. On the contrary, Poland obtains in exchange for her corn a much larger and better supply of cloth than the labour and capital expended on the corn could have manufactured for her at home. The advantages are mutual and reciprocal. In both countries the productive powers of industry are multiplied. England has more food, and Poland has more cloth, than if a fettered commerce destroyed the international divisions of employment.

'Another most important consequence of foreign trade is, that it accelerates prosperity in new countries, while in old countries it removes the natural check to prosperity, and throws the stationary state to a greater distance. In new countries, where it is not necessary to cultivate inferior lands, or to cultivate the better soils in an expensive manner, the productive powers of agricultural industry are extraordinarily high; while, from the population being thin and scattered, and from capitals being little accumulated, the application of machinery and the division of mechanical employment are imperfect; and consequently, the productive powers of manufacturing industry are extraordinarily low. The case is reversed in old countries. In these, the necessity of resorting to inferior soils, and of applying additional portions of capital to the best, renders it daily more difficult to raise an increased supply of agricultural produce; while, in consequence of denser population, and larger accumulations of capital, employment is more subdivided, and machinery better applied; so that the productive powers of manufacturing industry increase rather than diminish. Hence, we perceive that, in new countries, prosperity is retarded by the difficulty of converting raw produce into wrought goods; while, in old and populous countries, prosperity is checked, and ultimately the stationary state brought on, by the difficulty, not of working up, but of procuring agricultural produce. Now, the difficulty of working up raw produce in the one case, and of obtaining it in the other, may be completely obviated by those international divisions of employment which foreign trade establishes. This important principle we will proceed to demonstrate by one or two illustrative cases.'

For these cases we must refer the reader to the volume; with an assurance that he will be amply rewarded for any degree of attention that he may bestow on it, by the information which he will extract from its pages. Since the science of political economy, however, derives its importance from the practical application of its principles to the concerns of nations, we must not stop here. As the march of prosperity is accelerated in a new country by exchanging its raw produce for the wrought goods of an old one, so is the declension of an old one retarded indefinitely by exchanging its wrought goods for the raw produce of a new one. Suppose that, from abundant capital and great subdivision of employment in England, one family can prepare wrought goods sufficient for six families; while cultivation has been so extended over inferior soils that the next quality of land to be taken in will require the labor of five families to raise produce sufficient for six. The labor of six families in this case produces a quantity of food, material, and wrought goods, sufficient for the consumption of six families, and no more. No surplus, then, being created to pay the capitalist for the employment of his stock, production is arrested, and England is arrived at a stationary state; for, by the terms of the supposition, she is unable to extract an increased quantity of food and material for the subsistence and employment of an additional population:

'Now, let the commerce of America be opened to England, and let the manufactured goods prepared by the labour of three families bring from that country a return, consisting of agricultural produce for six families; and immediately the limits to the wealth and population of England will be removed to a greater distance. For the labour of one prepares the wrought goods, and by means of this exchange, the labour of three procures the raw produce necessary to the consumption of six. But when four produce what is expended by six, the surplus or profit is fifty per cent. The most rapid accumulations of capital might be made, and the manufacturing population of England might continue to multiply while there remained in America a fertile and well situated district to be reclaimed. Thus commerce, and the consequent division of employment, between the old and the new country, while they rolled with redoubled velocity the tide of civilized population from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, would give the wealth and resources of England the capability of an almost infinite increase.'

It is contended that foreign trade ought not to be permitted to interfere with home-trade, because it is acknowleged that the employment of a given mercantile capital in the latter enlarges the effective powers of twice as much British capital invested in direct production as the same mercantile capital invested in the former. Those advantages are supposed to be divided with the foreigner in the one case, which become doubled by being centered at home in the other: but Colonel Torrens has shewn that this argument for discouraging foreign in favor of home-trade is entirely fallacious, and founded on a misconception of the nature and effects of mercantile industry. He argues the case thus: Let England expend a manufacturing capital of food and wrought necessaries for 100, in fabricating wrought necessaries for 500: an agricultural capital of food and wrought necessaries for 200, in raising food for this 500; and a mercantile capital of food and wrought necessaries for 100, in exchanging the wrought necessaries of the artizans against the food of the cultivators. This mercantile capital, therefore, enlarges the effective powers of two other British capitals employed in direct production; that is to say, the whole expenditure of food, &c. for 400 is replaced by food and wrought necessaries for 500, leaving an increase of 25 per cent. Now, let the direction of this capital be changed, but not its amount: let a manufacturing capital of food, &c. for 200 be employed in fabricating wrought necessaries for 1000; and a mercantile capital of food, &c. for 200 be applied in exchanging wrought necessaries for 400 with the American farmer for food for 600. Here, we see, is an agricultural capital of food and wrought necessaries withdrawn from direct production at home, in order to create a manufacturing capital for the American market; and a foreign mercantile capital is to be employed in effecting the requisite exchanges. The two-fold benefit, therefore, before bestowed on the British manufacturer and the British farmer, is now reciprocated between the British manufacturer and the American farmer. Consequently, there is an apparent and nominal loss to England: but there will be a real gain: because the whole capital of food and wrought necessaries for 400, expended in direct and indirect production, instead of obtaining a return of food, &c. for 500 as before, — that is, an increase of 25 per cent. when employed at home, — will now obtain a reproduction of food, &c. for 600, which is an increase of 33 per cent. The reason is obvious: there is a constant tendency in raw produce to rise in price as population increases and society advances; and there is an *opposite tendency* in manufactured products to fall in price, from the subdivisions of labor and improvements in machinery which are taking place in old and populous countries. The progressive state of new countries is arrested by the high value of wrought goods in relation to raw produce, and the stationary state of old countries is approached in consequence of the high value of raw produce in relation to raw goods: the decay of the one is retarded and the vigor of the other promoted by free commercial intercourse. The recognition, therefore, of the independent states of South America by Great Britain, and the encouragement of a commercial intercourse with them, unharassed by restrictions and limitations, *and efficiently protected against piratical depredations*, we hold to be the wisest policy which can be pursued with regard both to ourselves and to them.

An argument has sometimes been started that, however beneficial a free trade might be, if universally prevailing, it would be injurious to Great Britain, for instance, to throw her own workmen out of employment by abandoning the restrictive system as long as her neighbours continue to enforce it. If foreign countries choose to give us their productions without an equivalent, by all means let us receive them graciously: but not one of them is so generous. Our capitalists and laborers will never be thrown out of employment by foreign imports on these terms: something will always be required in exchange, commodities or money. Suppose that America sends her corn to England, and refuses to take British goods in return: what then? she merely obliges England to export her commodities to some other country in order to purchase that article; — money for instance, if that is the article which she may consent to receive; though the process is more circuitous, the result is precisely the same: — but suppose that other countries likewise should refuse to receive our commodities; — they will of course refuse to send theirs, and the home-grower will be protected against foreign competition to the utmost of his wishes, though not to his *heart's content.*

It will not escape the reader that these observations relate to the interchange between old and new countries of wrought necessaries against raw produce. The argument, however, is very much the same to prove the importance of foreign trade in superfluities and luxuries, and the absurdity of encumbering this branch of traffic with restrictions in order to give encouragement to domestic industry. We should particularly recommend this chapter to the attention of M. Louis Say, whose "*Considérations sur l'Industrie*," &c. we noticed in our last Appendix. That gentleman, making utility the exclusive measure of value and constituent of wealth, estimates the advantage of foreign commerce by comparing the sum of utility in the articles exported with the sum of utility in those that are imported. If a country sends away more articles of utility than it brings back, the difference between the two sums is the amount of disadvantage to that country. If Poland sends corn to France, and France pays for it in silks and laces, he contends that this commerce impoverishes Poland and enriches France, although the latter has more silks than she can wear and the former more corn than she can eat *: — but if Poland, by the expenditure of a thousand pounds in the tillage of her soil, can produce a quantity of corn which, being sent to France, is there exchanged for silks and laces which it would have cost Poland fifteen hundred pounds to have manufactured at home, it is clear that her capital is more advantageously employed in tillage than in manufactories; and if France, by the expenditure of a thousand pounds in manufacturing silks and laces, can exchange them for a quantity of Polish corn which it would have cost her fifteen hundred pounds to grow at home, it is likewise clear that she employs her capital more advantageously in manufactories than in tillage. This reasoning, applied to France, is applicable to England.

The operations of money and paper-currency in facilitating commerce and increasing the productive powers of industry, — the effects of rise and fall in the value of currency, — the operation of poor-laws, — and the appalling consequences which inevitably flow from heavy taxation, — are exhibited by Colonel Torrens with his habitual perspicuity. If in the science of political economy, says he, any one proposition is more capable of demonstration than another, it is that excessive taxation dries up the springs of production: 'it banished manufactures and commerce from Holland, and we are not to expect that in our country a similar cause will be followed by a dissimilar effect. In the deficiency of employment, in the amount of poor-rates, and in the millions of capital sent out of the country as foreign loans, England may discover the awful truth, that exorbitant taxation is bringing her to the limits of her resources and to the verge of decline.' A fall or a rise in the currency, it is obvious, produces very opposite effects on different classes: the grantor of leases, the creditor, and the annuitant, suffer by the one; while the tenant, the debtor, and the payer of taxes, suffer by the other. These alternations, therefore, may inflict equal injustice on indivi-

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* "*Considérations,*" &c. Chap. vii. sect. vi.

duals, but the fall and the rise produce very different effects on the general wealth and prosperity. The violations of property in the former case, he observes, 'would be accompanied by an increase of confidence, of production, and of trade; and in the latter, would be aggravated by a universal stagnation and revulsion, and perhaps, in an over-taxed country, by a national bankruptcy.'

The last section, which solicits the attention of the reader in this valuable work, is a disquisition on the principles that regulate demand and supply. The investigation displays great acuteness and originality of thinking, while it also developes some important truths; and we shall endeavor to pay proper respect to it in our next Number.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. X. *Minstrel Love; from* the German of the Author of *Undine.* By George Soane, A.B. 2 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Boards. Simpkin and Marshall. 1821.

THE age in which we live is certainly of a romantic character, rich in the most wonderful and fanciful creations, and abounding in astonishing events, — political, moral, and poetical. We can now scarcely even complain that "the days of chivalry are past;" or that we lived not in the times of Charlemagne and of Arthur, to fight our way like St. George, through dragons, sorcerers, witches, and wizards' spells, — to sit in the awful courts of the Templar, — or to wander singing with the Troubadour, and numbering our beads with the Pilgrim, at many lordly fêtes and many holy shrines. No, — we need no longer regret those days: for we have them again living and breathing in the immortal fancies, and starting into a lovelier and fresher being from the glowing pictures, of the divine artists around us. Let Spenser, Scott, and La Motte Fouqué, answer for the weakness or the enthusiasm which those must feel who know and relish their inimitable creations; who are no *half-likers;* and who, in works of the imagination especially, dislike any half-measures, which, through fastidious correctness and false delicacy, would sacrifice the deeper interests, higher qualities, and those wilder and sweeter features of the muse, that are to be caught only by a certain audacity of genius, and generous extravagance of thought. Cautious coldness and nice calculations of each separate thought and word may be requisite in many branches of literature, no doubt, but not so in romantic poetry and more genuine romance! Here the delighted reader beholds writers abandon themselves boldly to their warmest dictates and brightest inspirations, without tampering or temporizing with the vividness of their feelings: — voluntarily throwing themselves for success on the strength of the illusion, the masterly execution, and the creative power, with which they chain us down as with a spell.

This is the proud characteristic of our master-dramatists and novelists, as distinguished from our more laborious and studied classics: — of Byron, Scott, and La Motte Fouqué, as compared with Gray, Campbell, and our punctilious Richardson. The genius of the former is as richly productive as the latter is slowly and fastidiously exact. — It is not in the last class, as we have before shewn, that we are to rank the writings of the Baron de La Motte Fouqué, the author before us; whose powerful but excentric genius, deeply imbued with qualities of an uncommon kind, discovers at once both blemishes and beauties almost equally attractive and repulsive to English taste. He stands quite alone, forming an anomaly to the ordinary rules of composition even among his own most reflective and imaginative countrymen. In addition to its originality, his genius, like that of the great Scotch novelist, is also abundantly productive in the slight fairy tales which he weaves with the playful art of a master, not less than in his more serious and pathetic romance; some specimens of which, from *Sintram* and *Undine*, we have already given to our readers in the Review for October, 1820. We have there, too, more particularly declared our opinion of the objects, nature, and utility of the Baron's system; of its national peculiarities and tendency; and of its literary and moral uses, as far as its influence coalesced with, or receded from, the higher objects of all national literature. Chiefly developed by an astonishing power of personification in the description of fairies and of demons, which typify the various modifications of good and evil, — the doubts, weaknesses, contentions, and triumphs of human reason over human passions, crimes, and follies, — the author's invariable purpose is to convey intellectual and philosophic truths under the veil of pleasing and fictitious stories; at once gratifying the imagination and preserving a continued moral throughout. With such inventive powers, he gives new life and meaning to the old legends and superstitions of his country, which are thus invested with an importance altogether surprizing and new.

This quality is successfully exhibited in his treatment of the old mountain-legend of *Conrad;* from which he deduces a moral very useful to modern farmers, insisting on the efficacy of patience and resolution on the most barren soil, and under the most trying circumstances. The story is intitled "The Field of Terror." Impregnated with certain mineral properties, this field defies the utmost efforts of the agriculturist: his oxen run mad when they approach it; and it is supposed to be possessed by malignant demons: but it is his only field, and he perseveres and triumphs in the end.—Of all the Baron's numberless productions, however,—epic, pastoral, poetic, and romantic,—perhaps none unite so many rich and pleasing qualities, proud chivalric feelings, and knightly and courtly graces, affording a bright and picturesque glimpse of "the olden times," as the tale of 'Minstrel Love' now before us. *Sintram* may be more strange and terrible, or the fairy tale of *Undine* more wildly original and pathetic, or some of his epic pieces more daring and imposing:—but nothing is so full and complete in its way as the adventures of the Minstrel Knight of Maraviglia. He is a model of perfection, full of chivalric valor and platonic love, blooming in the charms of youth, beauty, and poetic fame; and we must not quarrel with the perfectibility of his nature, the success of his high adventures, and that unearthly spirit of love and fidelity with which it has pleased the author to invest him. If, however, we grant "ample room and scope enough" for his fictitious genius to revel, "uncircumscribed and unconfined" within the narrow limits of real nature and probability, he must not betray hesitation and timidity, like our Scotch novelist, and turn coward and renegade to the strength and brightness, as well as to the truth and keeping, of his own daring creations. Thus, in the supernatural pretensions of the "White Lady of Avenel," and "Norna of the Fitful Head," the Caledonian author, by attempting in part to give a natural interpretation to phænomena of unearthly power, destroys the effect of the illusion, and fails to inspire the reader with that genuine enthusiasm and credulity, the deeds of which are so inherent in human nature, and are so requisite to create an interest in and a regard for the fate of beings of a purely *imaginative* nature. Sir Walter Scott, if we may name him as the "great unknown," thus far spoils his own work and falls short of his object; while the German Baron, by boldly rushing directly into the world of spirits, claims exemption from all rules, builds aërial palaces that have no earthly foundations, and peoples them with beings of another order: but still shadowing forth the duties and the passions of mortals, and thus at once appealing to our reason through our imagination, like a subtle orator and a genuine master of his trade. Here we find no compromizing, no mincing with the object in view. His characters stand forth large and prominent, yet mysterious and obscure: his adventures and achievements are fairly above human calculation and attainment; his sentiments are high and honorable; his language, though vague and broken, is full of energy and eloquence: his reasonings are profound, and his moral is clear. This is as it should be in romance; and Sir Arnald of Maraviglia is superlatively the noblest Christian knight, holiest pilgrim, and sweetest Provençal Troubadour and minstrel-lover, that ever reined a steed, or played with a lady's glove.

The remaining characters are wholly subordinate to the exalted pretensions of their chief; excepting only the Count de Bisiers and his Lady Alearda, whose minstrel and true knight Sir Arnald of Maraviglia is proud to be. As her sworn champion and loving troubadour, his deeds of honour are proved on the heretical heads and shoulders of the invading Moors. The scene is laid amid the vines and roses of Provence; and images of the repose and beauty of pastoral and romantic life are mingled and contrasted with descriptions of the battle-field, dazzling and magnificent tourney-tilts, and the festive scenes of noble bannered halls.

It may be supposed that the story consists of the adventurous deeds and trials of this troubadour-knight; whose resistance, self-denial, and fidelity to his mistress, are made manifest even unto death. By the united strength of his sword, his Christian persuasion, and his delightful songs, he converted many of the slaves of Mohammed to the true faith; for all which, however, we do not find that he received any kind of temporal reward. He obtains only a few cold smiles, but not a single kiss from his lady-love; and the author diminishes something of the glory of his hero's setting sun, by making him die of a cold in his chest, caught in a fatal pilgrimage which he undertakes for the sake of restoring the Lady Alearda's daughter to health. It will easily be seen, then, that it is to the chivalric period which is brought back to us, and to the descriptions, character, and scenery rather than the interest and events of the story, that we are to look for the merits and pretensions of this tale as a picture of past days; when the thoughts of men were lofty, and their passions fresh and strong, but which are chastened and exalted by the fancy of the writer to higher and more poetic ends.

We must now, however, take a more particular view of its excellences and defects, as they appear in the English translation with which Mr. Soane has presented us. Our opinion of his powers in such a capacity we have announced on the former occasion to which we have already referred: but here he appears in the character of a versifier and a poet, as well as a mere translator; and we must own that he has acquitted himself well, for the most part: surpassing our expectations in the taste and feeling with which he has rendered the original, and in the judgment with which some alterations have been made. In the poetic pieces more especially, with which the tale is amply interspersed, he has certainly improved and refined on the Baron's muse, which does not at the best appear to be very attractive, or very mettlesome; and we are inclined to think that Mr. Soane may have occasionally *furnished*, as well as *rendered*, the meaning of his author's verse. He has often, perhaps too often, curtailed, and in other places amplified, his original. Yet we dare not assert that, as a translator, he is quite justified in all these liberties; for sufficient ease and freedom may be attained without violating fidelity, and those laws of composition of which the observance is due from a translator to his original. Mr. Soane, however, may have been farther induced to make these variations because he seems to entertain no very high opinions of the Baron's style, particularly in his poetry; but we discover no such inferiority or deficiencies in the English versions before us; which, both in manner and character, we consider as far above mediocrity. Some of the war-songs, and an antient legend of the race of Montalban, are decidedly the best; and we cannot refrain from quoting the latter:

'From his ancient tower driven
  By the Gancelon's deceit,
Stood the noble hero, Reinald,
  Sad before his father's seat.
Sad he looked towards the portals,
  They were closed to his despair;
Sad he gazed upon the turrets,
  Stranger banners floated there;
Straight then he blew an angry call,
No warder answered from the wall.

'But from out the clouds of evening,
  In the rolling of the storm,
Looked down on the fainting warrior
  Many a high and threatening form.
Stained with wounds, as heroes should be,
  These the grandsires of his race;—
Well he knew the angry visions
  Frowning on their son's disgrace;
And in the wind's long wailing sigh,
Full well he knew their wrathful cry.

* * * * * *

' "From his hearth Montalban's driven!
  Yes, the shameful tale is true;
But from out the wreck are left him
  Heart to dare and hand to do.

Bold in love and bold in battle,
  He roams o'er the sea and land.
Rest ye then contented, heroes,
  In your old heroic band.
Midst wounds and blood your scion springs,
And wide o'er earth a shadow flings."

'And the old heroic spirits
  Heard with transport valour's tale;
Smiles came o'er the angry visions
  As they vanished on the gale.
Yes, Montalban, thou art fallen;
  Wild flowers on thy ruins bloom;
Once the heroes' place of revel,
  Now their dark and mouldering tomb,
Yet in Reinald's deeds of fame,
Still shall live Montalban's name.'

In many others of the poetic pieces, as in this, a pathetic power and melancholy grandeur of sentiment are manifested; which, in spite of all defects, of abrupt style and prosaic turn of expression, are calculated to make a powerful impression on the minds of certain readers. Their sorrow and tenderness are always shrouded in the veil of romance, and rather belong to the imagination than to the heart. — For the remaining pieces of the same legendary and lyric cast, we must content ourselves with a reference to the volumes. We may also point out a few of the chivalric battles and challenges between the Troubadour and the Moorish chieftains, as interesting from their description and picturesque effect. The rencounter between the Count de Bisiers and the young chief, with a minute and lively exhibition of their various modes of fighting, dress, and equipment, may rank among some of the finest descriptions of the kind.

We have already said that, in the present instance, Mr. Soane has considerably improved on himself as a translator: but, while we allow that he has done much by labor and perseverance, he is not altogether free from a certain peculiarity and familiarity of expression verging on vulgarity; and he betrays occasional violations of the author's meaning. For instance; 'These words visited his soul, like *cheerful forebodings*' — of which we never before heard. 'The *shimmer* of their watch-fires' is also an unauthorized word. 'Anger and love, joy and melancholy, all are fresh *and perfect one*.' Then we have 'the moon, bright as gold TWIRED through the bushes, or even when a few bright clouds hurried across *its pale sickle*;' and to take a kiss is said to 'snatch the warm delicious *mead*.'

In the Preface, Mr. S. has chosen to advance some strange and unfounded opinions, in animadverting on the translation of the Baron's "Sintram and his Companions" by another hand. Independently of the false criticism and very mistaken views by which these remarks were dictated, the motives actuating Mr. S. were exactly those which ought to have restrained him from offering them to the public.

ART. XI. *A New Theory of the Tides;* showing what is the immediate Cause of the Phenomenon, and which has hitherto been overlooked by Philosophers. By Captain Forman, Royal Navy. 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*. Robinson. 1822.

'THOUGH the moon's attraction is the primary cause, it is neither the sole nor the immediate cause of the phenomenon; and it is because they have confined their views to this one principle, that philosophers have never been able to make out a true theory of the tides.'

This sentence is adopted by Captain Forman as a motto for his title-page; and we were speculating about the authority whence it had been derived, when we found that the Captain was quoting himself, these words forming the second paragraph of his introduction. The singularity of the idea thus promulgated led us immediately to expect similar novelties in the subsequent pages, and we have not been deceived. The author thus continues:

> 'If the moon's attraction was the sole cause of the rising of the tides, the course of the tides would always correspond with the direction of the moon's motion; it would be high water in all places the moment the moon came to the meridian *; and every lake and pond, every little puddle, would be lifted as high by the power of the moon's attraction, as the ports and rivers that border upon the ocean.
>
> 'The only way to reconcile these seeming contradictions is to suppose that the moon has no power to raise the tides, except in the deep parts of the ocean: and this is truly the reason why the flood-tide always comes from the ocean, — why there are no tides in the Mediterranean and Baltic seas, — and why it is not high water, in all places, exactly at the same time, after the moon has come to the meridian. It is only by supposing that the tides are raised in the deep parts of the ocean, and not in shallow water, that we can account for all these phenomena; and yet philosophers have never attempted to explain why the moon's attraction should have power over the deep parts of the ocean, without possessing any sensible influence over any other water.

'* At least it would be high water, in all places, at the same time, after the moon came to their meridian.'

> 'If the power of the moon's attraction was able to raise the waters in the ocean, it ought, by the same law, to be able to raise the waters in every other place; nay more, it ought to be able to raise every substance that is loose upon the earth. The moon, in fact, has no more power to lift a particle of water than to raise a feather or a piece of lead. It is not because the moon's attraction, of itself, has any power to raise the waters, that the phenomenon of the tides is produced; but because her attraction, being in opposition to that of the earth, takes off a small portion of the gravity of every particle; and, as water, like the air, is elastic, these particles must necessarily expand, in proportion to the weight that is taken off them.'

This is the grand feature in Captain Forman's theory. The incompressibility of water, he observes, was an article of philosophical faith in the time of Sir Isaac Newton; and therefore its elasticity could not be assumed by that writer as the principal cause of the rising of the tides. 'At all events,' he says, 'it is sufficient that the elasticity of water, as a principle for producing the rising of the tides, has never been mentioned by philosophers, in any of their treatises, to *give me the right of claiming the merit of having made the discovery!*' —On reading this passage, we wrote immediately on the margin of our copy, "Certainly, the whole merit of this discovery is due to Captain Forman." — Unfortunately, however, this explanation does not apply immediately to those tides which take place when the moon is on the meridian below the horizon; and some machinery is therefore necessarily employed to overcome the difficulty. Magnetism seems to be the great agent in this case; and by means of two magnets, 'a wide-mouth jug' (p. 37.) and certain 'bags of wool,' (p. 30.) he seems to have explained the whole business of the tides perfectly to his *own* satisfaction: for he says;

> 'I have proved that the same power exists in nature, which I have supposed to belong to the earth and moon; and that this power is fully sufficient to produce the phenomenon in question. The same arguments that will overturn my hypothesis will overturn every other hypothesis at the same time, and destroy the connexion that ought to subsist between philosophy and common sense: for the only argument that can be brought against it is, that philosophers, who must be allowed to be wiser than I am, hold a different opinion; and the same argument might have been opposed to Newton, when he was a young man, and, if allowed, would have put a stop to all his subsequent discoveries.'

We should be sorry to impede the future discoveries of the author: but we must confess that we prefer the Newtonian theory of the tides to that of Captain Forman. The fact is that the Captain *seems* to mistake altogether the effect of the lunar attraction on the waters of our globe. The mass of moon is only about one seventieth part of that of the earth: its mean distance from the surface is about 59 terrestrial radii; and, since the power of attraction is directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance, the attraction of the earth on a particle at its surface will be to that of the moon, when at the greatest, as 1 to $\frac{1}{59^2 \times 70}$, or as 243670 to 1. This ratio is such as not to make a difference of more than a pound in the pressure on a square inch, even at the depth of 10 miles: a change much too inconsiderable to account for any sensible expansion of the waters, as arising from this cause.

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For OCTOBER, 1822.

POETRY.

Art. 12. *The Royal Exile;* or, Poetical Epistles of Mary, Queen of Scots, during her Captivity in England: with other Original Poems. By a Young Lady. 2 Vols. 8vo. 14*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

We are really concerned to find that our critical duty so frequently obliges us to be at variance with the gentler and better feelings of our nature, which would lead us into terms of favor and commendation with authors, would they only permit us. However necessary and well deserved such flagellations may be, we take no pleasure in fulfilling the unpleasant duty of the drummers of a regiment; and we generally find an author resembling the deserter, who complained that his tormentor never *struck him right*, though the latter declared that he had tried every means, by hitting sometimes high and sometimes low, in the vain endeavor to please him. — Thus, whenever we find fault, it is sure to be in the wrong place: we are blind to a thousand excellences; and, if we hazard a blow, it is *aimed at the best passage in the book;* though there *are* faults, which the writer himself could point out to us!

Still, however ungracious and disagreeable such a task may be, it must be performed: though, for the credit of the human intellect, we would suppose that, were authors to make greater efforts, they might relieve us from a portion of our unpleasant duty; and it would give us real pleasure if, consistently with truth and impartiality, we could shew " some touches of natural kindness," rather than

—— " Open the floodgates of our wrath,
And let the stream of our revenge flow clear."

This result would be particularly desirable when *fair* candidates for our approbation present themselves at our board: — then "comes the tug of war;" when justice and mercy plead, and we feel those twinges of conscience "which critics only know." As it is, however, we must despatch the innumerable productions whether of ladies or of gentlemen, which make their appearance

> "Thick as the leaves in Autumn strew the brooks
> In Vall' Ombrosa,"

without remorse or ceremony, as fast as we can; for, like the leaves, they are doomed to skim a moment on the surface, and then disappear so quickly that, casting a hasty glance at them, we first catch their form and colour, then pronounce on their beauties, and have done.

To this fugitive character, we are afraid, 'The Royal Exile' will prove no exception; and the above observations will save us from the unpleasant task of discussing more particularly the demerits of the production. We may observe, however, without drawing on our good nature or offending against critical rules, that the work is not without a certain degree of poetical talent and ability; though we are at a loss to discover in the Royal Exile's epistles any manifestation of superior powers, or sufficient genius and originality of character to awaken that charm of the imagination which is capable of giving an ideal reality to the sad narrative of her life. They are at once too desultory and ill arranged, and much too prolix and tedious, to lead us for a moment to yield to the illusion of their genuine nature and probability; more especially in the succession of distressing circumstances under which they are supposed to have been written. Neither do they possess a fitting portion of that historical correctness and good keeping, which ought always to be preserved in a well drawn, harmonious, and poetical picture of other times.

The chief value, then, and indeed the only interesting portion of these volumes, will be found to consist in the historical notices contained in the preliminary dissertations, in the sketches of Queen Mary's life, and in the occasional extracts from the MSS. which have been attributed to her. We have, also, an amusing account of the Queen's arch enemy, the reformer Knox; together with some curious antiquarian matter, and local descriptions, relative to early English and Scottish history. From the notes and illustrations, however, as well as from the work itself, we perceive an evident and decided bias throughout in favor of the heroine, to the material detriment of historic fact.

Art. 13. *The Errors of Ecstasie:* a Dramatic Poem. With other Pieces. By George Darley. 8vo. pp. 72. Whittakers. 1822.

We do not remember to have read a poem which, in its substance, more completely fulfilled the promise of the title than in the instance before us: for this effusion may almost be pronounced the echo of a *reverberation*, and the shadow of a shade, — so airy and unsubstantial is its nature. We at last begin to comprehend what is meant by poetic fits and ecstasies, — and the reason of that antique custom of christening the offspring of the poet's brain by the name of *fit*, as *fit the first* and *fit the second:* dividing them according as the quires or half-quires of manuscript were dispatched. There are many errors extant, and very popular errors, but none (we conceive) that equal the marvellous and absurd errors manifested in 'the Errors of Ecstasie;' which verify the observation of our immortal dramatist, at least in this instance:

> "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of imagination all compact."

As the same great master-moralist teaches us, however, "there is still some soul of goodness in things evil," if we have penetration to find it out, so will this grand truth not fail on the present occasion. In the outpourings of a poetic spirit, of whatever slender dimensions, and however excentric and mistaken, we observe occasional bursts of true poetry and passion; and amid these 'Errors' we discern glimmerings of sense, and lucid intervals, which prove the existence of reason and "fine touches of spirit." Yet, in the opinion of wicked wits, such exceptions only prove the general rule of dulness which *composes* the chief part of the productions of our *Surfaces* and *Shallows* of the present day. — This is the converse of the proposition of Homer's nodding: — the dullest man must have his joke; and really we cannot persuade ourselves to be serious over poetry that does not seem written to be understood.

Art. 14. *Random Rhymes from Paris:* with other Poems. By Dennis Travers. 8vo. pp. 64. Allman. 1822.

These Random Rhymes are in the Beppo stanza, and present us with another dose of the nauseating imitations of the day. Why will those, who aspire after poetical distinction, thus circumscribe their powers within the narrow range of a school or sect, and stoop to the humble ambition of that which is, after all, little more than skilful mimickry or happy affectation?—The stanzas, to which Mr. Travers has given this title, do not, as he unnecessarily tells us, affect method or arrangement. He might have added that they are indefinite and almost unintelligible as to their object. We can perceive, however, that the writer, who certainly has considerable talents, visited Paris with feelings irritated or even envenomed by his politics. In saying this, we do not quarrel with his political prepossessions, for he loves liberty and is a hater of oppression; nor are we admirers of the Bourbons, in whose measures we have often found much that is to be blamed and lamented: but we regret that this gentleman, while he was sojourning in that gay metropolis, viewed every thing through the dingy medium of his prejudices; that he could see nothing *en beau;* and that, amid scenes of varying delight and ceaseless festivity, the melancholy instincts of his muse attuned his harp only to the most sombre themes of past regret, or to the darkest forebodings of the future.

Yet we think as he does of the congress of Laybach, and the Holy Alliance; and, while we admire one or two of the stanzas in which he reprobates those royal conspiracies, we repeat our regret that the palpable marks of imitation, with which his poetry abounds, and to which we have already alluded, are considerable drawbacks from the pleasure which we should otherwise have derived from them.

We cannot refuse to extract some of Mr. T.'s pathetic stanzas on an unfortunate votary of Thalia, who was once the pride and ornament of the English stage. It is a sad story, and the following lines will find an echo in every feeling bosom:

> 'I could not close this desultory lay,
> Nor speak of Violante! she was not
> Sunk into disrepute, yet stole away
> From the world's honours — lost, but unforgot.
> 'Tis sweet her sad and simple tale to tell,
> While the full bosom at her mention warms;
> And thoughts, like magic, on the memory swell,
> As fancy calls her back, drest in her thousand charms.
>
> 'She died in a strange land — heartbroken died —
> Left in her *worse* than widowhood — the tie
> Of twenty summers snapt for a young bride —
> Younger than her young daughter! None was nigh
> To smooth the desolate couch, whereon she lay
> Withering; but — like the tempest-stricken leaf,
> That waits not Nature's summons to decay —
> She shrank before the fury of her grief.
>
> 'I stood beside her grave; *her* grave — whose tone
> Was melody to millions — and I wept;
> Remembering that even *that* was not her own,
> But there — by casual charity — she slept!
> For she died destitute, nor left withal
> To buy the rites of sepulture; yes, she —
> Whose life was one rich bounty — lacked a pall,
> While HE, that should have mourned — kept bridal revelry.
>
> 'Poor Violante! there she lies at last
> With all the Perditas: but one strange hand,
> To twine a coronal for all the past,
> And one chance pilgrim at her stone to stand!
> His conscience be his curse, who left her so —
> I name him not — his name would stain my page:
> Swept down oblivion's gulf I let him go,
> Mixt with the meaner base who scandalize the age.'

Of the miscellaneous poems, some evince considerable power.

Art. 15. *Napoleon, and other Poems.* By Samuel Gower, Esq. 8vo. pp. 156. Olliers. 1821.

From a note to an unfinished sonnet, (p. 140.) it appears that this author has been in various ways suffering under the effects of severe study; and it would therefore be both cruel and unjust to pass a sentence on his talents and judgment, founded on the merits of compositions produced under such circumstances. We cannot, however, forbear to remark that it would have been the office of a kind friend to dissuade Mr. Gower from publishing these very singular effusions of his muse; which, whatever glimmerings of poetical power they may occasionally display, can never interest the public, and still less add to the writer's reputation for discretion. The style of these poems is so extraordinary, as to defy all rules of criticism; and we must therefore content ourselves with giving, as a specimen of the writer's ability, a sonnet which has very little of the rambling and fantastic character that pervades the rest of the volume.

‘ PARTING.

‘ One who hath but too dearly lov'd thee, Jane —
But whom the fates forbid thee hence to know,
Thus bids a long farewell to thee; and though
A breaking heart would prompt him to complain,
Quells its dark tide to pour a parting strain,
Unmingled with the dissonance of woe,
Whose melody with time shall onward flow,
Nor bear thy praise to future worlds in vain;
And these proud tear-drops, shed like wintry rain,
Shall water such a noble ever-green,
Rais'd to thy memory near the muses' fane,
As through immortal ages shall be seen,
Blazoning my much-lov'd English Laura's claim
To glorious — full — imperishable fame.'

At the end of the volume is a list of works *preparing for the press* by this author, amounting to *nineteen* in number, and consisting of lucubrations dramatic, poetic, political, medical, religious, &c.!

Art. 16. *Angelica*; or, the Rape of Proteus, a Poem. By Edward Hovel Thurlow, Lord Thurlow. 12mo. pp. 57. Booth. 1822.

Peers have no privilege in the courts of Pindus, and we therefore offer no apology for the few remarks which we find ourselves disposed to make on this wild offspring of Lord Thurlow's brain. His Lordship is not, however, one of the most timid of the poetical tribe; for he is not merely an imitator of Shakspeare, but avowedly without fear or compunction he professes to finish what Shakspeare left imperfect. This poem is *carried on*, he tells us, from the Tempest of the immortal bard: *only* the name of Miranda (we presume not to ask *why*) is changed to Angelica. With this lady, Proteus is introduced as violently in love; and, to make matters still worse, Cælatis, a sea-maid, is enamoured of Ferdinand: who, when the poem opens, is returning from Naples, having obtained the consent of the States to marry Angelica.

It is perilous for the critic to approach a poet of a daring so infinitely beyond all recent emprize.

" *Ut mala quem scabies, ut morbus regius urget,*
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana;
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poëtam,
Qui sapiunt." (HOR. *de Ar. Poet.*)

Happily, we have no chance of getting too near him, for he soars a flight into which it would be madness to think of following him; and we shall attempt only to pick up a few of the beauties with which his poem is so thickly studded.

In the first place, Proteus is the most profuse and generous of lovers. Having offered Angelica (in his soliloquy) a garland consisting of we cannot say how many flowers, pinks, roses, lilies, violets, asphodels, crocuses, the ivy, the jasmine, and the myrtle, he takes it for granted that these will not move her, and ransacks the jeweller's shop to gain his purpose:

' The glossy pearl, for which the Æthiop dives,
Or the green emerald, or the turkis blue,
Which is Aurora's love, or amethysts
Whose colour is the light of Hebe's robe,
Or purple sapphire, or the opal keen,
Fire-flashing like the day, or king of all,
The brilliant diamond, rival of the sun.'

Proteus, it seems from his own confession, is " a gay deceiver," and several nymphs have loved him, and — fie! Proteus, —

——— 'yielded their pure virgin-patents up
To my divine enforcement — with free will.'

We had hoped that these fair *patentees* would have made a more decent resistance.

Up rises the mermaid, (Cælatis,) singing, from a place 'twenty thousand fathom down,' and tells him that 'his watery calves' had broken loose, and trespassed on Amphitrite's meads; who, being exceedingly angry, had gone immediately to lodge her complaint with Neptune. Proteus lays the whole blame on Caliban; for it seems that this monster had left Prospero, and gone again to service with master Proteus, who swears that he will

' Penn the monster to a rock
And let him howl nine moons *into* the deep,
Or bid the Tritons whip him till his roar
Outgoes the *copulating* whale.'

The sea-nymph then makes a bargain with Proteus. She is to have Ferdinand " all to herself," and by these means Proteus gets rid of a rival. This is to be effected by wrecking his ship, and then poor Ferdinand becomes the property of this unconscionable sea-nymph. As for Proteus, who is suffering very severely from the love of Angelica, his wound is to be cured by a simple process:

' Love must cure the wound he *made*,
By rape of this hard-hearted *maid*.'

As the ship is sinking, Proteus attempts to violate Angelica, who calls out from the shore,

'Help, Ferdinand, help! the sea-god will compel me!'

This disturbance calls up old Neptune, who shakes his trident at Proteus, and orders his Tritons to take him into custody, and 'bind him in secular chains;' and Amphitrite, who makes her appearance at the same time, commands her nymphs to do the same with Cælatis. Every thing concludes happily:

'Proteus now is made to groan
Underneath his em'rald throne;
And by his queen is Ferd'nand sped
To thy (Prospero's) daughter's holy bed,
Where Hymen stands:' ———

— but we must go no farther, and must drop the curtain.

TRAVELS.

Art. 17. *The Narrative of a Journey, undertaken in the Years* 1819, 1820, and 1821, through France, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, Parts of Germany bordering on the Rhine, Holland, and the Netherlands; comprising Incidents that occurred to the Author, who has long suffered under a total Deprivation of Sight; with various Points of Information collected on his Tour. By James Holman, R. N. and K. W. 8vo. pp. 356. 13*s*. Boards. Rivingtons. 1822.

We understand that Mr. Holman is a lieutenant in the navy, but has unfortunately been cut off from the farther pursuit of his profession by the total deprivation of sight. In these circumstances, for the amusement of his mind and the benefit of his health, he determined on undertaking a tour on the Continent; and despising not only the idea of helplessness which seizes most people who have become blind, but the similar feeling which might spring from his almost total ignorance of the French language, he determined on setting forth *alone*. His natural good spirits and disposition to be pleased, united with the habit of resource which naval men acquire, enabled him to accomplish with gratification and facility a design which most men would have feared to cherish, and still more have failed to effect: but it was absolutely impossible that, under these circumstances, he could write a book which should convey much new information to readers of continental travels, in descriptions of either places or persons. Mr. Holman, however, has really done more in both respects than we could have anticipated; and his easy and pleasant style of recording his adventures will make his book agreeable, while the extraordinary nature of the case must render it a matter of curiosity.

We shall quote a few samples of the author's mode of writing.

'Toulouse, in point of extent, is considered the third town in France, but, in proportion to that extent, far less populous than many other of its cities: it possesses some good public buildings, as well as modern private houses, but the general appearance is very antiquated; the streets are narrow and dirty, and what is a great annoyance in walking along them, when it rains you are almost sure to be spouted upon from the tops of the houses, in consequence of pipes sticking out to throw the water towards the middle of the streets.

'There are in this city some good squares, particularly the Place Royale, in which are situated the town-house and theatre; the Place St. George; the Place St. Stephen, containing the cathedral; and also the Place de Bourbon, which is the more eligible point for the residence of a stranger.

'Some of the walks around the town are very fine, but the access to them unpleasant, in consequence of the offensive smells proceeding from the narrow streets in their vicinity; this is particularly the case as you approach the fine bridge over the Garonne.

'Lodgings, such as they are, are reasonable, and the necessaries of life, of all kinds, abundant, good, and cheap. The town is supplied with water from the river; this indispensable article being carted about in casks through the streets at all hours. The stranger will also notice a number of asses, which are driven about the town, to supply invalids with their milk.

'I declined participating much in the society of the place, but both the French and English residents are sociably inclined. It is not, however, the fashion among the former to make morning-visits, and give dinner-parties, but their houses are open for their friends every evening, and on appointed nights they visit in large parties, and amuse themselves with conversation, singing, cards, or dancing.

'A theatre was open during a part of the winter, and we had two or three public concerts, as well as a variety of private ones by amateur-performers, particularly during the season of the Carnival, which finished on the 14th of February, and exhibited all its usual variety of masks, grotesque characters, and buffoonery; these concerts were only given on the Sunday afternoon, immediately after leaving church.

'There are a few customs, and points of etiquette, which it may be interesting to notice.

'When a stranger arrives at Toulouse, and wishes to enter into society, he leaves his card with the prefect, who, after returning his call, sends him invitations to the public parties, which he gives once or twice in the week, when he has the opportunity of seeing the best company of the place.

'On new-year's day, it is the custom (although I believe the same is common to most parts of the Continent) to call on all friends, and present the ladies with fruits, toys, trinkets, or bonbons, under some ingenious deceptions, and which it is generally expected will be accompanied by a salute; therefore, if you have an extensive acquaintance, it is indispensable to set out, loaded with smiles, compliments, and presents.

'I scarcely feel competent to speak of the various ceremonies of the Gallican church here, but when an Englishman dies, it is customary to send the following notice to the various residents from his country, requesting their attendance at the funeral:

' "M——

' " *Vous êtes prié par M—— et M—— de leur faire l'honneur d'assister à l'inhumation de M——, qui aura lieu le —— à —— heure du——. Le convoi sortira de sa maison d'habitation.*

' " *Pax illi* " '

Genoa is thus described:

' The narrowness of the streets prevented our coach from setting me down at the hotel to which I had been recommended; this is not, however, to be regarded as any evidence of its want of respectability, for the same objection lies against almost every other hotel in Genoa: for there are but three streets in the whole city, which will admit of carriages passing each other, and which are, the Strada balba, the Strada nuova, and the Strada novissima, consisting entirely of ranges of palaces.—

' In the morning, after calling at the post-office and at the British consul's to ascertain the state of the Neapolitan war, I proceeded to explore the town; the weather was, however, wet, cold, and uncomfortable, and I was sensible of a very different climate from that of Nice; indeed, I was informed that, during some of our finest days at the latter place, it rained and snowed at Genoa.

' The succeeding day was the last of the Carnival, and a great number of people were parading the streets masked, and in all the fantastic garb of the season; the business, however, appeared to be kept up with more spirit than at Toulouse on the preceding winter. In the course of the evening a friend and myself addressed a female mask, who said she was cook in a gentleman's family, and that she must hasten home to wash the dishes; on parting, we induced her to shake hands with us; and if I am a judge of the affair, I pronounce that *her* hand had never been in dish-water, for a prettier formed, or more delicate one, I never touched in my life. In the evening, the festival concluded with masked balls at the theatres, and other amusements.

' On the following day (Wednesday), the weather was still unfavourable. Several gentlemen, to whom I had forwarded letters from their friends at Nice, called upon me, two of whom conducted me to various parts of the city, and described its beauties. It is surrounded by two walls; an inner one, taking in a circumference of six or seven miles, and an outer one, making a boundary of not less than thirteen miles, and enclosing various rising grounds which command the city: there are two fine bridges over small rivers, one in the eastern, the other in the western part of the town.

' Independent of the three streets which I have already named, Genoa consists of little better than lanes, so numerous and intricate, that a stranger is constantly losing his way; and even those who have been some time resident are not unfrequently at a loss. The cathedral, churches, Doge's palace, and various other public as well as private buildings, are very fine, and well worth the attention of the traveller.

'There is an Italian proverb relative to Genoa, which says, that it has "sea without fish; land without trees; and men without faith." The first of these accusations I am satisfied is without foundation; for I was given to understand that fish, as well as all other provisions, were plentiful, and even cheaper than at Nice. The wine of the country is not considered good, but plenty of excellent Italian and French wines may be purchased at a reasonable rate: the best and cheapest way of procuring them is to go on board some vessel in the port, taste the different qualities, and select what pleases the palate; any quantity may then be ordered, but it is necessary to be provided with a porter or two to carry it away immediately, and to take care not to lose sight of it, until it reaches home in safety, or it will run great risk of being changed.'

Mr. Holman's spirit of enterprize induced him even to ascend the perilous heights of Vesuvius; and indeed, on all occasions, to use a common phrase, he appears "*up to any thing.*" His readers, we are sure, will admire his spirit and good humour, and be thus doubly induced to sympathize with him in his irretrievable misfortune: which, however, though we may justly so term it, he seems almost to overcome and "set at nought."

EDUCATION.

Art. 18. *Observations sur l'Etude*, &c.; *i.e.* Observations on the Study of the French Language, &c. By J. Maurois, Professor of that Tongue. 12mo. 6*d.* Nunn.

These eleven pages of observations on the study of French are chiefly employed in refuting those teachers, who profess to have discovered "a royal road" to learning it, and to infuse in six weeks or three months the *memorabilia* of the language of France.

In fact, although some persons have a livelier recollection or a more active industry than others, yet a given number of repetitions must intervene before the sound and the sense of a new word can be associated in the human intellect. Different people may require a more or a less persevering practice: but in every generation of men the proportions of such persons will probably be alike. It is only, therefore, by holding out ready scholars as specimens of the average rate of acquirement, that the semblance of increased facility can be exhibited; and there is rather a quackery to be mistrusted than a skill to be admired, in those who undertake to teach in a *quarter* the acquisition of a *half*-year.

M. Maurois enlivens his argument with some philological illustrations, which may amuse the reader.

HISTORY.

Art. 19. *The History and Antiquities of the Town of Ludlow, and its ancient Castle;* with Lives of the Lord Presidents, and descriptive and historical Accounts of Gentlemen's Seats, Villages, &c., in the Neighbourhood; with other Particulars interesting to Strangers and Residents. 12mo. pp. 252. 4*s.* Boards. Procter and Co., Ludlow; Longman and Co., London. 1822.

The antient celebrity of Ludlow, the fine remains of its castle, and the present beauty of its scenery, may well intitle it to a brief manual of its history, for the double purpose of gratifying residents and serving as a *guide* to strangers. We are told in the preface to the volume before us that, in compiling it, reference has been made in the historical part to the best authorities, the old Chronicles, &c., and that the descriptive part is formed from actual surveys, compared with preceding accounts. Public buildings and charitable institutions are also described, and the principal seats of neighbouring noblemen and gentlemen. The biography of eminent persons, connected with Ludlow, is likewise introduced; and we observe that, among other modern works, the compiler has had recourse to Mr. Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, Miss Aikin's Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth, and the Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain. A view of Ludlow forms a frontispiece; and vignettes of the Market House and Cross, one of the Castle Gates, the entrance of the Chapel, the Church, Whitton Court, and the Broad Gate, are added. A list is moreover subjoined of plants found in the neighbourhood, especially such as are rare, and the native grasses of the district.

Mr. Knight's celebrated seat called Downton Castle is thus described:

'Five miles north-west from Ludlow is Downton Castle, the property of R. P. Knight, Esq.: it was erected by its present possessor between 40 and 50 years ago. It is an edifice of peculiar and externally irregular form: but internally every part is very conveniently arranged, without waste of space, its towers being, as good taste and reason point out that such parts should be, large enough for human habitation. It stands upon a terrace on the north side of the river Teme, and is elevated about 100 feet above that river, towards which the ground gradually falls. Upon the opposite side of the river rise the Brindgwood hills, having their bases clothed with extensive groves of large timber, intermixed with pasture-grounds. Towards the east, the Titterstone Clee Hill rises very magnificently over woods, making the scene from the terrace one of the most grand and beautiful in the island.

'The walks of Downton, which are well known, and much visited by travellers, extend to the west, following the course of the river which here occupies a deep ravine, that it appears to have worn during the lapse of ages. Upon the sides of this ravine, the rocks have in places, where the texture has been firm, remained perpendicular over the stream; in other parts they have given way and fallen into the course of the river, and been carried away by its impetuosity. The ground consequently rises from each side of the river, in very various and irregular forms; and it is every where clothed with timber; and the river, having a considerable descent and being confined within a narrow course, ripples over a succession of low falls. Much picturesque scenery is consequently presented, which varies as it is beheld from every successive point.

'The walks, which have been made at different elevations along the sides of the ravine, have been conducted with much taste and art, though these will scarcely be seen by the careless observer; for the natural character of the place has been as much preserved as possible, and the direction of the walks appears at first view to have been regulated by a regard to convenience only.'

Some attention and research appear to have been exerted in forming this publication, and it is calculated to fulfill the purposes for which it has been compiled.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 20. *Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse.* By M. Smith, Daughter of Alexander Aikman, Esq., of Kingston, Jamaica. Dedicated to her Husband and Children. 8vo. pp. 310. 12*s*. Boards. Triphook. 1822.

We have seen many extraordinary productions in our time, but honestly we think that the present volume, considering its pretensions in size and appearance, and its actual declarations of the hope of praise, exceeds every thing that has hitherto met our eyes. It is, however, the production of a female, and one who seems to mean well, and feel well, if she does not write well; and therefore we shall suspend all critical functions in speaking of it, or rather let it speak only for itself, by presenting our readers with a few specimens both of the prose and the poetry.

Extract from the close of the Preface.

' Should those who are styled critics and reviewers withhold that praise I may think my due, (and which, in justice to both myself and them, I seriously hope they will not,) in that case they would not be what they profess and style themselves to be, namely, the guardians of the public taste and morals, —*for where a thing is really good, it only argues a depravity of taste to censure it;* and appears as if it were done out of wantonness, and meant to stab at the *vital seat of pleasure.* For we *would* not have been created so dependent on each other, or the most of us so alive to praise, were it not necessary to our happiness,' &c.

' *To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.*

' Having been your constant reader, and in the time of the former proprietors of the Monthly Visitor sometimes a favored *correspondent to their Parnassian garland,*' &c.

' *Lines on a Young Person indecently dressed.*

' Modesty sickens at the scene,
And flies indignant at her mien.'

From ' *Lines by a Gentleman to a Lady.*

' Can I hope for pleasure in those arms,
Which would not I were there;
Or expect to obtain those beauteous charms
Which not for me 'd be fair?'

From ' *The Miser.*'

' Here Avăro sits and views again
The num'rous bags which still remain;—

No eye shall weep his bounties flown;
No hand shall raise th' recording stone;—
Let Avăro's case make thee take care,
And of the love of gold beware.'

' *To Gray.*

' Oh! could I e'en in numbers bold
The glories of thy page unfold!
Blest should I be, beyond the *power*
Of present ills, or future *hours.*'

From ' *Elegiac Lines.*

' Come, *every muse,* and weep with me
  The death of him whom thousands *mourn!*
Oft did he bend the willing knee,
  A votary at each shrine by *turns;*
Afric's sons shall bless his honor'd name,
And teach the infant tongue to lisp his fame.'

From ' *Lines in Brading Church-yard.*

' Here too " the weary are at rest,
  The wicked *cease* to *tease,*"
And here the mourning grief-worn soul
  Finds comfort, *peace,* and *ease.*'

' *To the Memory of One I loved.*

' In humble life she shone *adorn'd,*
With every grace, her mind *inform'd;*
With " virtue pure," with genius, sense, and taste,
Her form was lovely, and her bosom chaste:
" To that bourne from whence no traveller *returns*"
She's flown, and left me thus sad, her loss to *mourn.*'

' *Impromptu, on descending a Hill.*

' Give me the level path of life,
  Yet neither high nor *low:*
Long free from care, from pain and strife,
  While I am here *below.*'

' *Epigram on Man.*

' Full of whim, caprice, and hard to please,
Yet twisted, turn'd, and oft with ease,
(Give them what they wish, and seem to bend,)
You'll find this man, in which these whimsies blend.'

' *On throwing away a Piece of Furze-blossom.*

' Shall I, now your sweets are flown,
  Say, shall I throw you *from me?*
Ah, no! 'tis like the world, I feel,
  When they no longer *want me.*'

'*On a Kiss.*

'Pleasing pressure! when my *heart*
Almost thro' my lips *departs;*
Yet I feel, when them you *press,*
That they not half my soul *express.*'

We are aware that our readers will deem these specimens more than sufficient: but could less be received as fair samples of a volume of 310 pages? and these, we assure them, have been selected fortuitously from the beginning to the end of it. A few pieces occur, such as the *Ode to Genius,* which are less marked by these extraordinary features; and which seem to shew that, *under tutorage and correction,* the author might be more successful: but the extracts which we have given convey a fair idea of the general characteristics of the volume.

Art. 21. *Hints on Missions.* By James Douglas, Esq. 12mo. pp. 118. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1822.

Mr. Douglas is one of those *umbratiles doctores,* who, in the retirements of their libraries, are framing plans for effecting the most stupendous revolution that can take place in human affairs, among a population of above sixty millions of people; who are divided from us by a distance of more than half of the habitable globe, but still more separated from us by habit, usage, institution, and all that constitutes the distinctive character of a nation. To these speculative gentlemen, no difficulties appear to impede the execution of their projects. They have also the advantage of having no practical or local knowlege of the people who are to be converted to Christianity; and, therefore, they exclude from their contemplation the almost insuperable obstacles which the institution of castes, and the moral habitudes that have grown out of that institution, have hitherto interposed, and must long continue to interpose, against this desirable object. We cannot wonder, then, that the mighty task, which has in fact yet made no real progress, seems already done to their hands. Determined to model their reasonings by their wishes, they consider every scruple or doubt, expressed by those who are unable to keep pace with their hasty and overheated calculations, as proceeding from feelings of hostility, or at least of indifference, to the cause.

We are zealous for the diffusion of the Christian religion: but our zeal is chastened by reflections which history, experience, and the nature of the object to be attained, alike force on our understanding. It is a fact that may be unpalatable to those who are sanguinely looking for the conversion of Hindostan, but it ought not to be dissembled, that up to this day Christianity has made little or no real progress among that people. Thirty years have passed since the Missionaries commenced their labors, and it may be confidently asserted that more than 300 converts have not been made in this long space of time; among whom it may be doubted whether any Bramin or Rajahpoot can be named. The few converts hitherto gained by the Missionaries have been chiefly of the Pariahs, or Chandâlahs; a class of men who, strictly speaking, do not be-

No eye shall weep his bounties flown;
No hand shall raise th' recording stone;—
Let Avăro's case make thee take care,
And of the love of gold beware.'

‘ *To Gray.*

‘ Oh! could I e'en in numbers bold
The glories of thy page unfold!
Blest should I be, beyond the *power*
Of present ills, or future *hours.*'

From ‘ *Elegiac Lines.*

‘ Come, *every muse,* and weep with me
  The death of him whom thousands *mourn!*
Oft did he bend the willing knee,
  A votary at each shrine by *turns;*
Afric's sons shall bless his honor'd name,
And teach the infant tongue to lisp his fame.'

From ‘ *Lines in Brading Church-yard.*

‘ Here too " the weary are at rest,
  The wicked *cease* to *tease,*"
And here the mourning grief-worn soul
  Finds comfort, *peace,* and *ease.*'

‘ *To the Memory of One I loved.*

‘ In humble life she shone *adorn'd,*
With every grace, her mind *inform'd;*
With " virtue pure," with genius, sense, and taste,
Her form was lovely, and her bosom chaste:
" To that bourne from whence no traveller *returns*"
She's flown, and left me thus sad, her loss to *mourn.*'

‘ *Impromptu, on descending a Hill.*

‘ Give me the level path of life,
  Yet neither high nor *low:*
Long free from care, from pain and strife,
  While I am here *below.*'

‘ *Epigram on Man.*

‘ Full of whim, caprice, and hard to please,
Yet twisted, turn'd, and oft with ease,
(Give them what they wish, and seem to bend,)
You'll find this man, in which these whimsies blend.'

‘ *On throwing away a Piece of Furze-blossom.*

‘ Shall I, now your sweets are flown,
  Say, shall I throw you *from me?*
Ah, no! 'tis like the world, I feel,
  When they no longer *want me.*'

'*On a Kiss.*

'Pleasing pressure! when my *heart*
Almost thro' my lips *departs*;
Yet I feel, when them you *press*,
That they not half my soul *express*.'

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We may probably have an opportunity, at no distant time, of considering this momentous subject more fully: but at present we can only do homage to the purity of the intentions which seem to have influenced the author of this little tract, who has schemes of proselytism for every country of the globe. It is impossible to suppress a smile at the plan which he recommends for the trial of the experiment in Persia. The Soofies form an inconsiderable schism in the Persian religion; and, as far as they are known, their doctrines are wildly mystical and absurd. Mr. D. observes:

'Christian writings which have a tinge of mysticism might be introduced among the Soofies to much advantage; Fenelon, Thomas à Kempis, Henry More, and Jacob Boehmen, have many ecstatic passages, which the Soofies would allow were excellent sense, whilst our more standard works of divinity would be calmly despised by them, as shewing little acquaintance with the secrets of the Divine life. The sagacity is wonderful with which they discover and hail any approaches to their own opinions in the writings of foreigners; *and, along with the mysticism of many pious Christians, the truths of Christianity might find an entrance.*' (P. 87.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor has received the communication on a subject of Greek criticism, and will transmit it to its proper destination: but he apprehends that it will not be consistent with the duties and plan of the M. R. to take a specific notice of the controversy.

The recent numerous and fatal accidents, which have occurred from Oxalic Acid having been taken instead of Epsom Salts, have induced some benevolent person to distribute the statement of an easy test by which the two substances may be distinguished, and to send us a copy of it, with the request that we would occasionally promulgate it in our pages. Such a proceeding is quite foreign from our proper course, but, for once, in the hope of being instrumental to a good purpose, we insert the paper.

" *How to distinguish* OXALIC ACID (which is a *poison*) *from* EPSOM SALT.

" There is a very simple way of satisfying one's self that the *dose about to be taken* is not *Oxalic Acid.*

" Taste one drop of it, or else a particle of the suspected crystals, and if it be *Oxalic Acid*, it will be found *extremely sour*, like most other acids. The taste of Epsom Salt is quite different."

We will add that, in our opinion, all respectable and conscientious druggists should wholly decline the sale of Oxalic Acid, and banish it from their shops.

*** The Appendix to our last Volume was published with the *Review* for September, on the 1st of October.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For NOVEMBER, 1822.

Art. I. *Travels in Palestine,* through the Countries of Bashan and Gilead, East of the River Jordan; including a Visit to the Cities of Geraza and Gamala, in the Decapolis. By J. S. Buckingham, Member of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta; and of the Literary Societies of Madras and Bombay. 4to. pp. 576. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1821.

A traveller who has scarcely ever been at rest from the early age of ten years to that of thirty-five, but has been wandering by sea or land over parts of the habitable globe most distant from each other, must be in some respects a remarkable personage. Though his disadvantages are not inconsiderable, on the one side, from the necessary want of systematic education which is implied by such an employment of his boyish years, they are materially counterbalanced by the acquisition of habits suitable to such a career, at a much earlier period than they could otherwise have been attained. To have been a citizen of the world by the natural course of things, with nothing to unlearn in assuming such a character, is no small point gained for one who devotes his life to the study of men and manners in strange and semi-barbarous countries; and, to compensate for a want of regularity in preparatory studies, there is a certain sharpening of the faculties, as they rapidly develope themselves in such a situation as we have described, which will render them more ready to play their part under great diversities of circumstances than any discipline that could have been imposed on them. In looking, however, to cases such as these, we must always presume the existence of a certain staple and good material in the mind itself; for without it education can do little, and travelling without education will be worse than nothing.

We have been led into these remarks by the singular but very hasty sketch which Mr. Buckingham has given of *his travelling* life, in the introduction to this work on Palestine. He has run through that country with the rapidity of the old-fashioned road-books, which never recommended either prospect or palace to the notice of the inquisitive traveller, or pointed out to the weary wanderer an inn at which "he might take his ease." Where this author was born, or from what parents, we know not: the first information that we receive of him being that at nine years of age he went to sea, and at ten was taken a prisoner of war, (in 1796,) and carried into Corunna; having been *set afloat* thus early, to gratify an almost innate passion for visiting distant countries. This desire seems never to have wanted fuel to support it: for the gratification of it, instead of exhausting the flame, constantly added to its strength. A journey through the finest parts of Spain and Portugal, and a series of voyages to America, the Bahama islands, and the West Indies, were a sort of prelude to his excursions in countries where more was to be gleaned by the curious traveller. Having been hurried with him up the Mediterranean with the rapidity of lightning, we ascend the Nile at similar speed, and pass the Nubian frontier to view some of its stupendous remains of antiquity. Sufferings from robbery, perils by sea, and disappointments in the Quixotic attempt of teaching mechanics to the Turks, (or at least of being allowed to apply such powers for them,) filled up the author's time till he arrived at Mecca in his way to India. On a subsequent return thence to Egypt, he was much occupied in surveying the Red Sea; and, on his arrival at Cairo, he entered into an engagement to return again to India as diplomatic agent for a commercial treaty. From this period, the travels contained in the body of this volume commenced; and, as it will be wholly impossible for us to follow the author through the whole course of them, it may not be amiss to quote his own general outline of the journey, lest our silence on very many parts of it might lead our readers to under-calculate its extent.

> 'In the course of this journey, I saw the greater part of Palestine, and the country beyond the Jordan; traversed the eastern parts of Moab, Bashan Gilead, and the Auranites; crossed Phœnicia and the higher parts of Syria, in various directions from Baalbek by the snowy and cedar-crowned summits of Lebanon to the sea-coast, and from Antioch, by the ever-verdant banks of the Orontes, to Aleppo. I journeyed through Mesopotamia, by Ur of the Chaldees, to Nineveh and Babylon; and visited the great living cities of Diarbekr, Mosul, and Baghdad in the way. I went from Ctesiphon and Seleucia by Dastagherd on the plains, and the pass of Zagras, through the mountains into Persia; and visited Ecbatana, Persepolis, and Shapoor, among the ancient, with Kermanshah, Hamadan, Isfahaun, and Shiraz, among the modern cities of Iran. This journey of twelve long months was protracted by dangers and obstacles, which no one had foreseen, and rendered tedious by repeated illness, arising from sufferings and privations in the way. My recovery from these, I owed, in one instance, to the hospitable

attentions I received in the convent of Mar Elias, from the hands of the amiable Lady Hester Stanhope, a name that deserves to be immortalized, if talents and virtues of the highest order give claim to immortality; and, in another, to the friendly offices of Mr. and Mrs. Rich, in the bosom of whose family at Baghdad, I found all the consolations which benevolence and sympathy could bestow, and all the pleasures that learning, accomplishments, and refined taste could yield. When this long journey terminated at last, by returning me again to the society of my friends in India, it was the warm and incessant request of all who knew any thing of my labours that I would bring them before the public eye.'

Of that portion of Mr. Buckingham's life which preceded this journey, it is impossible for us to say how much was consumed in actual travelling; for, though we have named some of the countries that he visited, we have no clue to the several periods at which he performed such journies, or to the length of time which they required. His occasional meetings with the lamented Burckhardt at one or two points give some accidental hints of this nature, but not sufficient to guide us. We should have been glad to have our curiosity on this head gratified, from a regard to the extent of the author's studies, for they have been undoubtedly both extensive and laborious; and either his mental digestion has been very rapid, or he must have had very considerable intervals from his more active pursuits, of which the hurry and consequent confusion of his preface gives us no account.

The journal is written, with very little exception, in the style of plain unaffected narrative; and the author appears to have consulted such antient works, scriptural and profane, as have either professedly or incidentally treated of the Holy Land, or any particular part of it: thus comparing modern appearances with former descriptions, and attempting by the same authority to establish or confute the authenticity of sites of towns, and other scenes of action. He has also referred to the narratives of many of his modern predecessors in the same route; under which *genus* we mean to speak of the two classes—the *old* moderns, and the *new* moderns: among the former of whom Maundrell and Pococke, and among the latter Clarke and Chateaubriand, have been most in his hands, and their opinions consequently are occasionally discussed.

When we have stated that Mr. Buckingham appears to have had a competent knowlege of Arabic, as also much familiarity with oriental customs generally, and that on quitting Jerusalem he journeyed in the Arab dress in company with Mr. Bankes, (who is too well known as a traveller to require more than the mention of his name,) we may proceed to the material contents of the volume; without, we hope, being accused of having neglected to give a general character of it, or of having left our readers without some kind of introduction to the author.

On Christmas-day, 1815, Mr. Buckingham embarked at Alexandria for Palestine. In reviewing the coast of Egypt from many points of direction, for which much opportunity was afforded by baffling winds, the author considered its appearance as unfavorable to the idea of the Delta being the gift of the Nile; in which opinion he is supported by several modern travellers, with some of whom we have conversed on the subject; and he observes that, 'whatever changes may have taken place at the apex of the island,' (where most, we believe, who hold a contrary opinion have formed it,) 'by the alluvium of the river, its base being composed of sand-hills and salt-lakes extending many leagues in shore, betrays the strongest symptoms of its being entirely gained from the sea, and the river never having reached it to leave any of its deposit there.'— It was not till the 6th of January that Mr. B. landed at Soor, the antient Tyre; which is described as now situated at the extremity of a sandy peninsula, extending out to the north-west for about a mile from the line of the main coast, and much wider towards its outer point than near to its junction with the continent. The natural appearance of the place immediately corroborates the antient accounts of the island on which, at one period of history at least, the city stood; and, amid all its changes, the place has retained or recovered its oldest appellation of Soor or Tsoor, in which Sandys discovered the etymology of Syria, and which Calmet explains to signify *a rock*. — Mr. B. tells us that at the present time it contains about eight hundred substantial stone-built dwellings, mostly having courts, wells, and other conveniences attached to them; besides smaller habitations for the poor. Within the walls are one mosque, three Christian churches, a bath, and three bazars; and the inhabitants are stated to be from five to eight thousand. Now, although this account by no means affords a very splendid view of the modern state of a city still more remarkable in Holy Writ than in classic history, it conveys a much more favorable idea than that which we lately received from Mr. Jolliffe, the last traveller in Syria, of whose work we have twice spoken. That gentleman speaks of miserable cabins, built in irregular lines, undeservedly called *Streets*, together with a few better houses occupied by the public authorities, as composing all the town. — We can scarcely name a greater fault in travellers than vague and indefinite description: that object which is handsome in the eyes of one man is mean in those of another;

that which is dreary and comfortless, to a person accustomed with little interruption to European conveniences, will possibly be a welcome and no contemptible accommodation in the opinion of another, who has for a long time foregone such comforts; — and thus the reader is either left in a state of unsatisfied curiosity, or perhaps is misled from not knowing the personal character and history of the traveller whose work he reads. In this case, both writers may give a true relation of the impression which they received from the same object, and yet may differ widely. As Mr. Buckingham, however, in the present instance, is far more precise in his description than Mr. Jolliffe, he may seem to be the better authority: yet it should be added that both Maundrell and Bruce, when they respectively visited Tyre, gave a more unfavorable representation of the place than even that of Mr. Jolliffe.

It is generally allowed that considerable difficulty arises in determining whether the most antient Tyre, for it was a city which rose more than once, was built on the continent or on an island. In those splendid and poetical prophecies which we read in the Scriptures respecting its destined ruin *, many expressions support the latter belief; and yet in so figurative a strain are they written, that they may on the other hand be esteemed as only allegorical representations of the great naval power of the city. † If we look to classical authority, the testimony is not much more clear; and indeed it would be less so, but for the difference between writings historical and descriptive on the one hand, and poetical embellishment on the other. Herodotus leads us to infer that Tyre was on the continent: — Diodorus speaks of a double city, one on the continent, and the other on an island, existing at the same time, the former of which was most antient; — and Strabo mentions only insular Tyre. Nevertheless, these testimonies, sacred and profane, however they may appear to conflict, lead to a tolerably certain conclusion of the existence of two cities, divided by the small strait of the sea; and the question is thus resolved into a matter of simple chronology, as to the prior existence of the continental or the insular city: in which way many learned men have treated it.

It appears to us, agreeably to Whiston's opinion in his notes to Josephus, that the Palæ Tyrus, or oldest Tyre, as existing

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* Isa. xxxiii. 2. 6, 7. Jer. xlvii. Ezek. xxvi. xxvii. xxviii.

† Ezek. xxvii. 6. " The great wind hath broken thee in the middle of the sea :" on which Bp. Warburton justly observes, that " here the city is spoken of under the figure of a ship."

existing at the division of the promised land by Joshua about A. C. 1450, was seated on the continent: but, having granted this, instead of following the same writer in his subsequent views of the case, we would more willingly take Bishop Newton on Ezekiel, xxvi. for our guide in what follows*:

"It hath been questioned among learned men which of the Tyres was the subject of these prophecies, whether Old Tyre which was situated on the continent, or New Tyre, that was built on an island almost over against it. The truest and best answer I conceive to be, that the prophecies appertain to both, some expressions being applicable only to the former, and others only to the latter.† From these passages it appears, that the insular Tyre, and that on the continent, are both included in these prophecies, are both comprehended under the same name, and both spoken of as one and the same city, part built on a continent, part on an island adjoining. It is commonly said, indeed, that when Old Tyre was closely besieged by the Chaldeans, and was near falling into their hands, that the Tyrians then fled from thence, and built New Tyre in the island: but the learned Vitringa hath proved, that New Tyre was founded many ages before, was a station for ships, and considered part of Old Tyre."

If we place Herodotus at somewhat less than a century and a half from the capture of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar, we find no difficulty in supposing that the part of the city which had been the most antient, viz. that which stood on the continent, might have risen again to some degree of importance in his time as a sort of suburb to that which stood on the island; for it is clear that, when Alexander besieged this same town about another century later still, not only the insular Tyre was the great place, but there was a portion of the city, or another town, as persons may please to call it, divided from it by the strait, which he subsequently turned into the "*suppositumque rotis solidum mare.*" — If, however, the opinion of Bishop Newton be just, we see nothing in the passage in which Herodotus speaks of Tyre (Euterpe 44.) that would induce us to suppose that he alluded to the continent more than to an island. The stories which the priests told him of the antiquity of their temple were evidently most extravagant fictions, either of their own invention or partially believed by them from tradition. Now the antiquity of these sacred buildings is the only ground for the presumption that they stood on the main-land; and we know that there was a Tyre or a part of Tyre on the island when Isaiah wrote, (the first who prophesies directly respecting it,) and perhaps considerably before that time. At the very least, therefore, these buildings might have been three hundred years old, and in all probability were older by a few centuries, when Herodotus visited them, and yet were on the island; — and a few centuries will give great powers to the arithmetic of antiquarian multiplication, when the first principle of the science rests on tradition.

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* Cited also by D'Oyly and Mant.

† Compare Ezek. xxvii. 3. with ver. 4—25.; xxvi. 7. with Isa. xxiii. 2. 4. 6.; and Ezek. xxvi. 10. with ver. 12. and xxviii. 8.

We have been led a little out of our course by this subject, but will now return to the author, whom we join again at Acre; stopping only to cite a much pleasanter picture of domestic life than we often find in the descriptions of oriental travellers:

'We turned off to the village of El Mufshoor, near a fine aqueduct on our left, and found a hospitable shelter there, among a peasant's family, with whom we took up our lodging for the night.

'The village in which we were received consisted only of a few cottages, but these were in general large and well built of stone. The one beneath the roof of which we had taken shelter was at least forty feet square, and fifteen feet high. Besides its outer walls, there were two inner divisions of two arches each, uniformly and strongly constructed; and these, with the walls themselves, supported a flat roof of beams and brushwood laid over the whole, its upper part being terraced with lime or mortar. As these arcades went longitudinally through the building, there were formed three separate compartments in it, in the first of which, beginning from the left, where the door was, were stalled four oxen, some sheep, our two mules, and an ass; in the second, clean mats were spread among heaps of raw cotton for us; and into the third, or inner one, where were the hearth and fire, the family themselves retired, for our accommodation.

'I had occasion to observe, throughout the whole of our way from Soor thus far, that the history of the struggle between the French and English at Acre was familiar to every one, and that the latter were always spoken of with great respect, even where we passed ourselves as belonging to the other nation. Here, also, when the enquiries of the family were answered, and a short conversation had taken place on our histories, our voyages, &c. the best mattrass and quilted coverlet were produced, with two cushions for my repose; a divan and bed were instantly made, and a supper of rice, eggs, olives, and salad, prepared for us all by the mother, while the children assisted to contribute to our comfort by every possible means.

'The old man was nearly seventy years of age, and recapitulated all the circumstances of the siege of Acre with the minuteness of an eye-witness. His wife was about thirty, brown, but handsome, and laden with silver ornaments, particularly armlets, above the elbow, of a massive size and curious workmanship, and a band or fillet round her head, formed of, perhaps, a hundred large silver coins, overlapping each other like the scales of ancient armour.

'After supper, every one was occupied in breaking the shells of the cotton and extracting the wool; while those of our own party, consisting of our muleteer, an Arab soldier whom we overtook on his way to Jaffa, my old Tocat servant, and myself, all joined in the occupation; and while the family thus benefited by our labours, the whole company were amused by some droll tales of the muleteer. We continued thus to enjoy the cheerful happiness of a social and good humoured circle until ten o'clock, when we lay down with mutual blessings to repose.'

In its modern state, Acre is here represented as presenting a comparative appearance of prosperity to the eye of the visitor. It appears in the time of Sandys (about 1610) to have been in a most wretched condition, and in no way to have recovered its fall in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. — "In the towne," says that writer, "there are not above two or three hundred inhabitants, who dwell here and there in the patcht-up ruines, onely a new mosque they have, and a strong square cane (khan) built where once was the arsenal for gallies, in which the Franche merchants securely dispose of themselves, and their commodities." One curious custom also is mentioned in the same account, of the preservation of which we have no notice: — "Here wrestle they in oyled leather breeches close to their thighs: their bodies naked and anointed according to the ancient use, derived, as it should seem, by Virgil, from the Trojans." Maundrell's description as cited by Mr. Buckingham scarcely varies from that of Sandys, although nearly a century intervened between the two travellers; but a very considerable change for the better must have taken place in the last hundred years; and the same progress [illegible] since the French invasion of Egypt, and the successful resistance offered to their progress on this side by Sir Sidney Smith. — The walls, the public and many other buildings, the bazars, some gardens, and the caravanserais appear to be more than respectable. The remains of antiquity are not very considerable; the port is wretched, and affords scarcely any shelter; and as the new ruins are reputed [illegible] of the age of the Crusades, the [illegible] seems [illegible] to have disappeared, [illegible] the three Gothic arches, mentioned by [illegible], and called by English writers King Richard's palace, have been [illegible] as the [illegible] materials for improving the fortifications. [illegible] Hebrew [illegible] remaining [illegible] the vanity of those [illegible]

Of Nazareth, the survey taken by the present traveller was a very hasty one; and though the extent of it did not require much time, it seems to have deserved somewhat more than he bestowed on it. It is remarkable that different writers have varied in their account of the locality of this place: but this discrepancy may be reconciled by presuming some difference of site between a more antient town and the modern village. Late travellers describe it as situated in a vale or hollow. Cluverius says, "*Nazareth in montis* erat *vertice.*" Sandys tells us that "it is seated in a little vale between two hills;" and subsequently he adds, "most of the old city seemeth to have stood upon the hill, that adjoyneth, which beares the decays of divers other churches." Mr. B. describes it as 'rather on the side of a hill, nearer the base than the summit;' which corresponds with what Mr. Jolliffe says, that "it is scattered in irregular clusters towards the foot of a hill, which rises in a circular sweep so as almost to encircle it." — Mr. Buckingham was received at the Franciscan convent, a large and commodious building, with suitable accommodations for board as well as lodging. The six friars at that time stationary there were all Spaniards, mostly from the Balearic isles. 'They did not appear to be either learned or well informed; but they were, which is of more worth, frank, amiable, and obliging.'

In our review of the first edition of Mr. Jolliffe's "Letters from Palestine," (vol. xci. p. 337.) we mentioned the grotto beneath the church of the convent, which is shewn as the dwelling-place of Joseph and the Virgin Mary; and in which the friars point out the different purposes of each chamber, the spot where the annunciation took place, and many other particulars. It seems to us nearly as ridiculous to decide peremptorily that all these traditions are unfounded, as to believe that the chapel of Loretto took flight from this very spot, and was landed on the shores of the Adriatic. The antiquity of a story, — and this is a quality in which the former of these traditions is by no means deficient, — must have and ought to have very great weight in strengthening its credibility, when it relates nothing discordant with the course of nature, or even of probability. Dr. Clarke complains that "the surreptitious aid of architectural pillars, with all the garniture of a Roman Catholic church above, below, and on every side of it, have disguised its original simplicity." We can lament this in company with the learned traveller as a sad deviation from true taste, and a proof of very misguided judgment in those who first introduced such embellishments: but we join Mr. Buckingham in confessing that we do not see how these things lead to the conclusion, even connected as they are with the fable of the house of Loretto, that "a disbelief of the whole mummery seems best suited to the feelings of Protestants." The story of the Loretto chapel condemns itself as effectually as the flight of Dædalus: but this will surely not equally apply to the spots presumed to be ascertained by Helena, merely because we now hear the two circumstances related by the same person. There must of necessity be much folly in the pretended exactness with which we are shewn the precise place occupied by an angel eighteen hundred years ago, and more, that would fade away with the first testimony on which it rested, and cannot be supposed to have been accurately preserved when these sites first became the object of research. Yet the house and dwelling, whence such extraordinary events humanly took their rise, would surely be marked out by tradition; and if they were, it would be next to impossible that at any period the story should be changed, and a new spot arbitrarily be assigned in lieu of that which had been long acknowleged.

These observations we intend to apply to all similar cases which occur in travels through these interesting countries, unless when there is any degree of difficulty in reconciling a site, by means of its localities, with those descriptions of it in former times by which we must be guided. In such cases as this, we may have reason for distrust, and must examine the question by such lights as may be thrown on it from different quarters: but, when no such difficulty occurs, we receive these stories by no means with a blind unhesitating faith, simply admitting the strong probability of their truth.

From the small village of Deborah at the foot of Mount Tabor, presumed on good grounds to be the scene of Sisera's catastrophe in the tent of Jael, the travellers reached the summit by strong exertion in half an hour:

> 'Arriving at the top, we found ourselves on an oval plain, of about a quarter of a mile in its greatest length, covered with a bed of fertile soil on the west, and having at its eastern end a mass of ruins, seemingly the vestiges of churches, grottoes, strong walls, and fortifications, all decidedly of some antiquity, and a few appearing to be the works of a very remote age.
>
> 'First were pointed out to us three grottoes, two beside each other, and not far from two cisterns of excellent water; which grottoes are said to be remains of the three tabernacles proposed to be erected by St. Peter, at the moment of the transfiguration, when Jesus, Elias, and Moses, were seen talking together.
>
> 'In one of these grottoes, which they call more particularly "the Sanctuary," there is a square stone used as an altar; and on *the 6th* of August, in every year, the friars of the convent come from

from Nazareth with their banners and the host to say mass here, at which period they are accompanied by all the Catholics of the neighbourhood, who pass the night in festivity, and light large bonfires, by a succession of which they have nearly bared the southern side of the mountain of all the wood that once clothed it.

'Besides these grottoes, no particular history is assigned to any other of the remains, though among them there seem to have been many large religious buildings.'

We need say nothing of the remains of what 'was proposed to be erected;' and, had the tabernacles been raised, the material here specified, and the durability of the edifices, would have presented us with a tolerably bare-faced attempt at imposition: but it is not improbable that these arches may have been built in some age of Christianity as commemorative of the transfiguration having taken place on that mountain; which is more likely from the remains of religious edifices in the vicinity. It will be seen in the above citation that the summit of the mountain is described as having but a small area; 'about a quarter of a mile,' says Mr. Buckingham; or "a very few acres," writes Mr. Jolliffe. The discrepancy, therefore, does not lie between these two travellers, but between them and Dr. Clarke, who described it as "a plain of great extent, finely cultivated, and inhabited by numerous Arab tribes." The error seems very clearly on the side of Dr. C.: but it should be observed that he does not give this description from his own knowlege; which, leaving his work in this particular subject open to a charge of inaccuracy, acquits him of any intention to mislead. The ruins on the extremities of the area are doubtless the walls mentioned by Josephus in the time of Vespasian.—On the general view from the summit of this elevation, we must now leave our readers to form their ideas from other reports. The mount of the Beatitudes, or the spot where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, appeared from this same height to be about an hour's distance from Tabor, or not much more, in a north-easterly direction. This place is usually represented as not far from Capernaum, and is a little to the north of the lake of Tiberias, according to Dr. Wells; who, with others, presumes it also to be the place to which our Lord retired, and where he spent the night in prayer before the election of the twelve apostles. It should be mentioned, however, that Mr. Buckingham's observations were made by a compass, and noted on the spot; which we have no reason to believe to have been the case with those travellers from whom scriptural geographers have drawn their stores; and these have undoubtedly, therefore, a superior claim to be considered as accurate.

Cæsarea. — The small ruins that remain of a place, the former splendor of which is so amply proved by Josephus, are still called *Kissary* by the Arabs: but all is now, in the words of the present traveller, a scene of silent desolation. He has traced its history from its foundation by Herod before the commencement of our æra, but is not enabled to state the time or causes of its demolition, which has clearly not been simply the work of time. We know that, about three centuries since, there were as little remains, or nearly as little, as are to be found at the present time; and we may clearly infer that it outlived or at least saw the fall of the Greek empire, though probably it had itself much "fallen from its high estate" long before.

'The fragments of granite pillars, and other marks of splendour seen near the sea, are unquestionably remains of the ancient Cæsarea of Herod; but the fort itself, as it now stands, is as evidently a work of the Crusaders, who had one of their chief military stations here. The great city extended itself from the sea-shore to some distance inland; but its ruin is so complete, that the most diligent survey would scarcely be rewarded by the fixing with accuracy the site of any of the public buildings, or even the delineation of its precise form from the foundation of its walls.

'The plan of Cæsarea given by Pococke is a tolerably accurate outline of the portion of the coast on which its ruins stand, as well as of the fortress there; but the mounds in which he thought he could recognise the sites of the tower of the Drusus, Cæsar's temple, the colossal statues of Augustus and of Rome, the forum, and the theatre, are mere masses of indefinable form, and without a feature that could assist to distinguish the one from the other.

'At the present moment, the whole of the surrounding country is also a sandy desert towards the land; the waves wash the ruins of the moles, the towers, and the port, toward the sea; and not a creature resides within many miles of this silent desolation.'

From Cæsarea Mr. B.'s route lay by Jaffa (Joppa) and Ramlah to Jerusalem. No modern traveller has halted at the former of these places without some inquiries respecting the authenticity of the stories related of Bonaparte. Of the alleged murder of his own sick soldiers, no mention is here made: but of the massacre of the prisoners an account is given by Mr. B. in the following extract:

'The fact of Bonaparte's having murdered his prisoners here in cold blood had been doubted, from the mere circumstances of the consul having omitted to mention it, though he had not been once questioned as to the point. This, however, I was resolved to do; and in reply we were assured by this same consul's son, Damiani, himself an old man of sixty, and a spectator of all that passed here during the French invasion, that such massacre did really take *place*; and twenty mouths were opened at once to confirm the tale.

'It was related to us, that Bonaparte had issued a decree, ordering that no one should be permitted to pass freely without having a written protection bearing his signature; but publishing at the same time an assurance that this should be granted to all who would apply for it on a given day. The multitude confided n the promise, and were collected on the appointed day without he city, to the number of ten or twelve hundred persons, includng men, women, and children. They were then ordered on an eminence, and there arranged in battalion, under pretence of counting them one by one. When all was ready, the troops were ordered to fire on them, and only a few escaped their destructive vollies. A similar scene was transacted on the bed of rocks before the port, where about three hundred persons were either shot or driven to perish in the sea, as if to renew the deeds of treacherous murder which the men of Joppe had of old practised on the Jews, and which their heroic defender had so amply avenged.'

We are sorry that Mr. B. deemed it necessary to prove Ramlah, or Ramah, to be the birth-place and burial-place of the prophet Samuel. The similarity of name (which is not an uncommon one in Syria, and signifies *high place*,) seems to have misled him; the city of Samuel being at a considerable distance from Jaffa, and only a few miles from Jerusalem, in the mountains of Ephraim. (Vid. Calmet's Dict. in verb. *Ramah*.) From this place the traveller pursued the route over the mountains to Jerusalem, with the approach to which he was very little struck: but he seems to have viewed it at first from the most unfavorable side, so that his description by no means contradicts that of others. He subsequently describes the view of it as taken from the mount of Olives, whence it may be seen with greater advantage than from almost any other spot.

We have written so much, and so lately, on the modern state of this city, together with its real and pseudo-antiquities, and we find so little in the present description that differs from what we have derived from other travellers, that we must hold ourselves excused from taking our readers again over the same ground: but we must observe, in justice to Mr. B., that his tour in the immediate environs of the city gives more precise ideas of the objects visited, and their relative positions to each other and to Jerusalem, than previous writers have conveyed to us.

On the three most conspicuous of the tombs, vulgarly called those of Zacharias, of Absalom, and of the kings, Dr. Clarke has expended terms of praise both as to magnitude and execution, which seem by Mr. Buckingham's admeasurements and descriptions to be little suitable to the occasion of them. The latter remarks on the incongruity of the several parts of them, presenting specimens of architecture which have no affinity to each other either as to age or country; and this, we imagine, may be rather an argument for than against the antiquity of some of them, with reference not merely to the date of their erection, but also to the length of time during which they have been esteemed a species of sacred relics.. The justice or the injustice of their appropriation is a different question. The well-known French traveller, M. de Chateaubriand, took a different view of this matter, and considered the architecture of these mausoleums as decisive against their having existed in the ages which are assigned for their erection. From their present appearance, he would presume them to have been built about the time "when an alliance was formed between the Jews and Macedonians under the first of the Maccabees;" — an epoch so obscurely expressed that we confess we do not comprehend it, and have no idea to what alliance that author refers: unless he means the period of the subjection of Judæa to the Macedonian kings of Egypt, or the subsequent Syrian dominion before the time of the Maccabees. However this may be, he proceeds to observe that the monuments in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and more especially the royal sepulchres, furnish a striking example of the mixture of Grecian and Egyptian orders; whence, he adds, resulted that anomaly in architecture which formed a kind of link between the Pyramids and the Parthenon.—We rather incline to Mr. Buckingham's opinion, as expressed relative to one of these remains; and which, with some variation, may be transferred to more of them. Writing on the reputed tomb of Zacharias, he says:

> 'Passing onward, we came to the monument which is called the Tomb of Zacharias: it is a square mass of rock hewn down into form, and isolated from the quarry out of which it is cut, by a passage of twelve or fifteen feet wide on three of its sides; the fourth or western front being open towards the valley and to Mount Moriah, the foot of which is only a few yards distant. This square mass is eight paces in length on each side, and about twenty feet high in the front, and ten feet high at the back, the hill on which it stands having a steep ascent. It has four semi-columns cut out of the same rock on each of its faces, with a pilaster at each angle, all of a bastard Ionic order, and ornamented in bad taste. The architrave, the full moulding, and the deep overhanging cornice which finishes the square, are all perfectly after the Egyptian manner; and the whole is surmounted by a pyramid, the sloping sides of which rise from the very edges of the square below, and terminate in a finished point. The square of this monument is one solid mass of rock, as well as its semi-columns on each face; but the surmounting pyramid appears to be of masonry: its

sides, however, are perfectly smooth, like the coated pyramids of Saccara and Dashour, and not graduated by stages, as the pyramids of Gizeth in Egypt.

'Inconsiderable in size, and paltry in its ornaments, this monument is eminently curious, from the mixture of styles which it presents. There is no appearance of an entrance into any part of it; so that it seems, if a tomb, to have been as firmly closed as the Egyptian pyramids themselves; perhaps from the same respect for the inviolability of the repose of the dead. The features before described gave the whole such a strangely mixed character, that there seemed no other solution of the problem which it offered, than that of supposing the plain square monument, the moulding, the broad cornice, and the pyramid above, to be a work of the Jewish age, as partaking of the style of the country in which their fathers had sojourned so long; and, admitting the bastard Ionic columns and pilasters raised from the mass on each of its sides to have been the ornamental work of a more modern period, added either out of veneration for the monument itself, or on its transfer by dedication to some other purpose. At the present moment it is surrounded by the graves of Jews, and its sides are covered with names inscribed in Hebrew characters, evidently of recent execution.'

Mr. Jolliffe represents M. de Chateaubriand as inaccurate in speaking of the pilasters on this and two other buildings as of the Doric order; which, agreeing with Mr. Buckingham, he represents to be a kind of bastard Ionic. Some remains of the latter style in the same vicinity probably led to a confused recollection in the French traveller.

——— "Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God" — (MILTON, l. 1—11.)

appeared to Mr. Buckingham only a dirty little brook, with scarcely any water in it, and he heard that even in the rainy season it was only an insignificant and muddy stream: — but Mr. Jolliffe found the water clear, when he saw it, although of a harsh and unpleasant flavor. Sandys gives so very different an account of this place, that it seems scarcely possible that tradition has not varied as to the spot itself since his days. "In a gut of the hill, above which in the wall stood the tower, was the fish-pool of Siloa, containing not above half an acre of ground; now dry in the bottome: and beyond the fountaine that fed it, now no other than a little trench walled in on the sides, full of filthy water, whose upper part is obscured by a building," &c. (P. 188. edit. 1627.)

It is still deemed among many of the Jews one of the greatest blessings to end their days at Jerusalem, and to obtain a burial in the valley of Jehoshaphat, for which purpose the more devout of them come from distant parts of the world; and it is certain that immense prices are paid by them for the privilege of depositing their bones on this venerated spot. Pococke is said to have observed a considerable resemblance in the site of this city to that of Dartmouth in Devonshire, and that of Dingwall in Scotland; which remark, if correct, may possibly assist the ideas of persons who are acquainted with either of these two towns.

We must now arrest our steps in following those of Mr. Buckingham; and with regard to his journey over the mountains of Gilead, his visits to Geraza, and his account of other remarkable places in the antient Decapolis, we must refer the reader to the work itself. As to the execution of the volume, generally, our opinion may be inferred from the remarks already made. We are not inclined to question Mr. B.'s merits as a diligent and attentive observer; and if a variety of errors may be detected in his pages, we deem it no more than reasonable to be somewhat indulgent to them, when we recollect the early circumstances of the author's life, which could not have permitted him to acquire the erudition that alone could enable him to compete with Shaw, Pococke, and Clarke. For some inaccuracies, indeed, an ample apology may be pleaded in the following short statement; which should induce us rather to wonder at the accomplishment of so much, than to be dissatisfied if perfection has not been attained. 'My journeys,' says Mr. B., 'were often through countries where writing, drawing, or minutely surveying any subject, would have been fatal; where we often travelled with our hands upon our swords, and our eyes keenly watching for secret plunderers, or more open enemies.' (Pref.)

Of the embellishments of the volume, we are told that most of the maps and plans were made from the author's actual observation: but a little disingenuousness, or at least a want of explicitness, appears in speaking of the numerous vignettes. Many of these are also said to be original, but it is *implied* that others are not when we are told that 'appropriate subjects have been selected from other sources.' The fact should have been clearly stated that Le Bruyn, or Le Brun, who travelled in 1674—1693, has here been freely laid under contribution; and it should not be concealed that views which were correct at that period cannot now be equally accurate. We may mention particularly the vignettes at pages 32. 144. 171. 231. and 478. as evidently derived from Le Brun, pages 177. 249. 250. 261. and 320. (*Voyage au Levant*, folio, Delft, 1700;) and the vignette at p. 342., shewing the ruins at Jerash, is inconsistent with the description which follows, and which proves that those ruins are now much more dilapidated than they were when that drawing was made. — A portrait of Mr. Buckingham, in his Turkish Arabian dress, is prefixed to the book.

Art. II. *Irad and Adah*, a Tale of the Flood. Poems. Specimens of a New Translation of the Psalms. By Thomas Dale, of Bene't College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 190. 9*s*. Boards. Richardson. 1822.

The delusive hope of having encouraged rising talents, or the vainer dream of having checked obtrusive ignorance, such are the visionary supports of the experienced reviewer's fancy; such the airy consolations that still direct his reluctant mind into the weary, way-worn labors of contemporary criticism. — We stop ourselves in the outset of this melancholy yet tempting career of thought, not exactly anticipating whither it would lead us; and confine ourselves, "doggedly," and, as in duty bound, to our immediate business.

Mr. Dale, in his earlier efforts, evinced very considerable poetic abilities; and we are glad to find that we were not deceived in our favorable sentiments of this youthful bard. He has, indeed, many of the requisites for the composition of that "wondrous whole," the mind of a poet: — few have possessed *all* those requisites; and if he falls below the standard of numerous rivals, that standard itself is perhaps equally distant from ideal perfection. We know but rare instances, in our own country, of an entirely suitable and solemn management of sacred themes; and, in the dearth of such merit, not many excel that moderate degree of it which is exhibited in the poems of Mr. Dale. We do not, however, admire *all* his effusions of the kind, nor indeed place the very best of them on an *exalted* eminence: but we welcome some of his general and less sacred passages with a more than ordinary degree of approbation; and we see not why *more* learning, *more* experience, and *more* fruits of every kind, derived from protracted study and sustained ambition, should not render Mr. D. a formidable competitor for the common, if not the uncommon, bays with the loftiest of his contemporary minstrels. The fault which keeps him back at present, in our judgment, is an unfortunate propensity to imitate those personages; and especially the most inimitable among them, the poet of the Giaour, the Corsair, &c. &c., the unique Childe Harold. Mr. Dale must never hope for the attainment of *any* height, until he emancipates himself from every particular trick of copyism; until his imitation be that of nature selected, or of art combined; and until the selection and combination are both made by himself.

The following passage, selected from 'The Tale of the Flood,' we think, has very considerable merit:

'An aged man he seems, whose pensive brow
Is wan, yet more with sorrow than with time;
For there no troubled lineaments avow
The pangs of conscience, or the curse of crime:
No! there are sorrows sacred and sublime,
And such are his: for still his piercing eye
Beams with the brightness of its youthful prime,
And in his glance a fervour bold and high
Reveals th' undaunted soul that will not faint or fly.

'What charm is in his presence? All around
Are hushed to breathless silence, and he stands,
Alone 'mid all: a monarch though uncrowned,
And, though unarmed, a warrior. The dark bands
Of Cain recede as if a God commands,
And yet he speaks not — Sure some power hath bowed
Each heart with bonds it knows not, nor withstands;—
Or how should one control a murderous crowd;
The weak repel the strong; the lowly awe the proud?

'Yet, if no symbol of superior sway,
Around his brow no gemmed tiara shone,
Yet shall his honoured name survive for aye,
Adorned and hallowed with a holier crown;
When guilty greatness to the grave goes down
Unwept and unremembered, *that* pure wreath
For ever blooms, decay or change unknown;—
So laurels spurn the lightning's fiery breath,
When the huge oak lies low, and woods are rent beneath.

'It is the righteous Noah. Uncontrolled
By lawless might, unmoved by vengeful ire,
Oft hath the Seer on that false train foretold
Impending woes, and desolation dire;
But never, never hath his eye of fire
With fearful presage fraught, so sternly glowed
As now it glows: the conscious crowd retire;
So through th' Assyrian camp the Angel trod,
And mailed myriads crouched before the present God.

'Yet, ere he spoke, a sudden sadness past
O'er his grave aspect, glistening in his eye;
His lips convulsive quivered, and the last,
The last meek prayer that e'er must soar on high
For that doomed world rose heavenward on his sigh;—
Then, like the prescient bard, who weeping poured
O'er Zion's towers the fatal prophecy:
His voice denounced the woes his heart deplored,
And faultered as it breathed the mandate of his Lord.

'No

' Nor then his tears condemn. Th' avenging rod
Is wielded only by the hand of Heaven;
Nor man arraigns the justice of his God,
While yet his tears—nay more—his prayers are given
To all by guilt from hope and mercy driven:
While yet o'er Salem's towers the thunder slept,
Ah! know'st thou not what purer heart was riven,
To what diviner eyes compassion crept,
When o'er the destined towers he gazed and "Jesus wept."'

' Compassion *crept*' is unfortunate; and so are some other hrases in this quotation: — but, on the whole, who will not llow that much is performed and more is promised in it? Again: —

' It comes! it comes! The clouds concentring swell,
And, like a rushing cataract, downward pour
Their mass of prisoned waters; as it fell
A whirlwind swept the sea, and shook the shore;
While ocean rose, and with reverbering roar
Dashed its high billows o'er the rocky strand,
Responsive to the thunder peal, that tore
The boundless firmament, while death's dark band,
Storm, fire, wind, hail, went forth to work their Lord's command.

' O then what prayers and shrieks and blasphemies
Rung mid the din of waters! while the glare
Of broad blue lightnings cleft the clouded skies,
And answering thunders seemed to crush the prayer,
And bid the conscious criminal despair; —
Bowed in the dust, they dared not gaze on high:
They said, the angel of destruction there
Urged his red car; around his presence fly
The arrows of his wrath; to mark him were to die.

' In sooth, that lightning was no earthly flame,
No earthly peal those fearful thunders poured,
With dazzling blaze the dread effulgence came,
Bright as the sheeted fire by Israel's Lord
Hurled on the troop, who strove with spear and sword
To seize or slay his prophet — and the swell
Of thunder echoed like that angel-word,
Which shook creation to the lowest hell,
When Thamud's rebel race heard—tottered—gasped—and fell.

' Midst the wild scene of darkness and dismay
A moment seek we for that maiden fair,
Who left her God for love's delusive ray,
And found too late it led but to despair —
Where too is he, whose proffered heart to share

She madly gave her hope — her heaven — her all —
In yon proud fane, while myriads mingle there
Seeking brief refuge, do they vainly call
On its unheeding lord to aid them ere they fall?

'High o'er the vale a rugged mountain rose,
Round whose huge breast impervious vapours threw
A mantle of dark clouds. Coeval snows
Crested its brow. O'erhanging forests grew
On its green sides, and many a fountain blue,
Meandering murmured through the deep-wove shade,
Where never sunbeam o'er the silvery dew
Shone tremulous, or tinged the clear cascade,
Or kissed the pure pale flowers that blossomed in the glade.

'Here on the morn of that appalling day,
Ere yet the torrent o'er the heaving shore
Dashed its o'erwhelming flood — far, far away
His beauteous bride the faithful Irad bore:
For often had he scaled the summit hoar,
Wound the steep sides, and gained the snow-wreathed brow;
And oh! if hope were quenched and joy no more,
A mightier impulse lived that could not bow
To doubt or chill despair, and urged him onward now.

'Love was not changed to hatred, though in gloom
Its fairy dreams had vanished, for he knew
Himself the author of his hastening doom;
Not that unhappy maid! to him most true,
Though to her God most faithless. And *she* too
In that wild hour of anguish, deeply proved
On her *own* head the cup of wrath she drew;
Nor keen remorse her shuddering bosom moved
Him to arraign, whom yet, if love remained, she loved.'

This last line has some of the prosaic perplexity, *the lesson on difficult grammar*, which so strongly marks the modern metaphysic school of poetry. Yet, with this and other similar exceptions, surely both description and feeling appear in this passage that are almost worthy of the subject, and certainly very creditable to their author. — The rest of the tale of 'Irad and Adah' we recommend to our readers.

We grieve to be forced to speak in a very different tone on the merits of another of Mr. Dale's *divisions of poetry* in this volume; we mean his 'Specimens of a Translation of the Psalms.' After the numerous unfortunate attempts in this way, fastidiousness is all alive; and, assisted by friendly partiality in some instances, and perhaps by self-mortification in others, she opens her broad eyes on the easily visible and most glaring defects of SACRED POETRY in general, but more especially on any failure in the modern paraphrases (for strict ation is impossible) of the Psalms of David. There nly is something in those wonderful compositions, which, it frequently approaches to the lyric pathos of Horace gance of expression, quite overwhelms the Heathen in th and depth of sentiment; and, in a word, there seems no language but the Greek which for a moment could sfully compete with the varied, impressive, inspired of the original. How the present author has swoln the gazetted bankrupts in this most unprofitable speculation, acred South-Sea bubble, we shall now briefly demon- , by the most unhappily irrefragable evidence:

‘ PSALM II.

‘ *Psalmist.*

‘ 1. Why thus *do* heathen-Powers combine,
And nations form the vain design;
2. The kings of earth embattled rise,
And statesmen schemes of war devise?
They rage against th' Eternal Sire,
Against th' Anointed King conspire;
3. “ Come, let us break their iron sway,
And cast their servile cords away.”
4. . . . But He, who sits enthroned on high,
Sole Monarch of the boundless sky,
Shall smile indignant, and deride
Their empty vaunts of senseless pride:
5. Then will JEHOVAH speak in ire,
While from his frown the foes retire;
6. “ I set my King on Zion's hill;
There shall he reign triumphant still.”

‘ *Messiah.*

‘ 7. “ I will declare the high decree;
To me JEHOVAH spake — to me —
Thou art my Son — a name divine
From this auspicious day be thine.
8. Ask — for the heathen-tribes shall be
A sure inheritance to thee;
And earth to her remotest bound
Thy sway shall own, thy praise resound.
9. Yes! — Thou, supreme, with iron rod
Shalt rule the prostrate foes of God;
And break at once their firm array,
Frail as the vessel's shivering clay.”

‘ *Psalmist.*

‘ 10. Ye then, O kings! be wise and fear!
Ye lords of earth, instruction hear!
11. To God prefer the suppliant vow,
To God with instant reverence bow.

12. Bend, while ye may, in prostrate prayer,
And woo th' Anointed Son to spare;
Lest He arise in sudden ire,
And ye from Wisdom's path expire.
A moment — and in fearful flame
Shall Heaven his kindling wrath proclaim;
Then blest are they — and they alone —
Whose refuge is th' Eternal Son.'

It is absolutely unnecessary to point out the discordance of this most earthly feebleness, with the glorious power of its prototype: but, if there be an ear, or a heart, or a mind that doubts, let it listen once more:

' Psalm XIII.

' *A Psalm of David.*

' 1. How long, Jehovah! wilt thou prove
Forgetful of my prayer?
How long conceal thy smile of love
In clouds of chill despair?
2. How long, by anxious counsels torn,
Shall grief my soul oppress?
How long shall taunting foes in scorn
Deride my deep distress?'

This is enough. ' *The smile of love*' is convincing. We *warn* Mr. Dale off this holy manor, with as much promptitude and decision as, *mistaking our man*, we encouraged him to *trespass* on it before!

Art. III. *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry.* By Allan Cunningham, Author of " Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, a Dramatic Poem," &c. 12mo. 2 Vols. 12*s.* Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1822.

In Germany, which abounds with the wild and beautiful traditions that are almost peculiar to the northern nations, many attempts have lately been made, and are still making, to collect and preserve the relics of old national manners and feelings. This seems to us a very laudable design; for, with all the changes and improvements which the last few centuries have witnessed in the character of society, we shall soon be in danger of losing those small particles of romance which are still mingled in our composition. In our own country more particularly, such apprehensions appear to be well founded; our Sunday-schools have expelled no inconsiderable portion of the old poetical superstitions from the minds of our peasantry; the universal bustle, which pervades every part of the kingdom, has scarcely left a single supernatural tenant in the quiet possession of its residence; and the laborious but peaceful pursuits, in which all ranks are compelled to engage, leave no leisure for the formation of romantic dispositions. Our nobility and powerful gentry have changed from bold leaders and gallant knights into sinecure courtiers, or placable gentlemen-farmers; — the contests between our great families are confined to a contested election, or the return of a mayor of some small borough; — our bold yeomen have become sickly artificers; — the sword is converted into the plough-share and the bow into the shuttle; — and, in short, we are in the greatest danger of becoming a most matter-of-fact, logical, dull, unpoetical people. At this juncture of time, then, we feel enlivened and aroused by a work which revives in our minds the interesting images of former times, "when all the men were brave and all the women virtuous," the days of chivalry and love, and pastoral happiness.

The vallies of Scotland and the north of England yet retain many curious and romantic traditions among the peasantry; — especially in the former, where the common people have long enjoyed a sort of literature of their own, simple indeed and rude, but full of sentiment and expression. Ramsay and Burns and Fergusson are all examples of this national spirit, operating on men of high genius and powerful feeling; while the "Ettrick Shepherd" and the author of the volumes before us are living instances to the same effect. The admiration, which Burns felt and expressed for the forgotten authors of the old Scotish ballads, is a proof that he duly appreciated the merits of his instructors; and the present attempt by Mr. Cunningham to collect some of the scattered traditions of his native vallies was a debt of gratitude, which he owed to the country that had stored his mind with such abundance of poetic imagery and feeling. — How far the legends contained in these pages may be the genuine relics of antiquity, we cannot determine: but we are sure that these tales are written in the spirit of that wild and simple romance, which is so characteristic of the antient traditions and ballads of Scotland. In all probability, we owe many of them almost entirely to the fancy of Mr. C. himself; though he assures us that such as are not immediately copied from recitation are founded on traditions, or stories, prevalent in the north. He has interspersed these tales with a few imitations of the old ballads and songs, which frequently rival their originals in spirit, pathos, and simplicity. Indeed we prefer his poetry to his prose, which is occasionally a little forced and overloaded, and evidently does not flow from his pen with the freedom and fullness which his poetical compositions exhibit. Nor has he always preserved that simplicity of style in the dialogue which we should have expected from him: his rustics, his foresters, and his pedlars, are too *magniloquent*, and round their sentences with far too much skill. This blemish may be particularly remarked in the conversation of Dame Foljambe, in 'the King of the Peak.'

'The Selbys of Cumberland' contribute the longest and one of the best of these traditional tales. A descendant of that noble house, once the fairest of its daughters, but now aged and poor, is supposed to relate some legends of her unfortunate family; and she tells how she accompanied her cousin and lover young Walter Selby, the last of his name, when he marched under the banner of the exiled Stuarts, and fell at the battle of Preston. The following is an animated description of the rebel army:

'" It is not my wish to relate all I heard, and describe all I saw on our way southward; but our array was a sight worth seeing, and a sight we shall never see again—for war is now become a trade, and men are trained to battle like hounds to the hunting. In those days the noble and the gentle, each with his own banner, —with kinsmen and retainers, came forth to battle; and war seemed more a chivalrous effort than it seems now—when the land commits its fame and its existence to men hired by sound of trumpet and by beat of drum. It was soon broad daylight; all the adherents of the house of Stuart had moved towards Lancashire, from the south of Scotland and the north of England; and forming a junction where the Westmoreland mountains slope down to the vales, now covered the road as far as my eye could reach—not in regular companies, but in clusters and crowds, with colours displayed.—There might be, in all, one thousand horsemen and fifteen hundred foot, the former armed with sword and pistol, and carabine—the latter with musket and spear. It was a fair sight to see so many gentlemen dressed in the cavalier garb of other days, some with head and bosom pieces of burnished mail, others with slouched hats and feathers, and scarlet vests, and all with short cloaks or mantles, of velvet or woollen, clasped at the bosom with gold, and embroidered each according to their own or their mistress's fancy. A body of three hundred chosen horsemen, pertaining to my Lord Kenmore, marched in front, singing, according to the fashion of the Scotch, rude and homely ballads in honour of their leader.

'Kenmore's on and awa, Willie,
  Kenmore's on and awa,
And Kenmore's lord is the gallantest lord
  That ever Galloway saw.

'Success to Kenmore's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmore's band;
There was never a heart that fear'd a Whig,
E'er rode by Kenmore's hand.

'There's a rose in Kenmore's cap, Willie,
There's a rose in Kenmore's cap,—
He'll steep it red in ruddie life's blood,
Afore the battle drap.

' " Such were some of the verses by which the rustic minstrels of those days sought to stimulate the valour of their countrymen. One hundred horse, conducted by Lord Nithsdale, succeeded; those of Lord Derwentwater followed; a band, numerous, but divided in opinion; unsteady in resolution, and timid in the time of need and peril, like their unfortunate lord. The foot followed; a band of warriors, strange, and even savage in their appearance; brave and skilful, and unblenching in battle, with plaid and bonnet and broadsword, bare-kneed, and marching to a kind of wild music, which, by recalling the airs of their ancestors, and the battles in which they fought and bled, kindles a military fury and resolution which destroys all against which it is directed. These were men from the mountains of Scotland, and they were led by chieftain Mackintosh, who was to them as a divinity; compared to whom, the prince, in whose cause they fought, was a common being, a mere mortal. I admired the rude, natural courtesy of these people, and lamented the coward counsels which delivered them up to the axe and the cord, without striking a single blow. The rear, accounted, in this march, with an enemy behind as well as before, a post of some peril, was brought up by about two hundred border cavaliers and their adherents; and with them rode Walter Selby and his new companion. The command seemed divided among many; and without obeying any one chief in particular, all seemed zealous in the cause, and marched on with a rapidity regulated by the motions of the foot." '

The picture of a Cumberland peasant's cottage is well drawn:

' " A bright fire, a clean floor, and a pleasant company," is one of the proverbial wishes of domestic comfort among the wilds of Cumberland. The moorland-residence of Randal Rode exhibited the first and second portions of the primitive wish, and it required no very deep discernment to see that around the ample hearth we had materials for completing the proverb. In each face was reflected that singular mixture of gravity and humour, peculiar, I apprehend, to the people of the north. Before a large fire, which it is reckoned ominous ever to extinguish, lay half-a-dozen sheep-dogs, spreading out their white bosoms to the heat, and each placed opposite to the seat of its owner, The lord or rather portioner of Fremmet-ha himself lay apart on a large couch of oak antiquely carved, and ornamented like some of the massive furniture of the days of the olden church, with beads, and crosses, and pastoral crooks. This settee was bedded deep with sheepskins, each retaining a fleece of long white wool. At each end lay a shepherd's dog, past its prime, like its master, and, like him, enjoying a kind of half-ruminating and drowsy leisure peculiar to old age. Three or four busy wheels, guided by as many maidens, manufactured wool into yarn for rugs, and mauds, and mantles. Three other maidens, with bared arms, prepared curds for cheese, and their hands rivalled in whiteness the curdled milk itself. Under the light of a large candlestick several youths pursued the amusement of the popular game of draughts. This piece of rude furniture ought not to escape particular description. It resembled an Etruscan candelabra, and was composed of a shaft, capable of being depressed or elevated by means of a notched groove, and sunk secure in a block of wood at the floor; terminated above in a shallow cruse or plate, like a three-cocked hat, in each corner of which stood a large candle, rendering the spacious hall where we sat as light as day. On this scene of patriarchal happiness looked my old companion Eleanor Selby, contrasting, as she glanced her eye in succession over the tokens of shepherds' wealth in which the house abounded, the present day with the past; the times of the fleece, the shears, and the distaff, with those of broils and blood, and mutual inroad and invasion, when the name of Selby stood high in the chivalry of the north. One might observe in her changing looks the themes of rustic degradation and chivalrous glory on which she brooded; and the present peaceful time suffered by the comparison, as the present always does in the contemplation of old age. The constant attention of young Maude Rode, who ministered to the comfort of her ancient and wayward relative, seemed gradually to soothe and charm down the demon of proud ancestry, who maintained rule in her breast; and after interchanging softer and softer looks of acknowledgment and kindness with her fair young kinswoman, she thus proceeded to relate some of the adventures she had witnessed in the time of her youth. These she poured out in a very singular manner, unconscious, apparently, at times, of the presence of others, and often addressing herself to the individuals whom her narrative recalled to life, as if they stood life-like and breathing before her.'

We wish that we had space to give that truly martial and spirit-stirring ballad, 'Sir Roland Græme:' but we must beg our readers to content themselves with the shorter one of 'Lady Selby.'

'Lady Selby.

'On the holly tree sat a raven black,
And at its foot a lady fair
Sat singing of sorrow, and shedding down
The tresses of her nut-brown hair:
And aye as that fair dame's voice awoke,
The raven broke in with a chorusing croak.

‘ “ The steeds they are saddled on Derwent-banks;
The banners are streaming so broad and free;
The sharp sword sits at each Selby's side,
And all to be dyed for the love of me:
And I maun give this lily-white hand
To him who wields the wightest brand.

‘ “ She coost her mantle of satin so fine,
She kilted her gown of the deep-sea green,
She wound her locks round her brow, and flew
Where the swords were glimmering sharp and sheen:
As she flew, the trumpet awoke with a clang,
And the sharp blades smote, and the bow-strings sang.

‘ “ The streamlet that ran down the lonely vale,
Aneath its banks, half seen, half hid,
Seem'd melted silver — at once it came down
From the shocking of horseman — reeking and red;
And that lady flew — and she utter'd a cry,
As the riderless steeds came rushing by.

‘ “ And many have fallen — and more have fled: —
All in a nook of bloody ground
That lady sat by a bleeding knight,
And strove with her fingers to staunch the wound:
Her locks, like sun-beams when summer's in pride,
She pluck'd and plac'd on his wounded side.

‘ “ And aye the sorer that lady sigh'd,
The more her golden locks she drew —
The more she pray'd — the ruddy life's blood
The faster and faster came trickling through: —
On a sadder sight ne'er look'd the moon
That o'er the green mountain came gleaming down.

‘ “ He lay with his sword in the pale moonlight;
All mute and pale she lay at his side —
He, sheath'd in mail from brow to heel —
She, in her maiden bloom and pride:
And their beds were made, and the lovers were laid,
All under the gentle holly's shade.

‘ “ May that Selby's right hand wither and rot,
That fails with flowers their bed to strew!
May a foreign grave be his who doth rend
Away the shade of the holly bough! —
But let them sleep by the gentle river,
And waken in love that shall last for ever.” ’

We find our old friend ‘Richard Faulder, mariner,’ to whom we were introduced in the volume of poems by Mr. C., which we noticed some months ago, again making his appearance in the work before us. In his maritime legends, the author's fancy runs riot with peculiar luxuriancy, and a spectre-shallop in the Solway appears to have greater charms for him than even the Benshees, Brownies, and Dobbies of his native vallies. ' The last Lord of Helvellyn' is a striking and powerful tale of this kind: — but the superstitions of our mariners are quite strong enough, without the additional authority of Mr. Allan Cunningham and Mr. Washington Irving to confirm them; whose stories of airy ships and ghostly sailors are sufficient to terrify many a stripling " from his propriety."

All these tales, excepting one, have appeared in the *London Magazine.*

ART. IV. *Vargas*, a Tale of Spain. 3 Vols. 12mo. Baldwin, and Co. 1822.

THE narrative on which this spirited and amusing novel is founded is contained in the pages of Llorente's valuable History of the Inquisition, though the incidents are made by the present writer to differ materially from those of the annalist. According to Llorente, *two* sisters, *Maria* and *Juana* de Bohorques, fell victims to the persecutions of the Holy Office; while in the novel *Cornelia* Bohorquia, though imprisoned in its dungeons, escapes with life. Juana, under the name of Cornelia, is the heroine before us; the wife of Francisco, or, as the novelist has christened him, Bartolomeo Vargas. These slight variations are far from justifying the author in not having pointed out the source from which he derived his fable. A romance intitled *Cornelia Bohorquia* was reprinted some time since in London: but, not having it at this moment in our possession, we are unable to say to what extent the English writer is indebted to it. — Our readers will find some account of these high-minded but unfortunate sisters in Mr. Blaquiere's recent work on the Revolution in Spain, p. 372.

Bartolomeo is the adopted son of the old Marquis of Bohorquia, father of Cornelia, and destined by him to the clerical profession; which the young man refusing to pursue, he is dismissed by the Marquis from his favor. He now visits England, where he imbibes the doctrines of the reformed church; and being recalled to Spain in consequence of a half-reconciliation with the Marquis, he succeeds in convincing Cornelia, who had owned her affection for him before his departure, of the truth of his new creed, and is soon afterward secretly married to his beautiful Neophyte. By a series of misunderstandings, well managed by the novelist, Vargas is first induced to suppose himself to be the son of the Marquis, (and his horror at this imagined discovery is powerfully told,) and afterward the criminal offspring of the Archbishop of Seville, an old friend of the Marquis. In the mean time, Cornelia is consigned for her heresy to the prison of the Inquisition; where the Archbishop, who had long viewed her with an unlawful eye, endeavors to persuade her to expiate her offence by becoming his mistress. She indignantly rejects the offer, and the execrable priest threatens her with the torture. Vargas, however, has the good fortune to possess a friend who is willing to risk every thing to serve him; and who, for the sake of holding a communication with the captive, becomes a menial attendant within the walls of the Inquisition. By his assistance, a plan is laid for her escape, in which the friends are successful: but in which, much against his will and their own, they are compelled to take the Archbishop as their companion, or to run the chance of immediate detection. Thus circumstanced, they force him to mount one of their mules, and represent him to Juan their muleteer as an unfortunate monk whose intellect is disordered. Juan invites the Archbishop to partake of his breakfast:

' "Come, friend," said he; "to midnight-work a ready meal, says the proverb, and many an hidalgo of known fathers and field[*] will breakfast to-day without a Seville sausage. Here," holding out the length of the savory preparation with his knife and thumb, ready to separate about six inches from it.

' "Hold thy insolent tongue, thou baseborn serf," said the Archbishop.

' "By the bones of St. Jerome, but I have a mind to cut out thy tongue, thou lying slave," replied Juan: "who art thou to *thou* me, and taunt me as baseborn? — baseborn, forsooth — I whose fathers have held letters of honour[†], as was proved by my grandfather when he was sentenced to death, and lost his head like a gentleman, instead of being hung up by the neck like a slave. An my blood were not cooler as it is gentler than thine, my knife would have made acquaintance with thy heart for thy lie: — but live, dog, till thou art starved to death, for breakfast of mine thou shalt have none."

' This speech, the boldest that had ever been addressed to his Illustrious Excellency in his whole life, forcibly convinced him how thoroughly he was in the power of the speaker; and as the most dastardly cowardice generally accompanies the most insolent pride, the Archbishop altered his former overbearing tone, to one something more tolerable to the ears of the grandson of a man who had exerted the privilege of being beheaded in preference to being hanged.

' [*] *Hidalgo de casa y solar conocido.*'

' [†] *Cartas de merced*, raising the persons who held them and their heirs to the rank of hidalgos.'

' "Do you know, good friend, who it is that stands before you?" This was pronounced interrogatively only, without any mixture of menace in the voice.

' The muleteer did not know who his companion was, and had troubled himself no further concerning him than to know certainly that he was a little fat man, and to suppose probably that he was an enemy of those who had hired him: he therefore replied — "I tell you what I know, and that's all too much, that you're a heavier burden for a beast than five fanegas of barley, and a duller beast to drive than any that are fourfooted."

' The unhappy man, finding him ignorant of his high dignity, had no doubt of the imposing effect which the knowledge of it would produce; and wishing to excite compassion as well as astonishment, he whimpered, in a voice which he meant to be affecting, "I am an unfortunate archbishop —"

' The Prelate, intending to go to the extreme of the pathetic, overstepped his mark, and unfortunately got into the extreme of the ludicrous, which he quickly discovered by the burst of broad laughter which he excited in the mule-driver; who was so tickled with the incongruity in the idea of the little man before him being the awful creature who was occasionally seen in the cathedral upon grand occasions, under the stiff mass of embroidery and the towering mitre, that he gave the rein to his mirth and laughed heartily. The Archbishop, who expected nothing less than to see the poor man prostrate before him, was exceedingly nettled, and seizing hold of the first thing that he could lay his hand upon, he was about to hurl it at the mule-driver, when his attention was distracted by observing that he held the very Seville sausage from which Juan Chaco had severed the portion that he had been devouring. The Archbishop had been accustomed to breakfast upon the finest fruits and most savoury viands, all of which he relished exceedingly; but an internal craving which he experienced at the moment, suggested the prudent opinion that a Seville sausage was a very good thing when nothing better was to be had; and, under the influence of this suggestion, he acted like Major Macpherson in a situation somewhat similar; who, having grasped a razor with a deadly purpose, wisely diverted the impulse, and applied it to a beneficial end.[*] In a like manner, the Prelate, having intended to hurl a thunderbolt at the devoted head of the muleteer, and finding his weapon assume the goodly shape of a Seville sausage, very sensibly applied it in a more legitimate manner, and, postponing his anger, he commenced his breakfast.

' As soon as his laughter would let him, honest Juan continued his meal, saying, "I did say that you should not have any breakfast of mine, but thou hast secured it in spite of me. If I had meant to keep my word, I should have pocketed my sausage. The art in swimming is to know how to take care of your clothes.[†] Thou art a merry rogue and shalt have thy meal."

' [*] So instead of his throat he cut his corns.

' *False Alarms, or my Cousin.*'

' [†] *La gala de nadar es saber guardar la ropa.*'

'"The Archbishop sullenly continued his breakfast without deigning to answer the peasant, who, nevertheless, did not fail to season the repast with good-natured bantering upon the high and dignified title that his companion had chosen to assume. He often addressed his Excellency interrogatively, but to no purpose; in spite of his many attempts at conversation it was absolutely monological.

'"Poor fellow," said he: "an archbishop in distress — ha! ha! ha! Would nothing less than an archbishopric suit your most Illustrious Excellency? Prior of a convent now might have satisfied a moderate madman. How does your Excellency like your archiepiscopal breakfast?"

'No reply.

'"I did not like to astonish you, good Archbishop, at first; and, perhaps, if you had not been so candidly communicative with *me*, I might have allowed you to remain ignorant of the high honour which has befallen *you*; but I can't keep silence now in gratitude: keep the secret, but I am the Pope in disguise — St. Peter on a pilgrimage, come to see how the archbishops of Spain do their duty; and as I heard that they sometimes travelled incognito, I bethought me, diamond cut diamond, I'll put on a mask to find them a masking; set a thief to catch a thief; no offence to your Excellency; set a Pope to find out an Archbishop, ha! ha! ha!"

'The Archbishop looked up at the sacrilegious jester with extreme astonishment.

'"Perhaps your pious Illustrissimo is upon penance for the sins of your diocese — taken prisoner by the infidels — bound to a litter and suffering demi-martyrdom by a mad mule — defunct of fright and brought to life again by a Seville sausage. That's a miracle, — a notable miracle, or Saint Isidor is no saint — well deserving canonization — and thou shalt have it too, or I'm no Pope. Make haste and die, and I'll send your excellency to heaven upon the back of a bull. Saint — what's your name, Archobispillito?"'

This scene displays considerable good broad wit, which is also to be found in other parts of the volumes. The unfortunate prelate is next put under the care of a stout countryman, who undertakes to cure him of his insane fancies by the application of cold water, and half drowns him whenever he pronounces the word 'Archbishop.' At length, in consequence of his importunities, he is released, and returns to Seville, in the full confidence of wreaking a severe vengeance on his enemies: but here he finds that in his absence his place has been filled by another, and he is himself cast into the dungeons of the Holy Office, for the fulfillment of certain views of his antient friend the inquisitor; an instance of the *lex talionis* in which the reader feels the most perfect satisfaction, the justice of the case, though more than doubtful, being quite sufficient for inquisitorial proceedings. In conclusion, Vargas discovers that he is the son of a grandee, but renounces his rank and country in obedience to the dictates of his conscience.

The singular and important changes, which have lately taken place in Spain, have given an interest to any subject connected with that noble country, and we naturally feel desirous of acquiring every kind of information respecting it. With the manners and habits of the modern Spaniard, however, this tale will not render us much better acquainted: though it presents a curious and amusing picture of Spain at a period when she held her own lofty station among the sovereignties of Europe, before her inhabitants had lost that high-minded bravery and love of political freedom to which they have so lately again laid claim. In the kingdom of Aragon more especially, the spirit of liberty was still struggling for existence; and the present author has given a lively sketch of the efforts made by the Aragonese to preserve their antient privileges. His descriptions of the peculiar customs of that day manifest a familiar acquaintance with his subject, and his delineations of character are at once national and natural. We have room only to give his description of the *Gitanos:*

'There is a race of people in Spain called Gitanos, which word the dictionary will translate gipsies; but the gipsies of England, the Bohemiens of the Continent, very inadequately represent the character of the gitanos in Spain: they are a more distinct race of people; more numerous, more absolutely governed by their own laws, and more absolutely disregarding those of their country. Since the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, the gitanos appear to have carried on the minor traffic in which Jews of the lowest order are generally occupied in other countries, and they conduct it with even less conscience, and more feeling of separation from those with whom they traffick, than has ever been charged upon that persecuted race. To make use of such instruments as these men would appear repulsive to an upright mind; but at the end of the sixteenth century, to obtain pious ends by unworthy means was a permitted maxim of Romish morality; and although Vargas was a Protestant, his miserable situation will palliate his consent to the use of any means for the deliverance of Cornelia.

'Seville has always been the head-quarters of the Spanish gitanos, the capital of their government, and the chief resort of their tribe. Many were in a comparatively settled state at Seville, exercising the ostensible trade of horse-dealers, or passing for a sort of gentlemen at large, but in fact being known as swindlers, smugglers, *metadors*, and assassins. It is necessary to explain the term metador, which is absolutely untranslatable, as it arises entirely out of the circumstances which occur nowhere but in Spain. When any galleon arrived at Seville laden with silver specie from the new and inexhaustible source of wealth lately discovered, if the owner of any part of it wished to cheat the king of the high duty which was imposed upon the importation of coin, he delivered his money to one of these metadors on board the vessel, and went his way, perfectly certain of receiving the whole amount safely transferred to his abode in the town. What rendered this dishonest arrangement so extraordinary was, that an instance was scarcely ever known of the money intrusted to the metador being deficient when delivered to the owner. This inconsistent honesty to their employers, connected with the most flagrant villainy in the act performed, was strongly characteristic of the gitanos. The following instance will confirm it, and give the reader a clearer knowledge of the sort of people whom Vargas and Meneses were obliged to employ. A jealous lover hired a gitano to assassinate his rival, and paid him twenty dollars for the job. The devoted rival happening to meet his fate by the sword of another and more honourable enemy, the gitano sought out his employer, and told him that though he never returned wages once received, yet that not having earned his money as he had agreed, he was in debt to him a death, and that he had only to name an enemy that he might get out of debt as fast as possible. The employer assured him that he had no particular revenge upon his mind, and that he was very welcome to the money. The gitano was highly offended at the offer, and left him, advising him to quarrel with some one forthwith, for he was not accustomed to keep these things on hand.,

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Art. V. *An Essay on the Production of Wealth.* By R. Torrens, Esq.

[*Art. concluded from p.* 202.]

We have now to advert to the concluding section of this work, which discusses the principles of demand and supply; and which the writer himself considers as the most original, and in the present state of economical science the most important division of his essay.

M. Say and Mr. Mill brought forwards the doctrine that, as commodities are purchased with commodities, one half furnishes a market for the other half, and increased production gives occasion to increased demand. From the very general and unqualified sense in which this maxim was laid down and defended, at a time too when every market in the world was glutted with manufactured goods for which no sale could be found, it became exposed to much ridicule as well as grave opposition. Indeed, there is something at first view rather startling and paradoxical in the proposition that, in order to get rid of superabundant products, we must produce more. It reminds us of a story of a gentleman who, finding his appetite habitually indifferent when he sat down to table, was advised by his friend to eat a few oysters half an hour before dinner, as they were deemed excellent provocatives.

Accordingly, on the next day he ordered his servant to bring him a dish of oysters, a loaf of new bread, and a pint of porter, at the time stated. This was done; and, when the gentleman had swallowed two or three score of the best fed Pyfleets, and cleared the decks of all the *et cetera*, he sat down to dinner with his wife and family, as usual, but soon exclaimed in a tone of great surprise and disappointment that he did not feel his appetite any better; in fact, that he was not in the least more hungry than if he had not eaten a single oyster! The doctrine, then, that production increases demand, like the doctrine that eating makes a man hungry, requires some explanation; and the controversy on this subject between M. Say and Mr. Malthus was stated at some length in our notice of the latter gentleman's work on Political Economy; Review, vol. xcv. p. 60, &c.

One set of commodities may be of the same value as another; the one may freely be exchanged for the other, and yet it is very possible that there may be no effectual demand for either, because there can be no reciprocal effectual demand unless the interchange of the two not merely replaces, but replaces with a surplus, the expenditure incurred in the production of both. Then the inquiry is, What is that specific relation between commodities which occasions the exchange of one half of them against the other half to replace, with a surplus, the cost of producing both?

In the production of every commodity, certain portions of some other commodities are consumed; and effectual demand for any one consists not merely in the power, but in the inclination, to give for it, either by direct or by circuitous exchange, a quantity of the other commodities required in its production, somewhat greater than its production costs. Its production *could* not be continued if less were offered in exchange, and *would* not be continued unless somewhat more were offered to the producer for his advance of capital. An effectual demand, then, may either be increased by an augmentation in the quantity of the ingredients of capital offered in exchange for it, or by a diminution in the quantity of those that are required in its production; and conversely, an effectual demand for a diminished quantity of commodities may be occasioned either by a diminution in the quantity of the ingredients of capital offered in exchange for them, or by a greater quantity of these ingredients becoming necessary to their production. In both cases, it is increased production which extends effectual demand. Wherever there is a profitable sale for a larger stock of any commodities, the consumers must either have acquired a greater stock of the ingredients of capital to replace the greater quantity of these ingredients expended in augmenting the supply of them; or improvements must have been effected in industry, by the aid of machinery for instance, admitting of greater production without more cost. In the former case, a larger quantity of the ingredients of capital is produced; in the latter, a greater quantity is produced of those things, in the acquisition of which capital is employed; and, in both, increased supply is the one and only cause of extended effectual demand.

'If this be a correct account of the matter, it follows that there is a very important limitation to the principle, that increased supply is the occasion of increased demand; and it will appear, that an increased production of those articles which do not form component parts of capital, cannot create an increased effective demand, either for such articles themselves, or for those other articles which do form component parts of capital. No increased production of silks, for example, can give rise to an increased effectual demand either for muslins or for corn. The reason is obvious. In fabricating muslin or in raising corn, a great variety of articles of capital, such as food and clothing, material and implements, must be expended, and these ingredients of capital no supply of silks or of other superfluities can replace. Whatever may be the quantities of the ingredients of capital expended in production, they can be replaced only by the same quantities of themselves. When we expend any additional quantity of capital in producing muslin, such additional expenditure cannot be replaced by an equivalent expenditure directed to the production of silks; but, on the contrary, must be replaced by an additional production of those identical articles of which capital is composed. If, without diminishing the quantity of capital employed in the other branches of industry, we employ in the manufacturing of muslin an additional capital consisting of food and material, clothing and implements, for a thousand workmen; then, for the increased supply of muslin thus obtained, no effectual demand, no profitable vend, or replacement, with an adequate surplus, of the articles expended, can by possibility be found, unless the production of the ingredients of capital be contemporaneously increased to the extent of food and material, clothing and implements, for a thousand.'

As an effectual demand for commodities is increased by an augmented supply of other commodities, subject to the above limitation, so it is clear that an effectual demand for a larger quantity of labor * — that, for which a large portion of the commodities brought to market is exchanged — can only be created by a greater production of the several articles by

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* Col. Torrens uses the term *labor* for the product of labor, *work done.* M. Louis Say has animadverted on this use of the word by Adam Smith. See Monthly Review, vol. xcviii. p. 474.

which labor is maintained. There is this difference, indeed; that the effectual demand for labor may consist in the offer of the exact quantity of things consumed in bringing it to market, while the effectual demand for commodities must consist of a surplus, as a remuneration for the advances of the capitalist. Though commodities, however, afford an effectual demand for labor, the supply of labor, however abundant, cannot *in the first instance* furnish an effectual demand for commodities; because it is not identical with any one of the things, such as food, clothing, and implements, that are expended in setting it in motion; and these ingredients of capital cannot be replaced, except by articles identical to them in kind and quantity. It is clear that the advantage, which the capitalist derives from his advances to those whom he employs, arises not from the immediate exchange of capital against labor, but from the subsequent reproduction which labor and capital occasion:

> 'When I exchange for one hundred and ten days' subsistence a quantity of silks, for the production of which I had advanced one hundred days' subsistence, my capital is immediately replaced to me with a surplus of ten per cent.; but when I exchange one hundred days' subsistence for labour, my capital is in no way replaced: nay, even when the labour has produced me the same quantity of silk as before, no expenditure is returned, no surplus realized, and it is not until I have exchanged my silks for a greater quantity of subsistence than their production cost, that I find a profitable vend, and am furnished with the means, and presented with the motive, to renew my operations. Now, what is it which in this case constitutes the effectual demand? Not, assuredly, the labour for which I advance my subsistence, nor the article which that labour prepares, but the production in some other quarter of a greater quantity of subsistence than that which I advanced, combined with the will of its possessor to exchange it for mine.'

The relations between effectual demand and supply depend on the comparative cost of production, and not on the quantity of other commodities brought to market to be exchanged against the ingredients of capital; and no absolute increase of demand can alter the relation of supply to it, provided that such augmentation of demand be accompanied with a similar extension of supply. The great practical problem in economical science is so to proportion production, that supply and demand shall be in the relation of equality; that is, that the ingredients of capital brought to market and offered in exchange for commodities shall exceed, by the customary rate of profit, the ingredients of capital expended in producing them. When these ingredients exceed the cost of producing them by more than that rate, the supply is deficient; and the demand is deficient when they fall short of the cost of producing them, or even when they do not exceed it by the usual profits on the employment of capital. As long as this relation of equality is preserved, every article produced will find a profitable sale, and no market can possibly be overstocked; on the contrary, every addition that can be made to the supply of commodities necessarily occasions a rise in the effectual demand for them; and the limits to any farther increase of production are the only limits to an extension of demand. This prosperous state of things vanishes whenever the relation of equality is disturbed: when supply is deficient relatively to demand, the consumer is badly provided; and, when the ingredients of capital expended in the production of commodities exceed those that are brought in exchange against other commodities, gluts are experienced, to the detriment of the consumer:

'Let us suppose that there exists a society consisting of one hundred cultivators, and one hundred manufacturers, and that the one hundred cultivators expend one hundred quarters of corn and one hundred suits of clothing, in raising two hundred and twenty quarters of corn, while the one hundred manufacturers expend one hundred quarters of corn and one hundred suits of clothing in preparing two hundred and twenty suits. In this case, the offer of half the corn of the cultivator would constitute an effectual demand for half the clothing of the manufacturer; or, reciprocally, the offer of half the clothing of the latter, an effectual demand for half the corn of the former; because, when the two classes exchanged half their respective products, the things expended in production would be more than replaced. The class of cultivators, and the class of manufacturers, instead of one hundred suits of clothing, and one hundred quarters of corn, would each possess one hundred and ten quarters, and one hundred and ten suits; and this surplus, or profit of ten per cent., they might employ either in setting additional labourers to work, or in purchasing luxuries for immediate enjoyment. It will be immediately perceived, too, that the effectual demand which allows the clothing to be disposed of with a profit, is created by the production of the corn; and that the effectual demand for the corn is created by the production of the clothing.'

If this society doubled its numbers, the productive powers of industry remaining as before, it is clear that there would be a double demand for the former quantity of corn, created by the double production of clothing; and a double demand for the former quantity of clothing, created by the double production of corn. Should the productive powers of industry, however, be doubled as well as the numbers of this society, if the love of ease prevailed over the desire of luxurious enjoyment, and no additional quantity of commodities was obtained, then, as there was no increase of production, there could be no increase of demand; and the society would be satisfied with working only half of the time that it worked before: — but, if a taste for luxuries were introduced, and in order to obtain them the society were willing to work during the same number of hours as formerly, then an increased production would take place, and a proportionally greater demand. The productive powers of industry being doubled, half the number, both of cultivators and manufacturers, might be spared from their old employment, and betake themselves to the cultivation of sugar, the weaving of lace, or the preparation of any other superfluities.

The doctrine of Col. Torrens is that, while the quantity of the ingredients of capital brought to market is equal, *at least*, to the quantity of these ingredients expended in bringing other commodities there, then increased production will be the cause of increased demand. Now, how does this appear in the last supposed situation of our society, where its numbers are doubled, and where the productive powers of its industry being also doubled, half the number of those who manufactured the necessary, *clothes*, may occupy themselves in weaving the luxury, *lace*; and half the number of those who cultivated the necessary, *corn*, may employ themselves in raising the luxury, *sugar?* We cannot abbreviate the explanation, and therefore give it in the author's own words:

> ' When the several commodities are brought to market to be exchanged against each other, according to the expences of their production, the one hundred farmers, after giving one hundred quarters of corn to one class of manufacturers for one hundred suits of clothing, one hundred quarters to the other for a fourth of their ribbons and lace, and one hundred quarters to the growers of sugar and tobacco, for a fourth of these products, would retain one hundred quarters in their own hands, and thus have their expenditure of one hundred quarters of corn and one hundred suits of clothing replaced to them, together with a quantity of sugar, tobacco, ribbons, and lace, equal in productive cost, and therefore in exchangeable value, to the capital they expended. In like manner, the one hundred fabricators of clothing, after giving one hundred suits for one hundred quarters of corn, one hundred for a quarter of the ribbons and lace produced, and one hundred for a quarter of the tobacco and sugar, would have one hundred suits remaining; and consequently would have their expenditure of one hundred quarters of corn, and one hundred suits of clothing, replaced with a quantity of luxuries equivalent thereto. By these exchanges, too, the one hundred cultivators who expended one hundred quarters of corn and one hundred suits of clothing, in raising sugar and tobacco, as well as the one hundred manufac-

turers who, with a like expenditure, prepared ribbons and laces, would have their capitals replaced to them by the sacrifice of half their products, and would have the other half as a surplus for their own expenditure. For every article brought to market there would be a profitable vend. Each class would find that a part of the things it produced would replace the whole of the things it expended in production. But this is exactly what is meant by effectual demand; and the more accurately we analyse the operations of industry and the transactions of the market, the more clearly we shall perceive, that while the due proportions are preserved between the quantity of the ingredients of capital and of other things, increased production is the one and only cause of extended demand.'

After this explanation, Col. Torrens has anticipated and replied to some objections which may be urged against his theory; and particularly that the love of ease is so general and predominant a principle in human nature, that men will not make a sacrifice of it for the enjoyment of luxuries. Undoubtedly, if the love of ease prevents an increase of production, an increase of effectual demand cannot follow: therefore, the theory is not affected by the supposition. A passion for accumulating capital converts the effectual demand for luxuries into a demand for the necessaries of life. Suppose this passion at last to be extinguished by its own excess; it must be succeeded either by a desire for luxurious enjoyment, or by a love of indolence and ease: in the former case, effectual demand will arise for every article which the country has the power of producing; and in the latter, for every article which it may have the inclination to produce. Vary our suppositions as we will, increased production, provided that it be duly proportioned, (says the author,) is the sole real cause of extended demand, and diminished production is the sole real cause of contracted demand; rightly proportioned, they are commensurate with each other.

It cannot fail to be observed that this theory of effectual demand, so far from denying the possibility of gluts and regorgements from an overstocking of the market, at once accounts for them. Effectual demand is the offer, for any commodity, of a greater quantity of the ingredients of capital than its production cost; consequently, where a greater quantity of these ingredients is expended in bringing any commodity to market than the consumers are either able or willing to offer in exchange for it, there the supply will be excessive in relation to demand, and a glut will be experienced. A glut, therefore, may arise from two causes; first, from an erroneous calculation of producers in expending a greater quantity of these ingredients in bringing certain commodities to market than consumers are able or willing to give in exchange for them; and, secondly, 'from an irregularity of the seasons, throwing upon the market, without any increased expenditure of the ingredients of capital, a greater quantity of a commodity than those who have the ordinary quantity of these ingredients to offer in exchange are desirous of consuming.' Whichever be the cause, the effects of both are the same in suspending production and inflicting distress on the industrious classes: but, for an illustration of the precise manner in which these effects are produced, we must refer to the volume itself, from page 400. to the conclusion of it. The present *glut* of the products of the earth, if we must use the ungracious term, is probably the result of a combination of these causes; of an increased expenditure of capital in obtaining them, and of a greater quantity being thrown on the market by the abundance of successive harvests. As we have very often contended, it is not superabundance which now creates distress to the producer, but it is that the mass of consumers have not a sufficient quantity of the ingredients of capital to offer in exchange for it. Thus it is that supply and effectual demand are not in that relation of equality which is necessary to give encouragement to future production. That it is not superabundance, abstractedly speaking, is demonstrative from the sad fact which stares us in the face, that there are hundreds of thousands of indigent individuals in the kingdom who have not a sufficiency of the ingredients of capital to buy provisions and clothing, cheap as they are. There is an ample supply of labor in the market: but we have already seen that, although commodities furnish a demand for labor, labor does not immediately create an effectual demand for commodities.

A superfluity of a particular commodity may occasion a general suspension of production, not merely of that commodity which exists in excess, but of all others. The producers of the redundant commodity cannot continue their business without an effectual demand for it; and still less are they able to purchase and consume the same quantity of other commodities as before. These, therefore, become relatively redundant, though they are not absolutely increased. If the redundance be at first in corn, the producers of the other ingredients of capital, being able to replace this main ingredient with a smaller quantity of their respective articles, make great profits as long as corn-growers employ the same capital as before: — but, when they can no longer do this, and when superfluities become likewise so redundant that the quantity of them, which the producers of the undepreciated ingredients of capital might be disposed to receive, is found inadequate to purchase the quantity of the ingredients of capital expended in bringing them to market, then the undepreciated ingredients of capital likewise become redundant, and a general stagnation prevails through all the channels of industry.

The redundant supply of a commodity caused by an improvement in the productive powers of industry creates, indeed, a temporary embarrassment: but the disturbed balance is very soon adjusted, and the community always derives from it the most solid advantages. So, likewise, if a permanent improvement in the climate should insure for future times a more abundant produce of corn with the same expenditure of capital, the distribution of industry would very soon be accommodated to the new proportion of its productive powers: — but a redundant supply of corn occasioned by two or three prosperous harvests finds no such principle of adjustment. If the growers of corn abandon tillage, and engage in the production of clothing and luxuries, a succession of deficient harvests may ensue, and render the supply of grain as defective as it had been before bountiful; and a deficiency of corn is, in fact, a redundancy of all other articles. There is no single cause, Col. Torrens observes, which operates so injuriously on the prosperity of a country as a fluctuating supply of corn. If this important ingredient of capital be not in some degree steady, it is impossible to preserve that justly proportioned production which secures for every commodity a certain and profitable sale. The ruin of the cultivator involves that of the proprietor, that of the labourer, and that of every class in society except one, which flourishes amid the general distress, viz. the money-holder: whose command in the market over the necessaries and conveniences of life is increased as that of the other classes is diminished. From the power of money, therefore, in these circumstances, and the eagerness to obtain it, the capitalist will, *at first*, receive a higher rate of interest for his loans: but neither can this state of things be permanent; since the continued depression of industry and the fall of profits, resulting from a glut, make it impossible for the borrower to pay a high interest for that which yields him an inadequate return.

Having explained the general principles of demand and supply, and shewn that they afford a satisfactory solution of all the important phænomena experienced in the market, Col. Torrens concludes with suggesting a few practical rules for averting those stagnations of trade, which so frequently suspend prosperity before a country has approached the limits of her resources.

The first thing that the practical statesman should attempt is to keep the supply and the price of corn uniform and steady, and the means by which this may be effected Col. T. explained in his "Essay on the External Corn Trade." — The next great object is to preserve the currency at an uniform value. Lowering its value has a favorable influence on effectual demand: but it cannot always go on sinking; and its recoil is attended with calamities which far more than counterbalance the advantages that accompanied its descent. Its restoration, after it has been depreciated, violates the spirit of all existing contracts, and causes an entire derangement of the market. 'In such cases, policy and justice alike require, not that the currency should be raised to the level of the ancient standard, but that the standard should be lowered to the actual level of the currency.' — A third suggestion is to leave the interest of money to find its own level, and entirely to abolish those laws against usury which, though intended to protect the borrower, inflict on him the most serious inconvenience. — The last rule is, to avoid all sudden transitions:

> 'This, indeed, is a universal principle, and into it the three preceding rules may be resolved. With respect to the encouragement of industry and the progress of wealth, steady and consistent legislation, even though it should proceed upon erroneous principles, is preferable to a timid and irregular application of the soundest theories. Pertinacity in error is less injurious than the facility which vacillates between right and wrong. When government pursues a steady and uniform course, industry conforms and adapts itself to the existing system; and though the quantity of wealth produced is less than it would be under a more enlightened policy, yet the supply of commodities is so proportioned as to ensure a ready and profitable vend for whatever may be brought to market. But when governments resort to temporary expedients — when they attempt to legislate for each particular occurrence, and interfere with the existing system before they have a sufficient acquaintance with the general principles to erect a better in its stead, then the calculations of the producer are confounded, and commodities can no longer be brought to market in that just proportion which ensures effectual demand. In economics as in medicine, the regular practitioner, when he does not clearly see his way, will be disposed to leave nature to herself; while the empiric resorts on every occasion to active and pernicious nostrums, and thus aggravates the disorder he ignorantly attempts to cure.'

We have thus endeavored to present our readers, in as small a compass as we could, with a sketch of the theories on various topics connected with political economy which are developed in this volume. Like most writers on the subject, the author does not seem sufficiently aware of the practical obstacles which impede the diversion of capital from one channel into another; and they all speak about the rate of profits being necessarily the same in different employments of capital, because of the imperious law of competition, as if there was no trouble in carrying it into execution. — Confining wealth, in his definition of it, to material objects, Col. Torrens must in the same manner confine his definition of capital. *Material* capital, we know, may often be advantageously diverted from one channel to another: but men never seek so to divert it till it has already begun to waste; and, with regard to cultivators at the present moment, the channels in which their capitals *did* flow are now dried up: they have long been flowing over a bed of sand, which has at last absorbed them. Comprehending under the term Capital, however, the accumulated labor of the intellect, — science, skill, imagination, and invention, — these creations of the brain at all events are not easily transferable from channel to channel; and we must say that there is something insufferably galling and offensive to the present race of practical farmers, who have passed their lives in the operations of the field and who have *sunken* their capitals in the soil, to be told that they must now transfer their labor to the loom, and withdraw their capitals from an unprofitable employment! Such, however, is not the language used by Col. Torrens, whose work is possessed of very great merit; and we shall look with impatience for the Appendix, in which the principles propounded in it are to be applied to the existing circumstances of the country.

Art. VI. *An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone*, made during the Year 1819. By John Hughes, A.M. of Oriel College, Oxford. With Etchings by the Author. 8vo. pp. 293. 12*s.* Boards. Cawthorn. 1822.

This journal is unquestionably the production of a cultivated mind; and Mr. Hughes has executed all that he undertook, by furnishing a portable companion for persons visiting the country which he describes. Those who travel the same road will be grateful to him for his specification of the places where good accommodations are to be expected: for, though philosophy may affect to despise the trivial circumstances of a comfortable inn and a plentiful meal, yet, as every thing is seen through the medium of present associations and under the influence of immediate feelings, the most picturesque landscapes and the most enchanting scenery are divested of half their charms, when they are contemplated by travellers who have just arisen sleepless from a bed in which they have been harassed by vermin, or unrefreshed by a repast furnished from those long negative bills of fare which are so frequent at the hotels and *auberges* of the Continent.

The work also has another merit; that of not being a compilation, in which every thing has been taken on trust from other books. Yet this circumstance has rendered it in some degree imperfect; and it would have been better if Mr. Hughes had referred to writers from whom more detailed information might have been collected. He has given a lively and agreeable sketch: but his book would have been more useful if it had supplied us with references to, or occasional extracts from, Millin and other authors, whom he has himself evidently consulted, and whom he presupposes to have been consulted by his readers. This, however, is a defect which is amply compensated by the good humor and vivacity, as well as the taste and observation, which are displayed in every page of the volume.

Mr. Hughes proceeded from Paris to Lyons by Rochepot, where he embarked on a *coche d'eau*, one of those convenient vessels by which the Saone is navigated. The following description of a French repast at Trevoux near Lyons is accurate and lively:

> ' At noon we stopped to breakfast, or rather dine, at Trevoux. Here the Beaujolois hills (or, at least, a range which runs in an uniform line with them) recede, and conduct the eye to a distant vista of higher mountains, toward the south; while, to the left, the river takes a sudden turn among the steep but cultivated sides of the Limonais. This curve brought us all at once upon such a green sunny nook, as might have served for the hermitage of Alexander Selkirk, in the island of Juan Fernandez; in the centre of which stands Trevoux, crowned by the ruins of an old castle, and overlooking the beautifully fertile valley which skirts the foot of the Limonais hills. From its situation, and the form and disposition of its houses, piled tier above tier to the top of a woody bank, Trevoux affords a perfect idea of a little Tuscan town. The *Hôtel du Sauvage*, and the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, are equally well frequented; and, like Oxford pastry-cooks, take care to employ the fair sex as sign-posts to their good cheer. Each inn has its couple of waiting-maids stationed at the water-side, in the costume of shepherdesses at Sadler's Wells, full of *petits soins* and *agrémens*, and loud in the praises of their respective hotels. By these pertinacious damsels every passenger is sure to be dragged to and fro in a state of laughing perplexity, like Garrick, contended for by the tragic and comic muse, in Sir Joshua's well-known picture; nor do their persecutions cease, till all are safely housed. We went to the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, whose table may be supposed not deficient in goodness and variety, from the specimen of one man's dinner eaten there. I shall enumerate its particulars, without attempting to decide on the question so often canvassed, whether our neigh-

bours do not exceed us in versatility and capacity of stomach. Our young Falstaff, then, (for it was he of whom I speak,) ate of soup, bouilli, fricandeau, pigeon, bœuf piquée, salad, mutton cutlets, spinach stewed richly, cold asparagus with oil and vinegar, a roti, cold pike and cresses, sweetmeat tart, larded sweetbreads, haricots blancs au jus, a pasty of eggs and rich gravy, cheese, baked pears, two custards, two apples, biscuits and sweet cakes. Such was the order and quality of his repast, which I registered during the first leisure moment, and which is faithfully reported; and, be it recollected, that he did not confine himself to a mere taste of any one dish. Perhaps I may be borne out by the experience of those who have had the patience to sit out an old Parisian gourmand, by the help of coffee and newspapers, and observed him employed corporeally and mentally for nearly two hours, digesting and discriminating, with the carte in one hand, and his fork in the other. The solemn concentration of mind displayed by many of these personages is worthy of the pencil of Bunbury; and though French caricaturists have done no more than justice to our guttling Bob Fudges, I question whether they would not find subjects of greater science and physical powers among their own countrymen. On our return to the *coche d'eau*, our fat companion lighted his *cigàr*, and hastened to lie down in the cabin, observing, "*Il faut que je me repose un peu, pour faire ma digestion;*" and Monsieur C., instead of leaving him quietly in his state of torpidity, like a boa refreshed with raw buffalo, began to argue with us on the superior nicety of the French in eating. "*Nous aimons les mets plus delicats que vous autres,*" quoth he; at which we laughed, and pointed to the cabin. We found, upon explanation, however, that Mons. C., though well-informed in general upon the subject of English customs, entertained an idea not uncommon in France, viz. that we always despatch the whole of those hospitable haunches and sirloins, which appear at an English table, at one and the same sitting: with this notion, his observation was certainly natural enough.'

We select also the author's observations on the French taste for the picturesque, in which we heartily concur with him. The gardens in the south of France still retain the gloomy embellishments and sombre regularities of Le Notre.

'For the good taste displayed by the rich Lyonnais in their villas and gardens, which began to peep upon us at every step, I cannot in truth say much; but our French companions, who had overlooked the merely natural beauties of the country, found much to commend in these little vagaries of art. A lively bourgeoise, on whom we stumbled the next day behind the counter of a glove-shop, ran up, open-mouthed, to explain to us the beauties of one of their show spots, in view of which a sudden turn of the river was just bringing us. A conspicuous inscription on a large vulgar-looking house painted red and yellow, informed us that it was styled the "*Hermitage du Mont d'Or.*" In the space of not quite an acre of ground, on the side of a wooded hill, of the highest natural loveliness, the proprietor had contrived to commit a host of the most outrageous and fantastical absurdities, which were hailed with a smile from Mons. C., and a burst of approbation from the rest of the party. At the top of the hill were four scattered pillars of different diminutive forms, with gilt balustrades; all painted with gaudy colours, and none large enough for a moderate tea-garden, or sufficiently solid to have resisted the point-blank stagger of a drunken man. Lower down were two holes in the rock, which, from their size and appearance, I should have taken for a rabbit-burrow and a badger's earth, but for the young lady's joyous exclamation — "*Ah! voilà les hermitages. Messieurs, il y a deux hermites là-dedans.*" — "*A la bonne heure, Mademoiselle; ils sont vivans, sans doute.*" — "*Mais pour cela — pas absolument — c'est que — ils sont de cire, voyez vous, mais d'une beauté! ah, c'est unè chose à voir!*" Then came an inclosure so thickly studded with pillars of different sizes, as to resemble a Mahometan burying ground. "*Vous y trouverez des inscriptions de toute espèce, et là vous voyez la colonne de Trajan.*" This was a wooden obelisk about ten feet high, painted white, at the base of which Rome was written in large black letters, occupying the whole of one side. Immediately above the house stood a small wooden building, with a red and white dome, and pillars and windows painted on the sides. The name Cosmorama, which took up half the height of the side fronting us, still left us in doubt as to its use or intention; and our fair cicerone could no more explain the nature of her favourite building, than Bardolph could the meaning of the word "accommodate." "*Eh, Monsieur, c'est ce qu'on appelle Cosmorama; je ne saurois vous dire précisément; peut-être il y a des bêtes sauvages; — ou — quelque chose de gentil; voyez vous — mais enfin c'est un Cosmorama.*" — "*Mais voilà, ce qui est vraiment joli,*" resounded on all sides; and so general and good-humoured was their admiration of this rickety bauble, that we did our best to acquiesce in it. After all, we could admire, without any breach of sincerity, the natural beauties of this spot, which very much resembles the more open parts of the glen where Matlock is situated, and which all these abominations could not entirely deface. How to account for this perversion of eye in a people of sensibility and taste, I am rather at a loss; but this last is by no means a singular instance. "*Bientôt vous allez sortir de ces tristes bois,*" compassionately observed a very gentleman-like officer, with whom we had fallen in during a stage of beautiful forest-scenery; and not a soul in a *voiture* which breakfasted in the *salle à manger* at Rochepot could understand why we stopped to admire the distant prospect of the Alps. Not to multiply instances of the indifference to the beauties of simple nature, which will, I think, be allowed to exist in the French, as contrasted with ourselves, I am inclined to extend the line of distinction still farther, and to affirm, that this deficiency in taste appears generally to distinguish the Teutonic from the Southern blood. It is no exaggeration to say, that for one French or Italian traveller in

Switzerland, twenty English or ten Germans may be reckoned. The French taste in landscape-gardening is well known, and that of the Italians * is but a shade or two better: witness the detestable baby-house with which they have defaced one of the finest scenes in the world, and which they distinguish, *par excellence*, as the Isola Bella; to say nothing of a host of similar instances, as contrasted with our own Longleat and Rydal Park.

'The fairest account of the matter, perhaps, is, that this inferiority in one branch of taste may result from a difference of temperament in our lively southern neighbours, which, in other respects, has its advantages. Restless, acute, and loquacious, they delight more naturally in those objects which remind them of the "busy hum of men:" and, whatever the force of circumstances may have effected in particular cases, it may be safely asserted that the diplomatist and man of the world is the indigenous growth of France and Italy, while the powers of abstraction and meditation exist more naturally in English and German minds, inducing the love of solitary nature.'

It was inconsistent with the limits assigned by Mr. Hughes to his work to attempt a minute account of Lyons: but we believe that every reader will partake in the virtuous indignation with which he makes a passing mention of the atrocities committed there during the reign of terror.

The author's route was through Orange and Avignon; and having given a tolerably accurate picture of Mont Ventou, to the magnificence of which, however, he does not perhaps render adequate justice, he thus describes the celebrated arch of Orange, built in commemoration of Marius's victory over the Cimbri; a remnant of antiquity which has been unaccountably overlooked by many travellers. We think, therefore, that we need not apologize for quoting the passage.

'The approach to this celebrated arch is marked by an avenue of Lombardy poplars, which line the high road. The classical and sombre stone pine, which gives so striking an effect to the tomb of the Scipios (as it is styled) near Tarragona, would have been more in character as an accompaniment to this proud monument also; but since the days of Alpheus † and his red silk stock-

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'* The characteristic beauties of Italy are no proof of the picturesque taste of the Italians themselves, as planners and architects. The commanding situation of their villages, and the small proportion of window to wall, are circumstances favourable to landscape, but intended merely as the means of catching and retaining cool air. Their classical ruins are preserved as a source of pride and profit, and the natural features of the country cannot be altered.'

'† See the Spectator.'

ings, the taste for *quelque chose de gentil* has constantly poisoned those classical associations of which the French are so fond. The grave Patavinian is still designated by the tom-tit appellation of Tite Live; and the majestic arch, whose history would have been so well illustrated by his lost annals, is tricked out with a Poplar avenue, like a summer-house on Clapham-common. The townsmen of Orange, however, deserve credit for the substantial style in which they have repaired one end of it, to prevent farther dilapidation, and for the manner in which the road is diverted from it on both sides in a handsome sweep, leaving a green space in the middle, in which the arch stands. We returned to it immediately after breakfast, and our second impressions were fully equal to the first. As a work of art, it is certainly worthy of one of the proudest places in the Campo Vaccino, though of course its effect is more striking in the neighbourhood* of the victory which it commemorates. The bas relief on the side facing Orange would not be unworthy of a place between the well-known statues of Dacian captives, which ornament the arch of Constantine. Different as were their respective æras, the stern thoughtful dignity of the barbarian chiefs, and the spirit which animates

——" The fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,"

as represented in the battle of Marius, appear to have been conceived by the same powerful mind, and embodied by the same master hand. The same chastened energy and unaffected greatness of design which characterize the poetry of Milton, the painting of Michael Angelo, and the music of Handel, are conspicuous in both. The bas relief which I have mentioned forms the principal ornament of the arch; but the trophies, the rostra, &c. which appear in other parts, are in a style of simple and soldier-like grandeur, corresponding with its character and the achievement which it commemorates. I do not pretend to consider this monument as comparable on the whole to the arch of Constantine; but still it is of a very different school of art from that which produced the arch of Severus. On the bas relief representing Marius's victory, one might fancy the most high born and athletic of Achilles's Myrmidons in the full " tug of war;" whereas the swarms of crawling pigmies which burlesque the triumph of Severus might be supposed the original Myrmidon rabble, just hatched, as the fable reports, from their native ant-hills, and basking in the sun like so many tadpoles.

' The Roman colony of Orange, to judge from the relative positions of the arch and circus, must have been very considerable, and have occupied a far larger space than the present town. The arch stands detached from its entrance, as I mentioned, on the Lyons side, and the circus at the extreme end, in the direction of Avignon; yet the former we may suppose to have joined on to the

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' * Marius's victory is said to have been gained near Aix (Aquæ *Sextiæ*.)'

ancient town, and the latter to have stood in the same central position which the Colosseum occupied in Rome. Of the Circus nothing now remains but the chord of the semicircle, or, to express it more familiarly, the straight line of the D figure, in which it was built. As far as I could guess, from pacing the length of this enormous wall, encumbered and buttressed as it was by dirty shops, it is in length nearly or quite a hundred yards, and of a height proportionate. The point of view from which it appears to the most advantage is on the road to Avignon, about two or three furlongs out of the town. When viewed in this direction, it stands with the commanding air of a grim old Roman ghost among a group of men of the present day; forming, by its blackness and colossal scale of proportions, a striking contrast to every thing around it, and overtopping houses, church-tower, and every thing near, excepting a circular hill at the foot of which it stands. The latter is marked as the position of the ancient Roman citadel by the remains of tower and wall, half imbedded in turf, which surround it: and one veteran bastion still stands firm and unbroken, in a position facing the Circus, its companion through the silent and ruinous lapse of so many centuries. Without the affectation of decrying well-known and celebrated monuments of antiquity, or the wish to put any thing really in comparison with the ruins of ancient Rome, I must still own, that the unexpected view which I caught of the citadel and Circus from this position realized more strongly to my mind the august conceptions so well expressed in Childe Harold, than any view in Rome itself, hardly excepting the Colosseum.

" O'er each mouldering tower
Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power." '

On ascending Mont Don near Avignon, a new and splendid crucifix, lately erected at the expence of the mission of 1819, suggests a series of reflections to Mr. Hughes, in which we do not concur with him. We cannot enter at large into the question whether this celebrated mission, which has excited so much tumult and alarm at Paris and in other parts of France, be a mere political manœuvre to strengthen the hands of government by calling in the aid of superstition, or a sincere and *bonâ fide* attempt to awaken the dormant spirit of religion, which during the Revolution had become almost forgotten and obsolete: but we cannot forbear to remark that the mummeries and absurdities of the Catholic system, which it is well known had fallen into contempt even among that part of the French population who still adhered to their original faith, and shrunk back with horror from absolute infidelity or impiety, are but a sorry remedy for religious indifference. It has been the wretched policy of the Bourbons to make the most aukward attempts to ante-date, as it were, the mind of France, and this appears to us to be one of them. Mr.

Hughes, deriving his information from a fanatical pamphlet published at Avignon, expatiates on the astonishing effects produced by the eloquence of the Missionaries: but did they address themselves to the consciences of the brutal murderers of the unfortunate Brune [*], who had been so recently assassinated by the very persons who must have formed their auditory? or did they ever rebuke the religious bigotry and political hatred which had just broken out, and even yet subsists, in the south of France, against the Protestants? This, we conceive, would have been a discipline infinitely more salutary than the processions of penitents, the vows, the penances, and the donatives, which seem at present to be the only observable fruits of the zeal of these Missionaries among their fanatical followers.

We subjoin the traveller's short description of the Pont du Gard:

> 'The Pont du Gard, which we were not long in visiting, is seen to the greatest advantage on the side on which we approached it from the inn. The deep mountain-glen, inhabited only by goats, whose entrance it crosses from cliff to cliff, forms a striking background, and serves as a measure to the height of the colossal arches which appear to grow naturally, as it were, out of the gray rocks on which they rest. There is certainly something more poetical in the stern and simple style of architecture of which this noble aqueduct is a specimen, than in the more florid and graceful school of art. The latter speaks more to the eye, but the former to the mind, possessing a superiority analogous to that which the great style of painting (as it is termed) boasts over the florid and ornamental Venetian school. Our own Stonehenge is too much, perhaps, in the rude extreme of this branch of architecture to be quoted as a favourable instance of it; but few persons can come suddenly in sight of Stonehenge on a misty day without being struck by its peculiar effect; and the Pont du Gard, placed in as lonely a situation, exhibits materials almost as gigantic in detail, and knit into a towering mass which seems to require no less force than an earthquake, or a battery of cannon, to change the position of a single stone. A large and solid bridge, which has been built against it by the states of Languedoc, appears by comparison to shrink into insignificance, and shelter itself behind the old Roman arches, the lower tier of which, eleven in number, overtop it in height by about three-fifths. The span of the largest arch is about 78 feet, of the other ten, 66 each: and they are surmounted by a row of thirty-five smaller arches. With the exception of two or three of these last, the whole fabric is complete, and, if unmolested, appears likely to witness more

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[*] He was vaguely suspected by the royalists of having been accessary to the murder of the Princesse de Lamballe.

changes of language and dynasty than it has already done. I do not know that the mind is ever more impressed with the idea of Roman power and greatness, than by contemplating such structures as these, erected for subordinate purposes at a distance from the main seat of empire. It is like discovering a broken hand or foot of the Colossus of Rhodes, and estimating in imagination the height and bulk of the whole statue from the size of its enormous extremities.'

At Nismes, the celebrated Maison Carrée, the Temple of Diana, the Arena, a theatre erroneously supposed by Mr. Hughes to be nearly equal to the Coliseum in dimension, the antient Baths, and the Pharos, are rapidly noticed: but we have room only for his description of the ruins near St. Remy, and with this extract we must close our article:

'May 21. — We were tempted by a beautiful morning to rise somewhat before four o'clock, in order to visit the Roman ruins near this place, before our departure for Orgon. A walk of ten minutes conducted us up a gentle terrace on which they were situated, and which rises between the town and the fantastic hills we had remarked the day before. Having heard but little of these classical remains, we were most agreeably surprised to find them in such perfect preservation, and so beautiful in themselves. They consist of a mausoleum and an arch, which stand within a few yards of each other, and appear to have formed the principal objects in a public square or place; the area of which is evidently marked out by a row of solid stone seats, well adapted for the accommodation of gazers at these beautiful gems. The arch has suffered the most decay of the two: or rather, it most exhibits the effects of violence; for the unmutilated parts are as sharp and bold as if fresh from the hand of the sculptor. The human figures on each side have suffered the most, either perhaps from some party-commotion of past ages, or the same wanton propensity which leads man to disfigure his fellow-creature's image in preference to any other work of art; and to which we owe the demolition of André and Washington's heads in Westminster Abbey. The fretted compartments in the inside, and the border which surrounds the bend of the arch, are in the highest preservation. The latter represents clusters of grapes, olives, figs, and pomegranates with the accuracy of a miniature, and in a free and natural style. One of the pomegranates was represented as ripe and cracking, and every seed distinctly expressed. The mausoleum is, I should venture to say, a building perfectly unique in its way, as a remnant of antiquity; and therefore more difficult to describe by a recurrence to any known work of art. I cannot better, however, describe its effect on the mind than by saying, that it ought to be removed to Pompeii in company with the arch. It is certainly superior, as a work of art, to any thing yet discovered in that singular place; while it possesses the same indescribable domestic character which seems to bring you back to the business and bosoms of the ancients, in a manner which nothing at Rome can do. As far as I could judge by the eye, it is from forty to fifty feet in height. An open circular lanthorn of ten Corinthian pillars, surmounted by a conical roof of stone, and containing two standing figures, rests on a square base, presenting an open arch on each side, which is in its turn supported by a solid pedestal, exhibiting on each of its four sides a bas relief corresponding to the respective arch. There is great spirit and fine grouping in the bas reliefs, which represent battles of cavalry and infantry. The standing figures, before mentioned, to whose honour the mausoleum may be supposed to have been erected, are in the civil garb : and there is an ease and repose in their attitudes, corresponding with the grave, calm expression of the heads, of which necessary appendage the merciless French Itineraire has guillotined them without warrant. The colour of the freestone of which it is built is as fresh as that of the castle of Tarascon. The building is constructed with a thorough knowledge of what the human eye requires, tapering and becoming more light towards its conical top. It is also of size sufficient for all purposes of effect, though not too large for a private monument. The situation in which these relics stand is sufficient to add beauty to objects of less merit. They are placed, as I mentioned, on a cultivated rising ground, at the foot of the wild gray rocks which ran parallel to the former day's route, and which assume from this spot a more castellated appearance than when viewed from the road. On the other side a fine and boundless view opens into the great plain of Avignon and the Rhone, almost perplexing to the eye by its variety and number of objects: in which we distinguished Avignon itself, and Mont Ventou many leagues behind it, rising in height apparently undiminished, with light hazy clouds sailing along its middle, and backed by the wild Dauphiné mountains near Château Grignan. We could also distinguish Beaucaire, Tarascon, and a large part of the former day's route, to the extreme left; and the right opened into various vistas of the hilly country which we had to cross in our road to Marseilles. The whole scene was lighted up and perfumed by the effects of the shower of rain which had fallen in the night, and without which a summer-landscape in this country is a dusty mass oppressive to the eyes. The thyme and lavender on which we sat, and the mulberries and standard-peaches which shaded us, seemed, as well as the vineyards, to be actually growing; and the catching lights were thrown in such a manner, as to make every distant object successively distinct. After a couple of hours' survey, we took leave of the ancient Glanum Livii, convinced that we had as yet seen nothing more perfect in its way than their *tout ensemble*, when combined with the surrounding scenery.'

The etchings are the slightest and most unsatisfactory *embellishments* that we have lately seen prefixed to any book: but a separate publication of more finished drawings and engravings, in illustration of this Itinerary, is advertized at the end as in preparation. The plates are to be thirty in number, executed in the line-manner by Messrs. Cook and Mr. Allen.

Art. VII. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London*, for the Year 1822, Part I. 4to. pp. 266., and 29 Plates. 2*l*. sewed. Nicol and Son.

Astronomy, Philosophy, &c.

The Bakerian Lecture. An Account of Experiments to determine the Amount of the Dip of the Magnetic Needle in London, in August, 1821; *with Remarks on the Instruments which are usually employed in such Determinations.* By Captain Sabine, of the Artillery. — The great attention which, in late years, has been paid to the science of magnetism, and the near approach that has now been made towards a complete developement of the laws of this hitherto mysterious power, render it important that we should possess more accurate data than we have yet had of the several changes to which the inclination and declination of the magnetic needle are subject; for which purpose more accurate instruments, and better means of observation, than those at present employed, are indispensably necessary. The horizontal needle, when carefully constructed, is perhaps as perfect as we can desire, the only impediment to its correct action being the friction on the point of support; which, however, by means of a carefully polished agate cap, and a fine steel point, is so far reduced (the needle itself being made as light as it can be consistently with its length) that it will during a succession of trials return to the same point of bearing with considerable precision, and thus indicate with sufficient certainty the plane of the magnetic meridian.

Besides the accurate determination of the plane of the magnetic meridian, however, we have constantly occasion to know also the natural line of magnetic direction; which, it is well ascertained, is at this time in London inclined to the plane of the horizon at an angle exceeding 70°, and which angle increases, as we proceed northwards, till the natural direction of the needle is vertical: while in proceeding southwards it decreases till the needle becomes horizontal, then dips again in the opposite direction, viz. to the south, and ultimately again becomes vertical. The instrument by which observations of this kind are made is called a dipping needle; and it has even been known to be exceedingly uncertain in its action, notwithstanding that it has engaged the attention of many eminent artists: a succession of observations, even with the best instruments, being liable to differences of 10′ or 20′. Consequently, some uncertainty has always attended this kind of results and determination.

The object of the present paper is to explain the construction of a dipping needle on a somewhat different principle, by which the dip itself is not actually exhibited, but is to be computed from the observed results. Capt. S. observes:

'The needle is a parallelopipedon of eleven inches and a half in length, four-tenths in breadth, and one-twentieth in thickness; the ends are rounded; and a line marked on the face of the needle, passing through the centre to the extremities, answers the purpose of an index.

'The cylindrical axis on which the needle revolves is of bell metal, terminated, where it rests on the agate planes, by cylinders of less diameter; the finer these terminations are made, so long as they do not bend with the weight of the needle, the more accurate will be the oscillations; small grooves in the thicker part of the axis receive the Y's, which raise and lower the needle on its supports, and ensure that the same parts of the axis rest in each observation on the planes.

'A small brass sphere traverses on a steel screw, inserted in the lower edge of the needle, as nearly as possible in the perpendicular to the index-line passing through the axis of motion; by this mechanism, the centre of gravity of the needle, with the screw and sphere, may be made to fall more or less below the axis of motion, according as the sphere is screwed nearer to or more distant from the needle, and according as spheres of greater or less diameter are employed.

'The object proposed in thus separating the centres of motion and gravity, is to give to the needle a force arising from its own weight to assist that of magnetism in overcoming the inequalities of the axis, and thus to cause the needle to return, after oscillation, with more certainty to the same point of the divided limb, than it would do were the centres strictly coincident.

'The centres of motion and of gravity not coinciding, the position which the needle assumes, when placed in the magnetic meridian, is not that of the dip: but the dip is deducible, by an easy calculation, from observations made with such a needle, according to the following directions.

'If the needle has been carefully made, and the screw inserted truly as described, the centres of motion and of gravity will be disposed as in the lever of a balance, when a right line joining them will be a perpendicular to the horizontal passing through the extremities (or to the index-line); this condition is not indeed a necessary one, but it is desirable to be accomplished, because it shortens the observations, as well as the calculation, from whence the dip is deduced; its fulfilment may be ascertained with great precision by placing the needle on the agate planes before magnetism is imparted to it, and observing whether it returns to a horizontal direction, after oscillation in each position of the axis; if it does not, it may be made to do so at this time with no great trouble.'

When a needle is accurately adjusted in the manner above described, two observations are sufficient for determining the dip; the one being made with the face of the instrument to the east, and the other with the face to the west: the mean of the cotangents of the angles thus obtained being equal to the cotangent of the dip. — The needle in this case owes its direction to two forces; viz. gravity acting on the balance-weight in a vertical line, and the powers of magnetism in the natural direction of the dip. Let W denote the power of the former, and M that of the latter; let also F be the angle observed when the weight is below the axis, and f when it is above, as shewn by the two observations; and let d be the angle of the dip sought. Then, from the obvious principles of mechanics,

$$W \sin. f = M \sin. (d-f)$$
$$W \sin. F = M \sin. (F-d)$$
$$\frac{\sin. (d-f)}{\sin. f} = \frac{\sin. (F-d)}{\sin. F}$$

Whence is easily deduced

$$\text{cotan. } d = \tfrac{1}{2} (\text{cot. } F + \text{cot. } f)$$

as stated in the proposition.

Another method of determining the dip, from approximate observations on it, is by counting the number of vibrations which such a needle makes when in the plane of the meridian, and when perpendicular to that plane; and a third, by counting the vibrations in the meridian in both cases, but in one instance using the needle in its dipping position, and then in a horizontal position like the common compass. The former method was suggested by Laplace, and the latter by Captain Sabine himself; the needle and the mode of adjustment first described being due to Professor Meyer.

Captain Sabine used all the three methods, and the mean results are extremely satisfactory, viz.

		° ′
By 10 experiments with Meyer's needle,	dip =	70 02.9
By Laplace's method, - -	—	70 04
By Captain Sabine's mode, - -	—	70 02.6
Mean -		70 03

We may therefore rely on this as exhibiting very nearly the actual dip in London for August, 1821; and a similar course of accurate experiments, made in different parts of the globe, and at different periods, could not fail to furnish such data as would in all probability establish the theory of terrestrial magnetism, on a basis nearly as certain as that of any other branch of natural philosophy.

On the Concentric Adjustment of a Triple Object-glass. By William Hyde Wollaston, M.D. — This article depends so much on the illustrations furnished by figures and diagrams, that we cannot attempt to explain its object without them.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Basil Hall, *R. N., to Dr. Wollaston, containing Observations of a Comet seen at Valparaiso.* — These observations, which were made from April 8. 1821, to the 3d of May, and were thirteen in number, were taken by Captain Hall, assisted by Lieut. William Robertson, and Mr. Henry Foster, midshipman, a very ingenious officer, and a most excellent and accurate observer; whose merits and long service in his present rank deserve the early attention of those to whom promotion belongs. The comet, we are told, was always so near the horizon before it became visible, that on no evening, during the whole month in which it was observed, could its right ascension and declination be measured more than once:

> ' On its first appearance, the comet was of a dull white colour: the tail seemed to be split, or to have a dark streak between its sides. On the second evening, the tail subtended an angle of 7°, reaching to ρ Ceti: the northern part of the tail was the longest. On the third, the appearance was much the same. It was hid till the seventh by clouds: the tail then appeared shorter, and the nucleus less bright; changes which at the time were ascribed to the interference of the moon's light; but which, I think, must have arisen from the increased distance of the comet. The tail at first was nearly at right angles to the horizon, but at each succeeding night it inclined more to the south. The time of its appearance was always very short, and that time was generally occupied with the adjustment of the micrometer, so that I was not enabled to draw it so frequently as I could have wished; but the few accompanying sketches will give some idea of its appearance.

Elements of Captain Hall's Comet. By J. Brinkley, D.D. *Andrew's Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin.* — At the time when Dr. Brinkley first laid this paper before the Royal Society, he was not aware that the comet had been observed in Europe, and his elements of it were drawn wholly from the observations furnished by Captain Hall. From them he deduced that the inclination of its orbit was 106° 44′, and its perihelion distance .093; and from these circumstances he was led to conjecture that it might be the same comet which was visible in 1593, and had been computed by Lacaille. It appears, however, that the comet had been seen by several astronomers in Europe before it passed its perihelion; and that the above elements required correction by comparison with these European results. Dr. Brinkley remarks in a note:

'The computations relative to the comet observed by Captain Hall were finished in the middle of October last, and the results immediately sent to London for the purpose of being laid before the Royal Society. The second part of the Transactions for 1821 did not reach me till after the communication had been read at the Royal Society. In that second part, I was much surprised to find the elements of the same comet computed by Mr. Rumker, from the observations made by Dr. Olbers, before the passage through perihelion.

'Subsequently, the "Conn. des Tems," for 1824, reached me, which contains Observations made at Paris, and Elements by M. Nicollet; also a notice of the comet having been observed in several places of Europe. It certainly is highly creditable to those observers who discovered, under very difficult circumstances, the comet in its approach to the sun.

'By the addition of Captain Hall's observations after the passage through perihelion, we are enabled to obtain very exact elements.

'The errors of my Elements, when applied to observations before perihelion, and the errors of Mr. Rumker's and of M. Nicollet's Elements, when applied to Captain Hall's observations after perihelion, are considerable.

'Therefore, I have farther corrected my Elements, by using Dr. Olbers' observations of January 30. with those of Captain Hall of April 8. and May 3.

'The new elements (C) are perihelion distance ,091677.

		h.	m.	s.	
Time of passage through perihelion - -	March 21.	11	11	48	Mean time Greenwich.
		°	′	″	
Inclination - - -		73	34	53	
Node - - -		48	42	18	
Place of perihelion - -		239	30	33	
Motion retrograde.'					

These circumstances shew the great difficulty of making a correct determination of a comet's orbit; and what liberty we may allow ourselves in comparing the elements of different comets, with the view of establishing their identity. Between January 21. and May 3. this comet described above 300° about the Sun; consequently, (says Dr. B.) as a parabola represents the orbit with so much exactness, it follows that the period of its revolution must be very considerable.

A Letter from John Pond, *Esq., Astronomer Royal, to Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., President of the Royal Society, relative to a Derangement in the Mural Circle at the Royal Observatory.* — Certain discrepancies having been detected in the observations made with the new mural circle at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, some anxiety was manifested to ascertain the cause, but this was very difficult till the error had so far increased as to render itself obvious. The object of Mr. Pond's letter is, first, to inform astronomers of the fact; and, secondly, to explain the cause, and to report that the defect has been corrected. He observes:

> ' Those who are acquainted with the construction of the Greenwich mural circle are aware, that though the telescope may be applied to every part of the circle, yet, when fixed for observation, the principle of the instrument requires that the tube, especially at its extremities, should be so firmly fixed to the circle as to form one piece with it: to accomplish this, connecting braces are attached at each end of the telescope. — It now appears that these braces have, in progress of time, become insecure, owing to the screws which fastened them having given way. The effect of this will be, to permit the ends to bend from the centre instead of retaining, as they ought to do, an invariable position with respect to the circle. Under these circumstances, when the telescope is directed to the zenith, the position may be considered as free from error; but when the instrument is moved either towards the north or south horizon, should either extremity bend more than the other, an error will take place, and will increase from the zenith towards the horizon, but in what exact proportion, remains to be determined by future observations.
>
> ' The cause of this error being thus ascertained, Mr. Troughton has applied additional braces to connect the telescope with the circle, sufficiently strong, I should conceive, to prevent the possibility of such an accident for the future.'

How far the observations that have been made since this derangement first commenced, and during its progressive increase, are susceptible of correction, may perhaps appear doubtful: but it is at all events satisfactory to learn that the cause of the errors has been discovered, and a sufficient remedy applied.

On the Finite Extent of the Atmosphere. By W. H. Wollaston, M. D. — The finite or infinite divisibility of matter is a subject that has led to various physical and metaphysical arguments and controversies, without having produced any very satisfactory conclusions. In the present paper, the question is placed under a new point of view, but we are not sure that it will be considered as more conclusive than any that has preceded it.

The principle assumed appears to be that, if matter were infinitely divisible, an elastic medium such as the atmosphere must be of indefinite extent, and consequently that the several bodies of the solar system would attract, about their respective centres, atmospheres that would be proportional to their several attractive powers: therefore, that the solar atmosphere must have at the surface of that body, and at a considerable height above it, an atmosphere of very superior density to ours at the surface of the earth; the same remark applying, but in a less degree, to the planet Jupiter.

The mass of the Sun being considered as 330,000 times that of the earth, the distance at which its attractive power is equal to that of terrestrial gravity at the surface will be about 575 times the earth's radius, or 5.15 times the solar diameter; which answers to an angular distance of 1° 21′, from the Sun's centre; where the refractive power of the solar atmosphere is equal to that of the earth at its surface, and where it would produce a refraction of more than a degree to a ray of light passing through it. Dr. Wollaston shews that Venus may be observed within this distance of the Sun; and consequently, if the latter body possessed such an atmosphere, it would become known by the refraction which it would produce on the rays of light passing from Venus to the earth: whereas the observations demonstrate that the place of this planet, under these circumstances, agrees with the computed place to a fraction of a minute. Hence the author infers that, at the distance in question, the density of the Sun's atmosphere is not such as it would be if each body in the system possessed an atmosphere proportional to its own attractive power: but, as this must be the case if the elastic matter of the atmosphere were infinitely divisible, it is concluded that matter is not infinitely divisible; and, therefore, that the atmosphere of the earth is of a finite and limited height, and may be peculiar to our planet.

Some doubt, however, may hang over this deduction with respect to the Sun, on account of the probable extreme heat near his surface, which may produce a rarefaction far exceeding any thing that we can imagine; and, therefore, the author, without insisting much on this deduction, applies the same kind of observation, and draws the same inference from the satellites of Jupiter.

' Since the mass of Jupiter is full 309 times that of the earth, the distance at which his attraction is equal to gravity must be as $\sqrt{309}$, or about 17.6 times the earth's radius. And since his diameter is nearly eleven times greater than that of the earth, $\frac{17.6}{11} = 1.6$ times his own radius will be the distance from his centre, at which an atmosphere equal to our own should occasion a refraction exceeding one degree. To the fourth satellite this distance would subtend an angle of about 3° 37′, so that an increase of density to $3\frac{1}{2}$ times our common atmosphere, would be more than sufficient to render the fourth satellite visible to us when behind the centre of the planet, and consequently to make it appear on both (or all) sides at the same time.

'The space of about six miles in depth, within which this increase of density would take place, according to known laws of barometric pressure, would not subtend to our eye so much as $\frac{1}{300}$ of a second, a quantity not to be regarded in an estimate, where so much latitude has been allowed for all imaginable sources of error.

'Now though, with reference to the solar atmosphere, some degree of doubt may be entertained in consequence of the possible effects of heat which cannot be appreciated, it is evident that no error from this source can be apprehended in regard to Jupiter; and as this planet certainly has not its due share of an infinitely divisible atmosphere, the universal prevalence of such a medium cannot be maintained; while, on the contrary, all the phenomena accord entirely with the supposition that the earth's atmosphere is of finite extent, limited by the weight of ultimate atoms of definite magnitude no longer divisible by repulsion of their parts.'

On the Expansion in a Series of the Attraction of a Spheroid. By James Ivory, M.A. — The purpose of this paper is to make some observations on the developement of the attractions of spheroids, and on the differential equation which takes place at their surfaces. The subject is too refined, and too much involved in the most abstruse parts of analysis, to admit of an intelligible abridgment.

On the late extraordinary Depression of the Barometer. By Luke Howard, Esq. — The close of the last year was remarkable for the very low state of the barometer, not only in London but in all parts of England: whether it extended to the Continent, we are not informed, but in this country the fact was very satisfactorily ascertained, in consequence of a proposition made about two years ago by Mr. Bevin (well known as an ingenious civil engineer) for keeping a register of the state of this instrument in various parts of England, and inviting philosophical observers to take their notes at the same hour and on certain days. This proposition was circulated through "The Philosophical Magazine," in which work many of the observations were published; and thus a fact, which might otherwise have been supposed to be partial, has been indisputably shewn to be nearly general throughout this kingdom.

Mr. Howard's statement of the oscillations in his barometer, Dec. 24th, being the time of greatest depression, will be interesting to some of our meteorological readers:

'On the evening of December 24. I found the barometer at 28.20 in., the wind being moderate at S.E., with steady rain, the temp. without, at 8 P.M., 45°. Water boiled freely at 210°.

Finding the depression still to continue, I took a portable barometer, on Sir H. Englefield's construction, and having ascertained its height to be, at 11 P. M., 27.96 in., I set it up in my chamber on the first floor. At 5 A. M., the 25th, this instrument gave 27.83 in., and I have reason to think it did not go much lower: the rain had ceased early in the night, and it had become somewhat star-light, with a calm air, and hazy cirrostrati above: soon after five, however, the wind rose again, bringing some rain, apparently from N.W., but there was no tempest that I had opportunity to observe, though it might have blown hard during the few hours I slept. The pencil of my clock-barometer travelled precisely to two-tenths below the bottom of the scale, having made a continous downward sweep of nearly an inch and four-tenths in 24 hours: it appears to have turned to rise abruptly, and by 8 A.M. was again on the point of passing 28 inches. In the 24 hours *preceding* this time, there had fallen eight-tenths of an inch of rain; in the 24 hours *following* it there fell none, nor was the wind, which blew from S. W., at all strong; indeed it was calm all the middle part of the day, with sunshine and cirrus above: evaporation was very perceptible, and the night, up to 10 P.M., star-light. The barometer, at 8 P. M. the 25th, was at 28.40 in. In the early morning of the 27th, not having yet reached 29 in., it turned to fall again, with the wind at S. and S.W., after S. E.: we had again some heavy rain with hail about noon, and by midnight the quicksilver reached 28.07, or .06 in., where it stood, or rather made minute oscillations, *during the twelve hours following*, a thing I should scarcely have thought possible in our climate.'

A diminution of pressure to the amount of one-twentieth of the whole, in the course of twenty-four hours, is perhaps an unexampled fact in meteorology; and it is highly interesting not only as connected with that science but on general philosophical principles. What can occasion this extraordinary diminution in pressure? Does the disturbance, to which it owes its origin, takes place in the upper or the lower regions of the atmosphere; and to what natural agent can we attribute it? These and other similar questions naturally suggest themselves to the mind of the philosophic reader: but at present, we apprehend, they are not likely to receive very satisfactory answers.

On the anomalous Magnetic Action of Hot Iron between the White and Blood-red Heats. By Peter Barlow, Esq., of the Royal Military Academy. — These experiments appear to have been undertaken in consequence of certain theoretical results connected with Mr. Barlow's previous discoveries of the laws of magnetic action; that is, it became necessary, in order to reduce those laws to theory, to be able to ascertain the relative magnetic powers of different species of iron and steel. The author's leading experiments are not detailed in the present paper, but the results are thus stated:

	Mag. Pow.
Malleable iron	100
Cast iron	48
Blistered steel soft	67
hard	53
Shear steel soft	66
hard	53
Cast steel soft	74
hard	49

These ratios were obtained by observations made on two bars of each specimen, 2 feet long and 1¼ inch square; and the results are therefore, we presume, to be considered as exhibiting not an accidental but the absolute magnetic powers of these different kinds of metal. Mr. B. remarks:

'As it was obvious from these experiments, that the softer the iron the greater was its power, and the contrary, I was desirous of determining how nearly these different kinds of metal would approximate towards each other in their magnetic action, when rendered perfectly soft by being heated in a furnace. With this view, bars of equal size of cast iron, malleable iron, shear steel, &c. were rendered white hot, and being placed in the direction of the dip, as before, their powers, as was anticipated, agreed nearly with each other; but still the cast iron, which was weakest while the metal was cold, exceeded a little in power all the others when hot, and the malleable iron which had the greatest power cold, had the least when hot; but the difference was not very great, and might probably arise from some accidental circumstance. While carrying on these experiments, it had been observed, both by Mr. Bonnycastle and myself, that between the white heat of the metal, when all magnetic action was lost, and the blood-red heat, at which it was the strongest, there was an intermediate state in which the iron attracted the needle the contrary way to what it did when it was cold, viz. if the bar and compass were so situated that the *north* end of the needle was drawn towards it when cold, the *south* end was attracted during the interval above alluded to, or while the iron was passing through the shades of colour denoted by the workman the bright red and red heat.'

The latter very remarkable case was not likely to escape without farther inquiry; and Mr. Barlow, possessing peculiar facilities for such experiments in the magnificent smithery in Woolwich Dock-yard, proceeded to make the course of experiments which forms the principal object of his communication to the Royal Society *: whence it appears that the magnetic power of iron is not only much modified by the different degrees of heat to which it is raised, but that with certain shades of colour its action is altogether reversed. We will select one experiment by way of illustration.

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* The entire series is given at large by the author in a new edition of his "Magnetic Attractions," just published: which work now embraces terrestrial and electro-magnetism.

Bar—malleable iron—same dimensions as above, viz. length 2 feet and 1¼ inch square.

		°	′	
Attraction when cold	-	29	30	North to East
Attraction at white heat	-	0	0	
Ditto red heat -	-	12	0	North to West
Ditto blood-red heat	-	44	0	North to East.

Mr. Barlow gives the results of thirty similar experiments, from which no doubt can be entertained that iron at the red heat possesses a magnetic power directly the reverse of its natural action: so that, if the *north* end of the needle be attracted in any position while the bar is cold, the same bar in the same place, but rendered red hot, will attract the *south* end and repel the north; and, if made white hot, it will attract neither. This very curious fact will no doubt excite the attention of those philosophers who are at present engaged in magnetical pursuits, and will perhaps be found to throw great light on the nature and state of the magnetic fluids in iron bodies.

Observations for ascertaining the Length of the Pendulum at Madras in the East Indies, Lat. 13° 4′ 9″.1 N., *with Conclusions drawn from the same.* By John Goldingham, Esq.—It has been for some time admitted that experiments on the lengths of the seconds pendulum form the best data for determining the true figure of the earth; and they have accordingly been much extended in late years, and in situations at which we had before but little prospect of arriving. The experiments on this subject by Captain Sabine, in the late Arctic expedition, are invaluable on this account; and the great uniformity of compression, arising from a comparison of that gentleman's observations with those that were made in England and other places, has given an additional importance to this inquiry, which renders the more acceptable any accurate course of observations of this kind made in distant parts of the globe.—We have already, in different volumes of the Monthly Review, explained the principles now generally adopted in carrying this species of observation into effect, and, in the present instance, Mr. Goldingham has adopted the same proceedings in every respect. It will therefore be quite sufficient for our purpose to quote simply the results, and to express our unqualified approbation of the ingenuity, perseverance,

verance, and accuracy with which the experiments have been conducted.

It may be proper to state, for the purpose of illustrating the concluding remarks of the author, that the experiments were made in two distinct series: the first from the 24th of March to the 2d of April, and the second series from April 18th to the 23d. According to the former, the number of observed vibrations in twenty-four hours was 86166·108; according to the latter, 86166·048; and the number made in England by the same pendulum, before it was sent out, was 86293·14. These particulars being premised, the following deductions will be easily comprehended:

'The height of the pendulum above the level of the sea was 27 feet; the distance in a direct line to the sea being about 4900 yards, or 2,784 miles. The country is flat; the nearest elevation being St. Thomas's Mount, which is 9950 yards, or 5,654 miles off, and rises but little above the ordinary level.* There is a range of low hills a short distance beyond St. Thomas's Mount; and the Pulicat Mountains, which are of considerable elevation, are 39 miles off. The soil about Madras is composed of sand and blue mud, and this to as great depths as the wells have been sunk. I do not recollect any rock having been found. I have therefore used 0,66 as a multiplier to 0,095, the correction for 27 feet, which gives 0,06 to be added to the number of beats in 24 hours.

'The last correction required was for the buoyancy of the atmosphere. Having no information relative to the specific gravity of the pendulum, I was obliged to determine it in the best way the limited means in this country afforded. This was done with a balance at a dispensary, and with the aid of Mr. Bruce, the proprietor of the establishment. The Madras water drawn from wells in the Black town here, and conducted into the cisterns in the fort, is considered among the purest in the world. This was boiled, and strained into a tin trough prepared for the purpose; the pendulum also was securely and properly slung by means of brass wire, with the assistance of Mr. Gordon, jeweller, of this place. The water was at the same temperature with the atmosphere, and the experiments were made with every care. It may be unnecessary to detail them here; I shall therefore proceed to the result, which was as follows:

'Thermometer 88°, barometer 30,064 inches, specific gravity of the pendulum 8,1085. Hence the specific gravity of the pendulum for the mean of the first series of observations, the thermometer being 83°,48, and barometer 30,121, was 8,02096, and the correction for the buoyancy of the atmosphere is + 6,2075 vibrations. For the second series, the thermometer having been 85°,49, and barometer 30,258 inches, this correction is 6,220 vibrations. These corrections being applied to the number of vibra-

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'* About 150 feet above the level of the sea.'

tions before found, will give the true number of vibrations of the pendulum in 24 hours in vacuo at the level of the sea, the thermometer being 70°, and are as follow: —

'By the first series of observations, 86172,3755. By the second series, 86172,328. The mean being 86172,352.

'The length of the seconds pendulum in London, (latitude 51° 31′ 8″,4 N.) at the temperature of 70°, according to Captain Kater, is 39,142213 inches. Now, the pendulum of experiment used at Madras, made 86293,44 vibrations in 24 hours in London, latitude as before, and 83 feet above the level of the sea, the mean height of the thermometer being 67°,6, of the barometer 29,97 inches. The correction for the height above the sea is 0,22, and that for the buoyancy of the atmosphere 6,566, both to be added: these corrections being applied, will give 86300,226 for the number of vibrations of the pendulum of experiment in 24 hours in vacuo at the level of the sea, the temperature being 70°. Now, $86300{,}226^2 : 86400^2 :: 39{,}142213 : 39{,}232772$ the length of the pendulum of experiment.

'Then $86172{,}375^2 : 86400^2 :: 39{,}232772 : 39{,}026323087$, the length of the seconds pendulum at Madras by the first series of observations.

'Also, $86172{,}328^2 : 86400^2 :: 39{,}232772 : 39{,}026280447$, the length of the seconds pendulum at Madras by the second series.

'The mean of both is 39,026302 inches, being, according to Sir George Shuckburgh's scale, the length of the seconds pendulum by these experiments at Madras in lat. 13° 4′ 9″,1 N. at the level of the sea, in vacuo, and at a temperature of 70° of Fahrenheit.

'Then comparing this length with 39,142213 inches, the length in latitude 51° 31′ 8″,4 N. as before stated, the diminution of gravity from the pole to the equator will be ,0052894, and the ellipticity $\frac{1}{297{,}56}$ nearly.'

Communication of a curious Appearance lately observed upon the Moon. By the Rev. Fearon Fallows. — This seems to us to be a very unimportant paper; for it merely states that, on a certain night at the Cape of Good Hope, a bright spot was observed on the disc of the moon: the exact place is not pointed out; nor is any indication of its position given in such a way as to enable us to judge of its particular situation. It would appear to have been discovered merely from the circumstance of the extreme brightness of the lunar disc; and an expectation is intimated that it might be observed again in another lunation. We think, then, that the author would have done well to have waited the event before he made his communication.

[*To be continued.*]

Art. VIII. *A Journey from Merut in India to London,* **through Arabia, Persia, Armenia, Georgia, Russia, Austria, Switzerland, and France, during the Years 1819 and 1820. With a Map and Itinerary of the Route. By Lieut. Thomas Lumsden, of the Bengal Horse Artillery. 8vo. pp. 300. 10s. 6d. Boards. Black and Co. 1822.**

It may be premature to assert, but not premature to discuss, the practicability and expediency of instituting a regular conveyance over-land between London and Calcutta. During the continuance of the present peace, certain conventions might be made with the respective sovereigns of the intervening countries, in order to smooth the rugged tracts of road, guard the intervals exposed to robbers, and found the necessary inns of refreshment and relays of horses. There can be no difficulty in landing the passenger from a steam-packet at Ostend with sufficient punctuality, nor in sending him forwards with convenience to Vienna, and no great additional accommodation to provide for the purpose of reaching Odessa. Here, however, the obstacles would multiply: travelling establishments and workmen are scanty along the Russian roads; and it would be necessary to proceed slower, or at least to make longer pauses, in order to allow for accidental detentions, and to depart from every important city at a given day and hour. As far as Bataiskaia, the extreme city of Europe, a contractor would know how to realize his agreement. We may remark here, *en passant*, that Mr. Lumsden's text speaks of Bataiskaia as on the western bank of the Don, and that his map erroneously places it on the eastern or left bank.

The quarantine-precautions usual at the Asiatic frontier do not delay the European who is journeying eastward, but are often productive of inconvenient stoppage to the Asiatic who is journeying westward. These precautions are unskilfully arranged in the Russian empire, and would require a revisal by negotiation, if any regular celerity of progress is to be observed. In Asia, the roads become harassingly bad, and on the Persian frontier dreadfully unsafe. A troop of pioneers, therefore, must be engaged to mend them, and to guard them: but this is an expense which it would be worth the while of the Russian, Persian, and British sovereigns to concur in dividing. The roads, however, are as yet so bad in Persia, that Lieut. Lumsden informs us, (p. 85.) 'there are no wheeled carriages in the country.' Another route from Odessa to Bushire might be explored, by crossing the Euxine in a steam-boat to Trebizond, thence reaching by land the nearest bend of the Euphrates, (at Erzeram, perhaps,) and descending that river in a steam-boat. — From Bushire to Cutch, navigation might again be adopted; and from Cutch to Calcutta the resident government can easily enforce the necessary provisions for safe and convenient transport.

If a project of this kind should be deemed worthy of the contemplation of our statesmen, — and they would find it conducive to the propagation of English manners, wants, and literature along the whole line of road, — it would be proper to make some provision at the principal stations for the exchange of Bank of England notes into the currency of the respective countries of transit. The returning travellers would carry back the exported paper with sufficient rapidity; and the facility of exchanging it at the counting-houses of the British consuls would gradually prepare for the "rags of Threadneedle-Street" the honor and advantage of becoming the currency of the world. The opulence of the Bank is perhaps yet in its infancy; and the mere annual loss and destruction of its issues may one day equal its present entire circulation, to the immense gain of the proprietors of its stock.

The volume before us would be of great value to persons practically employed in realizing such a system of conveyance as we have been supposing. It is strictly an itinerary. The halting places, and the hours occupied in marching, riding, sailing, or driving from the one to the other, are carefully noted in the journal; which is dated from day to day, and appears to have been drawn up on the spot with unusual regularity. The principal objects of curiosity, on the contrary, which were visited during the route, are often described from memory, or from the books of other travellers, — such as the caves of Elephanta; so that the peculiar information of the author rather respects the common than the extraordinary incidents of the journey, and is more adapted to instruct the traveller than to amuse the reader. Still the work contains many new and entertaining anecdotes, a few of which we will extract.

At Lucknow, the author tells us,

> 'The natives of this country are fond of keeping *pets*, and of cock-fighting and quail-fighting. They will sit up fighting their cocks and gambling all night;—and they have two other favourite amusements, particularly in large towns, which would be considered extremely childish in any other country, viz. flying kites and pigeons. He who can cut his neighbour's kite-string, by allowing his own to cross it, and then pulling to and fro, is considered an adept. Nothing is more common than to see an old man on the flat roof of a house, armed with a long bamboo, having a piece of scarlet cloth at the point of it, which he waves

around his head, while he shouts and whistles to the flock of pigeons flying in a circle around him, though sometimes at a considerable distance; and if they are joined by a neighbour's stray pigeon in their flight, so much the better.'

Speaking of the mild discipline in use on board the Arabian ships, Lieut. Lumsden exclaims:

'I have had opportunities of frequently seeing power shamefully abused on board ships commanded by Europeans;—men severely beaten and flogged for the most trifling and venial faults. On board the last ship in which I had sailed, hardly a day passed that my feelings were not outraged, by witnessing such examples of petty tyranny. What a contrast have we here, among a barbarous and ignorant people! We hear neither the sound of the lash, nor the cries of a wretch writhing under its smart. Perhaps they do not work the ship in so seaman-like a style, but still their mild and gentle treatment of each other is surely highly commendable and worthy of imitation.'

At Ispahan, the author met Professor Rush of Copenhagen, who was travelling to Hindostan for the purpose of studying the various languages of the country, and particularly the Sanscrit. Let us hope that he will resolve the still enigmatical questions: Where is the native soil, the *patria*, of this language? Is it, in its present form, a faithful representation of what it was in the vernacular state; or is it a language of the learned, provided, like the scholastic Latin of the middle ages, with various terminations and inflections, and incorporated terms, never current among those who spoke it?

On the road from Munich, Mr. L. makes a general statement respecting the apparent poverty of that country, which is afflicting, and indeed almost surprizing:

'We left Munich this morning at six o'clock, when we found it extremely cold; but as the Bavarian postillions drive better than the Austrian, we got on very well. Throughout Germany we remarked a great many decently dressed young men travelling on foot. Several of them took off their hats and asked us for charity; but as they did not even assume the air of poverty, we did not think it necessary to give them any thing. Were a traveller to give but a trifle to every one that solicits alms in this country, it would soon amount to a fortune; for we no sooner entered a village than two or three children ran along side of the carriage praying for money; and frequently in passing herds of cattle, a great stout fellow, who is attending them, turns round from his charge, takes off his hat, and asks for charity. There is an appearance of meanness in all this, which surpasses any thing of the kind I witnessed in any other country; and it is difficult to account for it, as there is neither scarcity nor any picture of general poverty in Germany at present. Our servant informed us that the well-dressed young men above noticed were *students*; but I trust that, for the honour of literature, this cannot be true.'

Towards the close of his journey, the traveller observes:

'It is rather a remarkable circumstance, that in the vast extent of country which we had traversed, from the shores of the Persian Gulf to the west of the Rhine, with one exception at Ispahan, we had not crossed a single bridge having any pretensions to beauty. All had been clumsy wooden ones, such as would only be tolerated across an English ditch. Perhaps the poor revenues of the remote parts of Russia, through which we passed, and their half-civilized condition, may be the cause of the Don, the Dnieper, and the Bog having no grand arches to adorn their banks; and as to the Danube, the Rhine, and other rivers in the heart of Europe, their shores have been so often the scenes of contention among the continental states, that those inhabiting the adjacent country may have been deterred from going to great expense in constructing that to-day, which their neighbours or even themselves, for safety, might find it expedient to demolish to-morrow.'

One denunciation, provoked by the conduct of the Custom-house-officers at Dover, we shall hold forth to publicity, in the hope that this illiberal strictness may be remedied by the legal permission to import any article whatever at some given duty: — suppose, for instance, at the value attributed to it by the importer, the Custom-house being at liberty to purchase at that valuation, as the practice is now in various instances:

'A gentleman advised me to give the keys of my trunks to a *porter*, who would pass my things for me at once; and it had been well for me if I had followed this advice. But I thought honesty the best policy, and having brought some pieces of silk from Casham in Persia, I did not wish to have any paltry smuggling work, and therefore produced them, asking what was the duty to be paid. I was, however, considerably surprized and mortified, after bringing such trifles across a great part of Asia and Europe, for the purpose of presenting them to some of my fair relatives, on being told that they were *contraband*, and could not be allowed to pass on any account. This is the only instance I ever met with, in which there might be room for questioning the soundness of the maxim, which identifies honesty with expediency. Thus, the first salutation I had, on landing in my own country, was any thing but courteous. Is it consistent with equity to take advantage of a stranger, and plunder him of his property? I ought, at least, to have been allowed to export the things again. Such is the dictate or suggestion of reason, although I am aware that the law presumes every man coming into the kingdom to be so far acquainted with its rules, as to know that he is entitled to bring nothing with him which is prohibited by them. But this legal presumption must often lead to acts of palpable injustice against innocent individuals. I was utterly ignorant of the regulation prohibiting the importation of Persian silks. From a candid and upright wish to avoid every thing like smuggling, I presented my property to the Custom-house officers, and it was immediately declared to be forfeited, as if I had been practising the most sneaking and discreditable attempt to evade a law, with which I was acquainted.'

An interesting and somewhat romantic occurrence is the author's unexpected meeting, at Bombay, with a brother whom he did not know, and had left at home a school-boy: — the recognition was truly delightful.

Could the conveyance over-land to India once be made regular, it would soon be rendered cheap, and then expeditious; and in consequence it would be preferred to the tedious passage by sea. This point once gained, the stream of travellers would become immeasurably great: not to have visited the eastern metropolis of the British empire would be held shameful in any candidate for the offices of its government; and the tour of Hindostan would be almost as regular an accomplishment of our gentlemen, as now the tour of Europe is considered.

A new division of the East Indies into military prefectures, or some institution of that kind, would tend much to efface the local remains of native allegiance to dispossessed dynasties of princes; and this obliteration of the old land-marks might be rendered conducive both to the distribution of civilization and the extension of patronage. The somewhat inhospitable restraints imposed by the India Company on voluntary settlers should gradually be abolished, and a more open course allowed to the speculations of individual commerce. Every great town would then contain, like Calcutta, a respectable body of literate and wealthy Englishmen; who would insensibly amalgamate with the natives of wealth and opulence; and who would communicate through them to the entire population the arts, refinements, and opinions, which remain to be acquired. In return, a taste for visiting Europe is not unlikely to originate among the men of genius and education who illustrate the native population of Hindostan, and who would return home the efficacious missionaries of every kind of amelioration.

Art. IX. *The Travels of Theodore Ducas*, in various Countries in Europe, at the Revival of Letters and Art. Edited by Charles Mills. Part the First. *Italy*. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1*l*. 4*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

It will be known to those who have perused some of the preceding volumes of our Review, that it is not for the first time that Mr. Mills now makes his appearance before the public among the candidates for some portion of its literary regard: nor do we conjecture, from the character and merits of the production before us, that it is likely to be the last. Similar publications have of late appeared in numbers under assumed names and pretensions, both foreign and domestic; until the appetite for demand, on the part of booksellers and readers, must be nearly reduced to what may not unaptly be termed literary *nausea*.

If the qualities of such works corresponded in any degree with their dimensions, or the interesting or amusing portions compensated for their number of pages and the *gross weight* of the reading, we should receive them with a more resigned and patient spirit, or even "welcome them and wish them long," in proportion to their merits; though we might not hear them announced and take them up with that "quickening of the spirit," which we feel in the possession of a new traditionary tale, or the last historical romance of a celebrated writer. We may maintain, indeed, that, like these, fictitious travels should comprehend all those absorbing and amusing requisites which we expect, both of incident and narrative, in some of the happiest and best told novels of the day. When once a writer departs from the strict line of historical instruction and veracity, in search of fictitious embellishments, he ought, in reason, to supply our imagination with the same materials as the novelist; while he preserves as many of the sober truths and common-places of history, as he is pleased in his character of Mentor to retain. We do not look for the charms of fancy in the features of a Madonna, or in the representation of "Faith" or "Charity:" but, if an artist should undertake such an union of character, and should exhibit his performance, it is hard for us to be disappointed in the results. If an author, in the same manner, be daring enough to present us with "sober truth in fairy fiction drest," — a task more difficult of execution perhaps than most that we know, — we have a right to expect that he will fulfil his promise; and that, while he throws a borrowed light on national character and manners, and on the most striking national events, he will also preserve, and harmoniously blend together, the not less essential but more delicate and beautified lights and shadows of imaginative nature, reflected from a world of more transcendant power and loveliness than the one in which he dwells.

How far our supposititious travellers of various times and countries, numerous as they are, have really succeeded in uniting the very opposite qualities requisite in such undertakings, and in producing those results for which we seek in the pervading interest and illusion created only by the master-spirits of their arts, we would willingly refer to that safest of all criterions, according to Moliere, in the judgment of all ladies, and readers whether old or young, viz. the degree of amusement and laughter which they may have awakened in the perusal. Such works, indeed, from their nature, ought never to consist of too weighty and laborious materials: their object is discursive; and the information which they convey should be of a pleasing, a rapid, and a various character. Throughout all their wanderings, an appearance of truth and the probability of nature must be preserved; — a harmony, and blending of the real and ideal parts of the picture, much more difficult to attain than either a mere copy from historical nature or a purely original design. In this view, we do not think that many names can boast of having been very successful, even in native travels, conducted on this tempting but dangerous and uncertain plan. Yet, so far from being unsought in proportion to its difficulties, the airy route has been pursued from time immemorial to that of Captain Gulliver: whose voyages and travels are of that rare kind which seem to produce a stronger impression of a portrait, as an Irish gentleman observed, than the original itself. Where such a fanciful power over nature, so complete a copy, and such truth of all circumstances of life, are capable of being brought into action together, the fictitious appearance of the traveller becomes absorbed in the wonders of his art. Gulliver forms an excellent specimen of the species of interest and illusion which we require; and in which all similar works are, in comparison, so lamentably deficient.

Without dilating farther on this part of the subject, it is enough for our purpose to apply these remarks to the travels of the ideal personage before us. With all the skill and literary tact attributed to his nation, Theodore Ducas the Greek has failed, in the hands of Mr. Mills, to impose for a moment on our imagination, to impress us with a sense of his actual existence, to awaken that degree of illusion which is so necessary to give life and reality, and to throw a charm over his literary and philosophical excursions. In the want of this rare power, the *vraisemblance* and probability, in which so few writers succeed, we must be contented to rank Mr. Mills with the generality rather than the select number of authors, who, following Swift, Cervantes, and Le Sage, have attempted by the force and vivacity of their genius to stamp on their hero's travels and adventures the living characters of originality, not less imposing than the truth. Never, indeed, for a moment, do we seem to lose ourselves with Theodore Ducas in the progress of his route, and amid the ages of reviving literature and art. The spirit in which he writes, his criticisms on art, and the tone of his feelings and opinions, are altogether of the leaven of the passing day, which too evidently "leaveneth the whole mass." We strive in vain to impose on ourselves, and to believe in the probable existence of "this same learned Theban;" — for the idea of the editor every where assails us, in the presence of the great, in the seats of learning and of art, in the company of orators, painters, and poets, in the description of supposed contemporary characters and events, and among the time-hallowed scenes and antiquities of the old Roman world. We no where trace the lively hand and varied impressions which we should naturally attribute to a Greek; a stranger and a wanderer amid the wreck of former greatness, the fading monuments of Roman splendor, literature, and art; and the rising glories of a fresh age of genius, learning, and surpassing power. The mantle of classical inspiration is not upon him; the "*os magna sonaturum*" of the reviving voice and energies of literature is not a part of him; he is not one of the *ultimus Græcorum*, inspiring the scholars of Italy with knowlege, and with a love and veneration of the dying language and recollections of his country. He fails in transferring his ideas and feelings into the scenes and circumstances of other times, — to catch some portion of the spirit of the age in which he professes to have lived, — to give us an ideal existence with it, however imperfect, — and to identify himself with the situations, objects, and recollections by which he was surrounded.

Without the information of the title-page, which is indeed a little superfluous, we should have received the travels and opinions of Theodore Ducas for what they really are; and they ought to have been announced as those of a modern gentleman, of elegant taste and classical acquirements; — unwilling, perhaps, to take the pains of thinking and judging and journeying for himself. While the writer, however, has thus unnecessarily encountered the almost certain failure of his attempt to give them an air of reality and truth, it has allowed him the advantage of dressing out modern authorities and generally received opinions in criticism and art, with a certain appearance of novelty and originality which they would not otherwise have possessed; and hence, we think, we may trace the origin of the Anacharsis-style of travels from the first, — the inexhaustible source of French compilers, — the most notorious *receivers* of stolen literary goods, — the ransackers of libraries of Italian and Spanish tales and travels, — and the large class of authors of Abridgments and Elegant Extracts, in which the literature of every country abounds.

The names of the author of Anacharsis and of Cyrus, the Della Valles and De La Motte Fénelons of France and Italy, with the rambling heroes of our own country, will easily occur to every reader. It is among the most respectable of these productions, however, that the travels of the pseudo-Greek before us may be allowed to take their place; and though the staple article of their composition is undoubtedly of a borrowed quality, consisting of what the Italians themselves are fond of terming *refacciamento*, or vamping up, and which the French designate by *mélange*, yet the contents of these volumes are by no means destitute of interest, and the arrangement and execution deserve much commendation.

In denying them all claim, however, to an imaginative character, and to any portion of illusive interest from the merits of their Grecian hero, we do not mean to derogate from the real qualities and excellence which, in other respects, they indisputably possess. If they do not abound in original thought and criticism on the wide and multifarious subjects which they embrace, but abide by the testimony and rest on the authorities of preceding original writers, or of tourists who have really travelled, they have nevertheless the merit of diligence and research, and of adapting the opinions and circumstances of various times and characters to the objects which the author has in view. Considerable skill and ingenuity are manifested by him in availing himself of the talents and materials of others; in embodying them; and in abridging and digesting from a mass of matter all the most curious and interesting points, so as to give them afresh to the world in pleasing and elegant language, for which the writer is so far intitled to our praise. We do not perceive from the production itself that he can fairly boast of higher or more original aims. As both the native and foreign authors, from whom he borrows, are equally voluminous and abundant, we are not surprized to find that his views of character and society, and of the literature and arts of the Medicean age, are in general liberal and correct. In the poets, the painters, and the scholars of Italy, — the critical historians of Germany, — and more recent publications of English writers, — Mr. M. had a safe and rich mine of precious knowlege and criticism relating to the revival of literature and the arts; which he has shewn more judgment in applying to the purposes in view, than he would have exercised if he had ventured to assert greater freedom of opinion, and a wider range of critical and speculative reasoning, in the manner of the Germans, from resources more peculiarly his own. Of these, however, he has availed himself in a way partly justifiable, in an abridgment of the voluminous accounts of other writers: while the manner, the language, and the spirit of the work are perfectly genuine; and the tone of sentiment and elucidation of his subjects are wholly his own.

Mr. M. has, therefore, fairly accomplished the task of giving us, by judicious research and arrangement, a rapid, correct, and amusing view of the revival and progress of the various societies and professions, of learning and the fine arts, during the most interesting period of the middle ages. These sketches are agreeably blended with literary anecdotes, traits of character, and incidents relating to the private life, quarrels, and adventures of the first poets, artists, and scholars to whom Italy owes the permanence of her fame. As far as all this will be novel and entertaining to many readers, the labors of Mr. M. may be hailed as original. For ourselves, we must confess that we have been travelling over old ground during the perusal of them, encountering the faces and relishing the jokes of many of our old Italian and English friends; though well and amusingly disguised in the fashion of the passing times. Throughout the whole travels of this shrewd and observing Greek, we found nothing, either of a vegetable or an animal nature, that we had not before seen. To trace these matters to their original sources, to refer each and every one to its parent stock, and to state them in the brief compass of a Review, would indeed be a laborious task, not less wonderful than the power of writing the Church-liturgy on a sixpence, which we have heard of being done, but which we confess to be beyond our power; and, as we do not mean to impugn Mr. M.'s literary character by these remarks, we do not feel ourselves required to depone to each circumstance of time and place, leaving such an office to future commentators on old English works.

It is impossible to render adequate justice to the contents of these volumes by any specimens, which we should very willingly give as highly creditable to the taste, feeling, and composition of the author: but we shall subjoin sufficient to convey a fair and accurate opinion of the general merits of the work. We think that the account of Dante and Boccaccio, and the character of their writings, are among the best that flow from this author's pen; and, indeed, that of the latter is singularly happy in critical tact, and the justness of its views. We can quote only the concluding part:

> ' It is as the father of Italian prose that Boccaccio stands preeminent. He gave it richness, purity, and harmony. Whether such was his wish or not, his fame rests on his novels, and of those,

on the Decamerone chiefly. It is generally said that he depended for immortality on his Latin works only; and that he wrote his Italian pieces for relaxation of mind. This assertion may be opposed by the fact, that his novels are far longer and more numerous than his other pieces, and that at the conclusion of the Decamerone he often complains of the *lunga fatica* of his work. Towards the close of his life, he certainly regretted that so much licentiousness had fallen from his pen; and this opinion gave rise, perhaps, to the assertion which I have mentioned.'—

'Few of the tales in the Decamerone are the perfect creations of Boccaccio's genius. Most of them existed already in a rude shape. The collection of tales called the *Gesta Romanorum*, by Peter Berchorius, prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloy at Paris, was a very favorite work in the fourteenth century, when it was written, as well as in after times. Boccaccio has occasionally drawn from it. He calls his master Leontius an inexhaustible archive of Grecian tales and fables. Hence many Oriental and Greek fictions are to be met with in the Decamerone. Boccaccio likewise borrowed from the Trouveurs of the north, and the Troubadours of the south of France. Italian cities were in Boccaccio's time so much infested by vagrant French minstrels, that their excesses were made the subject of municipal regulation. Some germs of the Decamerone are to be found in the Golden Ass of Apuleius, in the tales of the Seven Wise Men, and others in the collection of popular stories called the Cento Novelle Antiche. Many had been long the hereditary property of the travelling Italian minstrels, and not a few were mere village stories. The proud lord, the polite cavalier, the lovely damsel, the cruel and avaricious father, coquettes, and cuckolds, luxurious monks, and crafty friars, were common members of society in Boccaccio's time, and he has introduced them into his tales, in every possible variety of exhibition. He gave vitality and spirit to the meagre forms of ancient fiction, and his pictures of his contemporaries are striking and faithful. The elegance of the narratives, the richness and naïveté of the style, the wit of the conversation, the remarks on life, the poetic grace of description, in short, the genius of the whole, must be claimed by Boccaccio alone.

'There is unhappily much in the Decamerone that offends delicacy; and yet the poems were written for the amusement of the ladies, *per cacciar la malinconia delle femine*, as the author says. It has been well and pointedly remarked, that Boccaccio has been less scrupulous in violating the laws of morals, which we receive from God, than in shocking the rules that regulate the purity of language, and which proceed only from the will and caprice of men. Some passages have even been construed into a contempt of religion. His wit may not, perhaps, always be under restraint, and occasionally improper expressions may have escaped him in censuring the profligacy of the monastic orders. Indeed whenever any act of peculiar sensuality and atrocity is to be performed, a monk is the actor. It was surmised that his laughter at false relics proceeded from a secret contempt for religion. None of his stories gave greater scandal than that wherein he describes a witty preacher imposing upon his congregation a parrot's feather for a feather dropt from the wing of the angel Gabriel, and some common coals as part of the fire which had roasted Saint Laurence. But no man was more free from the vanity or hardihood of impiety than Boccaccio.'

Of the genius and character of the great poem of Dante, we have this concise and masterly account:

'To record all his knowledge and all his sentiments, appears to have been Dante's object in the composition of his poem. The Commedia is the repository of his political principles, his opinions of the world and individuals, his religious creed, and his moral judgements. Dante shines forth in this poem as the constant friend of virtue, the ardent lover of the freedom of Italy, as the enemy both of papal interference in political transactions, and of the introduction of foreign troops into Italy, though circumstances at one time compelled him to become an imperialist. He has no respect for vice, even when clothed in purple. On earth, he says, there are many kings, accounted powerful, who soon, like swine, shall wallow in the mire of hell, leaving behind them horrible dispraise. The vices of the clergy had been, as I have said, a favourite subject of invective and satire with the Provençal poets; but no writer before Dante has, I believe, applied to the popes the prophetical denunciations against evil of the Apocalypse, or dared to place any of the pontiffs in hell. The machinery of the poem, apparently singular to us, was not uncommon in Dante's time. The monks were accustomed to give what may be called dramatic representations of the sorrows of the damned. On one occasion the bed of the Arno was supposed to be hell. People rolled and tossed in it amidst the apparent tortures of fire, serpents, and every thing in the arsenal of monkish horrors. This exhibition took place in the year 1304, two years after Dante's banishment; and I only mention it as a proof of the general disposition of the monks to this system of terrifying the populace.'

We have also a good specimen of the ironical humour and burlesque of Berni in the following remarks:

'His irony extends over subjects as well as words. He gravely endeavours to prove those things to be advantages, which are generally considered to be evils. A season of pestilence, he contends, is better than the fine promises of spring, or the rich abundance of autumn. It destroys beggars by thousands, and a person can go to church without being importuned for charity while he is praying. You may buy upon credit, and you will not be pressed for payment, if you circulate a report that you have symptoms of the plague. When such news is abroad concerning you, if you chance to walk out, all the world will give way to you, and pay you honour. During a pestilence, every one acts conformably to his inclination; that is the time for enjoying that liberty which is so dear to mankind. Every thing then is in a state of safety.

The year of the plague is the true golden age, the primitive state of innocence and nature. Berni was a very elegant writer of Latin poetry. Catullus was his model, and he approached the object of his ambition nearer than any of his contemporaries did.'

These quotations, we think, will be sufficient to establish Mr. M.'s title to the character of a pleasing and spirited writer, whose talents are fully equal and well adapted to the subjects which he has already undertaken. We learn that they are at present devoted to an object of still higher and prouder claims; viz. the composition of a new history of Rome; in which we rather wish than venture to promise him any extraordinary success.—A few slight faults and critical blemishes may be detected in the volumes before us, which we had in conclusion proposed to notice: but they are almost too trivial for rebuke. We do not perceive, for instance, why Mr. M. should consider the beard and horns of Michel Agnolo as ridiculous; and a little mistake must surely be committed in the account of the dimensions of the pillars of the cupola of St. Peter's, the whole of which description is indeed not very intelligible. Some fastidious observations, also, and occasional false taste, appear to us to be displayed in the criticisms on the draperies of statues and pictures, especially in those which relate to the style and manner of Gio. Bellini.

Art. X. *Evenings in Autumn;* a Series of Essays, Narrative and Miscellaneous. By Nathan Drake, M.D. Author of Literary Hours, of Essays on Periodical Literature, of Shakspeare and his Times, and of Winter Nights. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

Dr. Drake's various and somewhat prolix lucubrations have often attracted not only our attention, (see vol. xlix. p. 149. and vol. lxxxix. p. 357, &c.) but that of a numerous and genteel public. On the present occasion, he returns to his most natural walk of literature, the composition of light interrupted fragments, adapted to be read aloud by one of the ladies on the sofa to her companions at the work-table. Taste lends her elegancies, Religion her sympathies, Fancy her fictions, and Erudition her researches, to diversify and ornament his topics; and the general effect of his writing is to inspire a calm complacency, short of admiration, and a welcome pastime, not amounting to delight; as when, in a lounging walk, we affect to gaze at an ordinary prospect, for the sake of a pretence to rest upon a stile. The whole book is praiseworthy, without exciting much zeal to praise; and perhaps we incur the self-reproach of ingratitude, while we thank him rather with civility than warmth for the multiplicity of his quotations, for the piety of his sentiments, for the romance of his stories, and for the divergency of his studies. The work is such as we should recommend, or select to make a present: yet we are sometimes ready to lay it down in the course of reading it. In form, it resembles "The Spectator:" if it be less ethical, it is not less moral; and it deserves an amiable and respectable distinction among the British essayists.

From the first volume we shall quote a part of a paper relative to North-American literature:

> ' "Yamoyden, or a Tale of the Wars of King Philip," is a poem founded on the manners, customs, and achievements of the North-American Indians, at the period when the settlers from Great Britain, having established their colony in New England, began a war of extermination with the native tribes.
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> ' At this unhappy crisis, the most powerful chieftain among the Indian warriors was *Metacomet, Sachem of the Wampanoags*, or, as he afterwards termed himself, from the ancient seat of his dominion, and from the name which, in early life, and with the consent of his father, he had received from the English colonists, *Philip Sachem of Pokanoket.*
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> ' Philip, who, in consequence of his ambitious views and statesman-like talents, was usually denominated King Philip by the European settlers, succeeded his brother Alexander, as the ruler of his tribe, in the year 1662. His father, Massasoit, had been Sachem of the district when the colony of New Plymouth was first planted in 1620, and had contrived to preserve the relations of amity and peace with the English until his death in 1656, when his successor, the brother of Philip, having excited the jealousy of the colonists, was surprised and captured by them whilst on a hunting excursion — an outrage which preyed so deeply on his spirits that he very shortly afterwards died of a broken heart.
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> ' To the indignation and thirst of revenge which this treatment of Alexander had excited in the bosom of Philip, was added the hourly vexation and sense of wrong which sprang from beholding the perpetual encroachments of the settlers on the soil and possessions of the native tribes, usurpations which were about to render himself and his allies dependants and even slaves in the very land of their birth.
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> ' He remained, however, an unoffending resident at Pokanoket, or Mount Hope, a lofty and beautiful rise of land in the eastern part of what is now called Bristol, Rhode Island, for nearly nine years after his ascent to power, when, in 1671, he was unfortunately driven into a war with the colonists, which terminated in a still further reduction of his dominions and independency, and led even to well founded apprehensions for the personal safety of himself and family.
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> ' In this disastrous situation he found it necessary, as the only means of preserving what was dearer to him than life itself, the

liberties of his tribe, to make one great and simultaneous effort with his allies against the government of New England. He endeavoured, therefore, to collect and unite in one extensive system of warfare, all the neighbouring Indian nations; and, had it not been for the treachery of an individual, who had formerly been his secretary, and who in 1674 informed the Governor of Plymouth that Philip was confederating with all the Indian tribes against the colonists, the blow had been unexpected and overwhelming.

'The discovery almost necessarily led to a premature commencement of hostilities on the part of the natives, and what had been intended for a general and closely concerted movement, degenerated into a war of desultory and unconnected enterprize. All, however, that could be achieved by undaunted courage, by fertility of expedient, and unconquerable firmness of mind, was carried into execution by the heroic Sachem of Pokanoket — but in vain! He was driven from his paternal seat at Mount Hope, pursued with unrelenting fury wherever he sought refuge or assistance, and ultimately compelled to take shelter with his followers in the vast and almost interminable forests which formed, as it were, a natural boundary to the settlements. From these, issuing at various times and places, and when least expected, he contrived to carry on a war of almost unparalleled desolation; till, at length, having made several desperate but unavailing attempts to retrieve his affairs, having witnessed the destruction of his most faithful friends and warriors, and the death or captivity of all his relatives, including a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, and an only son, he returned to Mount Hope, determined, as he found himself destined for slaughter, to perish near the throne of his fathers. And here, having been betrayed to the enemy by the brother of one whom he had recently put to death for proposing peace, he was, in the act of rushing from his place of concealment, shot by a Pocasset Indian, on the 12th of August, 1676.

'To this slight outline of the life and fortunes of Philip of Pokanoket, it may be interesting to add what is now thought of his character by an historian from among the descendants of those who fought against him. "The death of Philip, in retrospect," says Holmes, in his American Annals, "makes different impressions from what were made at the time of the event. It was *then* considered as the extinction of a virulent and implacable enemy; it is *now* viewed as the fall of a great warrior, a penetrating statesman, and a mighty prince. It *then* excited universal joy and congratulation, as a prelude to the close of a merciless war; it *now* awakens sober reflections on the instability of empire, the peculiar destiny of the aboriginal race, and the inscrutable decrees of Heaven. The patriotism of the man was then overlooked in the cruelty of the savage; and little allowance was made for the natural jealousy of the sovereign, on account of the barbarities of the warrior. Philip, in the progress of the English settlements, foresaw the loss of his territory, and the extinction of his tribe; and made one mighty effort to prevent those calamities. Our pity for his misfortunes would be still heightened, could we rely on the tradition, mentioned by Callender, that Philip and his chief old men were at first averse to the war, and that Philip wept with grief at the news of the first English who were killed."'

Such is the subject of the poem; of its execution, the following is a pleasing specimen:

> 'His boat was nigh; its fragile side,
> Boldly the 'venturous wanderer tried;
> Along they shot o'er the murmuring bay,
> As they bore for the adverse bank away.
> I *guess* it was a full strange sight,
> To see in the track of the ghostly light,
> The swarthy chief and the lady bright,
> O'er the heaving waves borne on;
> While her white wan cheek and robe of white
> The pale ray played upon;
> And above his dusky plumage shook;
> Backward was flung his feathery cloak,
> As his brawny arms were stretched to ply,
> The oars that made their shallop fly: —
> I ween that he who had seen them ride,
> As they rose in turn o'er the bellying tide,
> Had deemed it a vision of olden time,
> Of Afric wizard in faëry clime;
> In durance dread, by sorceries dark,
> Who wafted a lady in magic bark.
> And all above, and around them, save
> Where the quivering beam was on the wave,
> Was dubious light, and shifting shade,
> By clouds and mists and waters made:
> The snowy foam on the billow lay,
> Then sunk in the black abyss away;
> The rack went scudding before the blast,
> And its gloom o'er the bay came swift, and past;
> Flittingly gleamed the silvery streak,
> On the waving hills and mountain-peak;
> But the star of love looked out in the west,
> As if that lone lady's path she blest.'

Of the religious sentiments of Dr. Drake, a passage from the second volume will give an idea:

'I will venture following (*to follow*) the example of the great author who has so nobly expatiated on subjects of a similar nature, to give an outline of what may seem warranted, both by reason, analogy, and revelation, concerning the existing and operating powers of one Supreme, Almighty Cause, the source of life and motion.

'It would appear, then, from a due consideration of the data, which these channels of intelligence afford us, that God is the only pure and disembodied spirit in the universe, occupying and pervading all space, but necessarily, from the perfect immateriality of his essence, invisible; and therefore he is emphatically and correctly designated by the appellation of the *Invisible God.*

'The *visible world*, therefore, could only start into existence at the creation of matter by the fiat or volition of the Deity, who, by organising it in every possible variety of form, has rendered it the recipient of mind or thought, or, to speak more properly, of his own essence or *vis divina*.

'*How* the great primary being, the fountain of self-agency, a being purely spiritual, and, therefore, in his own essence perfectly invisible, unites himself with matter, must ever remain beyond our comprehension; but the fact is ever before us; for no one, I presume, will deny that an idea is incorporeal, and yet the action of idea or thought on our bodily frame is hourly and momentarily manifest, and effectuated in a mode, no doubt, similar to that by which the Almighty first acted on organized matter.

'It is our belief, indeed, that life, with all its properties, *vegetable*, *animal*, and *intellectual*, is nothing more than a manifestation of the *vis divina*, varied or limited according to the organization which it informs and regulates; that *intellectual* life, or that integral portion of the Divine Being which constitutes the soul of man, is, as the result of its endowment with consciousness, and moral responsibility, destined to distinct personal individuation throughout all eternity, and that consequently it will be for ever accompanied by some system of organization as the *instrument* of *visible* identity; whilst *animal* life, as exhibiting only the sentient principle, and possessing neither reflection, abstraction, imagination, or responsibility, will have no future personal or conscious existence.

'That this doctrine, as far as it respects the soul or mind of man, is warranted by Scripture, can admit of no doubt. For we are there told, not only that it shall be associated in a future state with a body termed celestial, in contradistinction to its former terrestrial one, but that it shall resemble the glorified body of our Saviour.

'But we may advance a step farther than this; for we are told, that such as was the body of our Saviour after his transit through the gates of death, and at the moment of his ascension into heaven, such it will be on descending to judge the earth; a declaration which renders it probable not only that mind is connected with matter, as the instrument of visible personification even to the footstool of the Deity, but that the revelation of the Supreme Being to man in a future state, as far as his essence can become an object of visible adoration, will be through the medium of the form in which even on earth the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily.'

In this second volume are three papers, respectively treating on the blindness of Homer, Ossian, and Milton; and from the latter we are tempted to make a considerable though abridged abstract, being obliged to omit the several quotations from our divine bard, by which Dr. Drake has supported and illustrated his remarks:

'It is obvious that our interest in, and sympathy for, the sufferings of our fellow-creatures will be in proportion to the personal merit of the parties, and to the authenticity, accuracy, and particularity of the circumstances which have reached us in relation to their misfortunes. Thus, interested as we have lately been, by the distant and indistinct views which the lapse of ages has just permitted us to take of the blindness of Homer, how much more powerfully should we have sympathized with the great poet, had the history of his calamity, and of the feelings to which it gave birth in his bosom, come down to us with any degree of minuteness and fidelity!

'It is owing to a fuller detail of the emotions which may be supposed to agitate a great and virtuous mind from such an awful visitation, that we enter with a deeper sense of fellow-feeling and commiseration into the fate and fortunes of Ossian. Yet pathetic as are the frequent allusions which the bard of the Highlands has made to his loss of sight, they are faint and evanescent in their impression on the mind, when compared with the effect which has resulted from the history of a similar infliction in the person of our divine Milton.

'The privation which has for ever associated the memory of Homer and Ossian with sentiments of pity and endearment, appears to have fallen upon them in the decline of life, and as one of the numerous infirmities of old age; an infliction, it is true, at all times severe and distressing, but when, as in the case of Milton, it occurs in the very vigour of life, more peculiarly does it render the sufferer an object of interest and attention.

'But this circumstance, important as it is, is by no means the most distinguishing feature in the history of Milton's blindness; it is to the very striking fact, that he voluntarily sacrificed his eyesight to his sense of duty, that we owe much of that deep admiration mingled with love and compassion which now accompanies the memory of this sublime poet.

'It was about the year 1644, as we learn from his letter to Leonard Philaras, and when he was but thirty-six years of age, that his sight first became weak and dim, occasioned partly by protracting, when very young, his studies to a late period of the night, and partly by the frequent recurrence of head-ache. He had lost nearly the use of the left eye, and experienced considerable weakness in the other, when, in 1649, he was called upon by the government of England to reply to the *Defensio Regia* of Salmasius; a task from which, though forewarned that the utter extinction of his eyes would be the result of the undertaking, his patriotism and sense of duty would not suffer him to shrink. Nothing can, indeed, exceed the magnanimity and self-devotedness with which, notwithstanding the prediction of his medical friends, he entered upon his difficult and dangerous labour; and, when subsequently his enemies reproached him with his blindness as a judgment from Heaven, nothing perhaps in mere human composition can surpass the moral grandeur of his defence.' —

'The result was as had been predicted; in 1651, the year in which he published his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, he entirely lost the use of his left eye, and the total privation of his sight, by the failure of the other, took place, it would appear, early in 1652; for when Philaras, his Athenian friend, visited him in London, not many months after the publication of his celebrated work, he was completely blind, though but in his forty-fourth year.' —

'We can scarcely conceive a situation more unpropitious to intellectual pursuits, or more likely to induce a state of deep despondency, than that in which Milton was placed, during the period occupied in the production of his eloquent Defence of the People of England. Impressed with a thorough conviction of the vast importance of the duty which had been assigned him; conscious that the world was eagerly expecting the result of his labours, yet hourly sensible, at the same time, of broken health and failing eyes; and, above all, that the completion of his work was in all probability to be followed by the utter extinction of his sight, strong and peculiar must have been the support which could enable him to contend with and overcome disadvantages thus great and oppressive.

'It was vouchsafed to him, however, beyond all the sons of men, in the most ample measure and degree; for, in the first place, nothing could exceed his attachment to, and enthusiasm for, the cause of liberty; in whose behalf no sacrifice was deemed by him too dear or important. Of the exultation, indeed, with which he beheld the success of his endeavours in the vindication of what he conscientiously deemed just and right, notwithstanding the great personal calamity which had awaited him as its anticipated consequence, an adequate idea may be formed from his admirable sonnet to Cyriac Skinner, in which the heroism of the sentiment is only to be rivalled by the vigour and energy of the language in which it is conveyed. It appears, from the import of the first line, to have been written in the year 1655, the era of the commencement of the Paradise Lost.' —

'Fortified as Milton felt himself to be in the strength and integrity of the principles on which he acted as a member of the Commonwealth, it was to his profound adoration of, and humble submission to, this "better guide," to the heart-cheering conviction which he possessed, of being ever under the superintending care and love of his Almighty Father; and more peculiarly so, in consequence of his loss of sight, that we owe that cheerfulness and resignation, that sublime enthusiasm and unconquerable firmness of mind, which distinguished in so remarkable a manner the latter portion of his life.' —

'That the intellectual powers of Milton were expanded and invigorated by the firm belief which he entertained, that his loss of vision was more than made up to him by gifts of a higher nature, must be the conviction of every one who has studied either his prose or his poetry. He delights to enumerate the great and good whose infliction of blindness appears to have been thus compensated, and he derives from their history a grateful and enduring source of fortitude and consolation.—We may, indeed, advance a step further, and affirm, that to the blindness of Milton we are indebted for a large portion of that hallowed and exalted imagination, which has stamped upon his later poetry a character of such peculiar and transcendent excellence; for it was the happy lot of Milton to be firmly persuaded, that, as one result of his privation of sight, he was blessed with a more intimate communication with the Deity, and that his exterior darkness was more than compensated by a mental illumination, emanating from the very source and fountain of light.

'To the influence of this persuasion, therefore, I have no doubt, may be ascribed much of what distinguishes the poetry of Milton from that of any other writer; that more than mortal enthusiasm, as it were; that fervour, approaching to inspiration; that meekness, tenderness, and sublimity of devotion, which seems to conduct us, as by assured and steady steps, to the throne of God himself! For it should be recollected, that the *profession* of this belief, of this peculiar favour of Heaven vouchsafed to the blind, is not with Milton the impulse of a merely heated imagination, but is insisted upon in his prose-works with an earnestness and seriousness of assertion which cannot but be attributed to satisfied and absolute conviction.'—

'During the time, however, which elapsed between the appearance of his Defence of the People of England and the death of Cromwell, a period including the publication of his Second Defence, and the composition of the third book of Paradise Lost, Milton, we must recollect, though blind, and an object of unqualified abuse to the opposite party, was yet on the triumphant side of the question, and had acquired the most extensive literary celebrity as the result of his contest with Salmasius. His Reply to this champion of the unfortunate Charles was, he tells us, circulated throughout Europe with the utmost avidity, and no ambassador from any state or sovereign ever met him in London, even by chance, without congratulations on his success, or without expressing a wish either to visit him, or to be visited by him. His blindness, too, served but to increase the kindness and assiduities of his friends, some of whom he avers might be said to vie with Theseus and Pylades in the warmth and sincerity of their attachment.—Thus admired, beloved, and honoured, and conscious too, at the same time, of the integrity and singleness of his own heart, we behold Milton, with interest and veneration indeed, but without any great degree of surprise, sustaining, with perfect magnanimity, the taunts of his enemies, and the privation of his eyes; but the time was fast approaching, when, stript of all save the approval of his own conscience, he was to become the victim of almost every varied misery that public rage and domestic inquietude could produce.—

'It is at the era of the Restoration, indeed, when Milton was not only blind, but poor, and aged, and forsaken, persecuted both within doors and without, and in danger of an ignominious death, that he comes before us most truly the object of our holiest love and deepest admiration. His best and dearest friends, for whose safety he hourly felt the deepest interest and anxiety, were dispersed and suffering under every possible calamity; and he was himself obliged, in order to preserve his life from the malevolence of faction and the frenzy of the populace, to hide his head in the obscurest corner of the city, where nevertheless the roar of intoxication and the shouts of his exulting enemies perpetually broke in upon his peace.

'Nor when the first fury of the storm had abated, and he once more returned to society, were his sufferings for a length of time less harasing or poignant; for, though the vengeance of the law no longer threatened his existence, he had every reason, from what had recently happened to some of the former strenuous defenders of the Commonwealth, to dread the dagger of the assassin; an apprehension, indeed, formidable to any one, from the difficulty of guarding against the attack, but which when occurring to an individual sightless and in solitude, might well, as we are told it did in the case of Milton, deprive his nights of rest.

'He had also, as a patriot, to lament the failure of all his efforts for the welfare of his fellow-citizens; for that Milton, whatever may be thought of his political theories, had the good of his country solely at heart, uninfluenced either by personal or party considerations, there cannot be the smallest doubt. — What, then, must not Milton have endured from the hypocritical ambition of the republican in the first place, and from the licentious vices and degrading servility of the ultra-royalist on the other; factions which had alike injured and undermined the constitutional liberties of his country. To the misery which the one party had already brought on the nation, and to the disgrace which the other was now inflicting on its character, he has alluded in the pathetic lines in the seventh book, which glance in the most affecting manner at his own personal misfortunes and endangered existence; and which appear, indeed, to have been written at the very period when the festivities of infatuated triumph, when the accents of riot and debauchery, were yet sounding in his ears; orgies which, even had they issued from a friendly quarter, had been discord to the temperate habits and lofty spirit of the indignant bard. —

'Severe, however, and distressing as were the evils to which Milton, as a public character, was now subjected, they were exceeded by those which he had to endure in the privacy of domestic life. The happiness of man is necessarily, in a great measure, dependant on the degree and permanency of home-felt comfort; on the daily and hourly interchange of those attentions which spring from family-affection and social kindness; and he who has to encounter the insults and persecutions of an unfeeling world naturally turns to his own roof as to a shelter from the storm, as to the spot where love and sympathy are ever watching to welcome and console him. But for Milton, alas! and at the very period, too, when most he stood in need of pity and protection, there was no such asylum to be found. We learn, in fact, from the depositions accompanying his lately discovered will, that at the era of the Restoration, and until he married his third and last lady in 1662, his domestic life was rendered miserable by the conduct of his ungrateful children.' —

'It was whilst thus suffering from the base and barbarous treatment of his unnatural daughters*, and just previous to his last marriage, that he wrote his Sampson Agonistes; and a passage in that composition, the most gloomy and distressingly pathetic of all his allusions to his loss of sight, was no doubt intended by the poet as a faithful picture of himself and of his wrongs, during this disastrous period of his existence. —

'That against privations and disadvantages, great and apparently overwhelming as were these, blind, infirm, ill-treated, and forsaken, the intellectual vigour of Milton should have struggled with such success, as to have carried on, during their operation, the noblest work which ever issued from uninspired man, is one of the most astonishing facts in the history of the human mind; for it was precisely in the years elapsing between the death of his second wife in 1655, and his entering again into the conjugal state in 1662, the most forlorn and wretched portion of his days, that the greater part of his Paradise Lost was written!

'What a magnificent and sublime idea of mental energy and fortitude breaks in upon us from this occurrence in the life of Milton! and how do the sufferings of Homer and of Ossian disappear when contrasted with those of our immortal countryman! The Grecian bard, though blind, and, perhaps, poor, appears to have passed, notwithstanding, lightly and cheerily on his path, honoured and admired by the monarchs and the nobles of his land; and though Ossian had fallen from his high estate, and, sightless and in years, was left the sole surviving mourner of his princely house; yet had he enjoyed the love, and gloried in the celebrity of his children; yet was he still the object of a nation's praise, not only as the first of bards, but as among the first of heroes, and even to the tomb of his fathers was he accompanied by beauty and affection.

'Whilst Milton who had voluntarily sacrificed his eye-sight on what he esteemed the altar of his country's good; whose mind was the chosen seat of all that is tender, holy, and sublime; and at the very period, too, when he was occupied in the construction of a work which has conferred an ever-during honour on the land which gave him birth; stood stript apparently of every human comfort, the mark of public outrage and of private wrong! and who, when he had but just escaped the sanguinary vengeance of triumphant party, had to feel at home, the spot to which he had once fondly looked for sympathy and peace,

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'* It should be recollected, however, that Deborah, his youngest and favourite daughter, was at this time but nine years old, and can scarcely therefore be implicated in this charge.'

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! —

'Though political enmity, the most rancorous perhaps of all human prejudices, threw over the mighty name of Milton, whilst yet alive, a veil of hatred and of obloquy, there were not wanting, even then, some great, and good, and liberal spirits, who loved, and honoured, and admired the man, and who beheld him in the storm that wrecked his peace, though not devoid of error, yet exhibiting the unconquerable mind and upright heart.

'Yes, in the *prophetic* eye of genius and of generous freedom did Milton close his race in glory; and now, when the clouds of faction and licentiousness, which perturbed the air he breathed, are passed away, in what a lovely and endearing light appears the injured bard! To Homer, sightless and in years, to Ossian, dark, and mournful, and forlorn, the sigh of sympathy belongs; but for Milton, the divine and hallowed Milton, the sport of evil days and evil tongues, blind, and aged, and forsaken, persecuted by his country, and deserted by his children, an added tear must fall!'.

The fifteenth number of this volume notices with excessive panegyric a poem by Mr. Hillhouse, intitled "The Judgment, a Vision:" but the adduced specimens do not support the high character given of the poetry.

Dr. Drake merits in a considerable degree the gratitude and admiration of his readers, and of his country, for providing a work of amusement so unexceptionable and of instruction so entertaining. To young persons of the fair sex it is peculiarly adapted, by indulging in desultory graces and versatile attention.

Art. XI. *Remarks on the present Defective State of the Nautical Almanac.* By Francis Baily, F.R.S. and L.S. 8vo. pp. 72. Richardson. 1822.

Our astronomical readers are probably aware that Mr. Baily, who is so well known and esteemed as one of the most disinterested supporters of the celestial science in this country, published at his own charge, and for private circulation only, in the beginning of the present year, a small volume of astronomical tables; his object being to furnish his friends and fellow-laborers in the field of astronomy with a set of tables, of constant reference in the Observatory during the year, some of them computed by himself and others taken from foreign works. In the explanation prefixed to these tables, he found himself under the necessity of commenting on the present state of the "Nautical Almanac;" which was such, in the year 1818, as to induce the Secretary to the Admiralty to declare in his place in Parliament, that its errors had caused it to become " a *bye-word* among the literati of Europe."

Mr. Baily's remarks, however, were not directed so much against the errors of this national work, (which he stated to be less numerous than they were for some preceding years,) as against its deficiency in various useful particulars, which he recommended to be introduced in future: but some differences between certain of his tables and those in the Nautical Almanac, for the same year, required both comment and explanation; and, in the preliminary observations prefixed to the tract before us, Mr. B. says,

> ' I am not aware that those comments exceeded the bounds which the circumstances of the case and the importance of the subject required: and I am yet to learn that there is any impropriety in detecting and exposing error, or in freely discussing the best mode of promoting the advancement of knowledge. But, it appears that, in one quarter at least, my intentions have been either misunderstood, or (unintentionally) perverted: since I find that an anonymous writer in the last number of the Journal of the Royal Institution (No. xxv. p. 201.) has replied somewhat sharply to the Remarks which I had thus published, and stigmatised them with the epithet of " superfluous and frivolous." As the author of that article has not thought proper to annex his name thereto, I can only designate him here by the title of " the Writer of the Reply:" nevertheless, there can be no difficulty in determining the source whence it came. And since the rank which he holds in the literary circles of this country, and his peculiar intimacy with the subject now under review, give a more than ordinary weight and importance to his opinions, it is the more incumbent on me to remove the charge which has thus been (I hope inadvertently) made. In attempting this, I am compelled, however reluctantly, to enter more at large into the nature, design, and present defective state of the Nautical Almanac, than I had originally any intention of doing.'

In pursuance of this object, the author gives first a verbatim copy of the Reply in question: he next describes the several particulars which are to be found in the other nautical Ephemerides of Europe, and do not occur in the English Nautical Almanac; and then he proceeds, paragraph by paragraph, to discuss the remarks of his anonymous opponent.

Considering the political insignificance of the kingdom of Portugal, it is remarkable that the Nautical Ephemeris of that country should be deemed the most complete of any in Europe: but we know, independently of the pamphlet before us, that it *is* so considered by all our most scientific navigators, not only in the India service but in the British navy.

The Coimbra Almanac is therefore the first here brought under review; and in it not fewer than eighteen tables, columns, or particular modes of arrangement, are pointed out, which it is supposed might be advantageously introduced into our Ephemeris. In the Milan Almanac, are seven which do not occur either in that of Coimbra or in the English; in that of Berlin, six; and in the *Connaissance des Tems*, eight: making in all thirty-nine particulars of greater or less value to the practical astronomer, some of which at least might be introduced with advantage into our national Ephemeris; which, when it was first published, was stated by Dr. Maskelyne to contain "every thing essential to general use that is to be found in *any* Ephemeris hitherto published, with many other useful and interesting particulars never yet offered to the public in any work of this kind." — 'This,' says Mr. Baily, 'was doubtless true at the time it was written, and *ought* to be true at the present day: but the rapid strides which have since been made in this department of science by our continental neighbours have *now* left us far in the back ground.'

We cannot undertake here to particularize the several omissions to which we have alluded, and which the author has detailed at length: but it will be sufficient, perhaps, to mention one. The position of the four new planets for every sixth day during six months, the time of their opposition being respectively chosen as the middle of such period, is stated in the Milan Ephemeris; the place of *Ceres*, in particular, is also given in that of Berlin, in the usual order of the Almanac; and the places of the others are generally published in the subsequent volumes of that work, previously to the times of their respective oppositions. Their places (for one half of the year at least) ought to form a regular portion of every Ephemeris; and we are a little surprized that, though these omissions are permitted in our national Almanac, they are not supplied in those which are published by the Stationers' Company: but with the exception of one only, viz. the "Imperial Almanac," we know of none which notice in any way the places of these new planets. In the Imperial Almanac, besides various other useful particulars, we have the place of *Ceres* marked for six days in each month. It is probably, as the author observes, for want of such information that we are not possessed of more numerous observations on the position of those planets; and, as their elements have not yet acquired that degree of precision which is so requisite in the present state of astronomy, too great facilities cannot be given to the means of multiplying observations.

On the subject of accuracy, the author of the *Reply* observed:

' " But with regard to the general *accuracy* of the computations, and the impression, it is already acknowledged throughout Europe, that the Nautical Almanac is the most correct of all the Ephemerides which are intended for nautical uses. Let Mr. Baily only turn to pages 371, 372, and 373. of the *Connaissance des Tems* for the present year, and see how those pages are filled, and from whom the materials were received; let him consider that the Nautical Almanac is always published six months before the *Connaissance des Tems ;* and let him examine the eclipses of the fourth satellite of Jupiter for 1824, and, after this, let him pronounce a distinct opinion upon the comparative accuracy of the two publications." '

To which Mr. Baily answers :

' I *have* referred to those pages in the *Connaissance des Tems,* where I find a list of 117 errors pointed out in the volume for 1821. And I have *also* referred to the printed *errata* at the end of my copies of the Nautical Almanacs for 1819 and 1820: in the former of which I find a list of 150 errors in *this* work also; and, in the latter, a list of 162 errors, besides others which I have myself discovered. After this, I find no difficulty in pronouncing " a distinct opinion upon the *comparative accuracy* of the two publications." '

In another place, the author of the *Reply* stated in answer to some remarks of Mr. Baily relative to the catalogue of north-polar distances of the principal stars, which are erroneously given in the Nautical Almanac for 1824 :

' " With respect to the remarks in p. xix. the editor of the Nautical Almanac would think it unbecoming to interfere in any manner in a catalogue furnished officially by the Astronomer Royal, upon the basis of his own observations ; and he would not hesitate to admit still greater fluctuations from the mean determination of former years, if they were supported by such authority." '

Mr. B. very properly rejoins :

' How far a feeling of *etiquette* would have prevented the writer of the Reply from interfering in *any* manner (not even by requesting an *explanation*) with a catalogue which, on the very face of it, bore evident marks of inaccuracy, I cannot pretend to say : but the act of parliament distinctly states that " it is highly expedient to the interests of navigation and the *honour* of this country, that the said Nautical Almanac should be *accurately* computed, *compared*, and published ;" and that it is the *duty* of the editor to superintend the *correct* publication of the same. A celebrated mathematician has said, " *La* philosophie *ne reconnaît aucune autorité, pas même celle de Newton :*" and the writer of the Reply seems for a moment to have forgotten the celebrated motto of that

Society, of which he is so distinguished a member. It is perhaps fortunate that every one had not the same implicit confidence; otherwise the errors might have remained unnoticed to the present hour.'

We cannot but feel some surprize that the author of the *Reply*, knowing as he must the grounds on which the accusations rested, chose to assume the tone which he has manifested in his remarks. It is probable, however, that he supposed that the same regard to *etiquette*, which led him to adopt the catalogue in question without examination, ought to have prevented any third person from exposing the errors and omissions of the Secretary of the Board of Longitude; and that, henceforwards, mathematics and astronomy were to be placed under and regulated by *courtesy* and *etiquette*, instead of being submitted as heretofore to the dominion of absolute and satisfactory demonstration. It seems to have been altogether overlooked by this writer that the Board of Longitude is a public establishment, that it is supported at the public expence, and that those of the public who are able to form a judgment of the subjects under its management have a right not only to examine its proceedings, but, when they are inadequately or negligently performed, to expose its mal-administration.

Art. XII. *Poems*, by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, Esq. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Author; also Critical Remarks on his Poems, written expressly for this Work. By John M'Diarmid. Second Edition, revised and extended. 12mo. 5*s*. Boards. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

So far the *frontal* title-page of this little work: but it has another title-page, rather of an Irish than a Scotch description, *at the end of the volume*, on the outside, in which the editor has been betrayed into a lamentable specimen of the art of puffing. After a reprint of the foregoing ample announcement, we have the subjoin too genuine display of self-applause:— " *Et mihi plaudo :*"—

' The whole exhibiting a condensed view of every important particular of his life and character that is scattered over his voluminous correspondence, or introduced into the numerous editions of his poetry.

' Although there are few authors more popular than Cowper, and consequently few whose volumes have been oftener reprinted, it appeared to the present publishers, that there was still room for an improved edition of his poetical works; and that by steering a middle course, between the prolixity of Hayley and the meagre sketches of succeeding compilers, a work might be produced suited at once to the means and the leisure of general readers. With this view the Editor has selected from every source open to his industry the leading features of the personal and literary character of the poet, together with many interesting notices of that cruel malady of which he was through life the victim; and has thus been enabled to condense into a space comparatively limited a greater body of information than was ever offered to the public, on terms equally advantageous.'

Nothing can more deeply disgrace the literature of any age, than the frequency of such book-selling practices; and, certainly, many of our best authors labor under the imputation of having been *unguarded*, at least, in this particular. Leaving *them* to their own better reflections, we cannot but expostulate with the editor of so unambitious, or at all events so delicate, and so scrupulous a person as Cowper, for having labored to set off *his* works in so ostentatious a manner. This circumstance, we confess, did not make a favorable impression on us; and, on examining the book, all our ill-omened anticipations were but too completely realized. We are far from denying that it is a neatly printed (though *eye-trying*) little edition, of a very convenient pocket-size, and "pleasant and pretty to behold;" and we allow it also the distinct merit of a very tolerably compiled life of Cowper, and of a rational exposure of the causes and consequences of his most unhappy malady. Especially in that part of the biography in which Cowper's incalculable loss of the society of Lady Austen is recorded, the editor has shewn much feeling and judgment; and we shall feel bound to present our readers with an extract from this portion of the work. In our judgment, however, nothing can be more common-place than the 'Critical Remarks' on the poems of Cowper.

—— "*Ad libitum, ex alienis haurio libris,*"

seems to be the motto of the remarker; and, whether he adverts to the "mighty dead" or the glorious living in the lists of criticism, he plunders all, without remorse. Now we have an extract from Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and then from the anonymous labors of some contemporary critic; the editor's own observations intervening like some coarse canvass on which these splendid patches are sown, so thickly as almost to hide it. The first instance of imperfect judgment in the remarker occurs in his very first illustration. He compares the "Rape of the Lock" and the "Task," — in what, gentle reader? In the circumstance of their both having arisen from the request of a friend, and both relating to a trifling subject! This is, really, much like the similarity of

Macedon and Monmouth; both having rivers, and both beginning with the same letter. Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" is also lugged into the analogy. As to the first comparison, can any thing be more injurious to Cowper, *as a poet*, (for we are not now talking of moral essays,) than to suggest the contrast of his lame and halting versification with the perfect melody of Pope? Or of *his* loose rambling diction with the exquisitely accurate and illumined language of our English Horace? — Rendering, we trust, due justice to Cowper's varied merits, to his endearing love of nature and gentleness of soul, to his honest indignation at all that is base and mean in speculation or action, and to his manly preference of simplicity to art, we must, at the same time, be aware of the *excesses* into which a want of steady judgment, and of sufficient worldly knowlege, betrayed these noble qualities. Then as to *taste!* Are we yet to be subjected to Gothic or Caledonian theories, on this purely classical subject?

> " *Usque adeo* NIHIL *est, quod nostra infantia cœlum*
> *Hausit Aventini, baccâ nutrita Sabinâ?*"

The mania of comparing things unlike, or the laying hold of a partial and imperfect resemblance, seems to be the sin that most easily besets the present editor. Witness the following grotesque comparison. We are obliged to copy both passages, to enable our readers to judge adequately of the absurdity which we are pointing out; and the prose of Mr. Curran, although well-known, will bear to be quoted again, in this noble example of eloquence. Cowper is speaking of the slave-trade, and speaks as follows:

> ' "We have no slaves at home — then why abroad?
> And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
> That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall."

' In Mr. Curran's defence of Hamilton Rowan, accused of the publication of a seditious libel, there occurs a passage which some have thought the finest burst of eloquence in the English language; but which, after a critical examination, appears to be little more than an amplification of the beautiful lines which have just been quoted.

' "I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of *universal emancipation*. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;

—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the genius of universal emancipation." '

Will our readers believe that the editor has ushered in these *parallel* passages, as he supposes them to be, by calling Mr. Curran's expressions '*a remarkable instance of plagiarism?*' What would such a critic say to the "*I præ, sequar,*" of Terence, and to the "Go on! I'll follow thee!" of Shakspeare?

Not satisfied with raising his author to Pope, the editor must sink him to Grahame; and Cowper is here *laid alongside, fairly brought to bear,* in the warfare of literary fame, against the author of the poem on the "Sabbath!"

At page 495. we find some facetious arguments adduced in defence of card-playing; which, as the editor himself has denominated them 'sportive,' he may excuse us for considering as silly: but in the remarks that follow on *state-lotteries,* (although they are wholly unnecessary, and seem to be inserted because Cowper has *not* mentioned the subject,) we fully agree, lauding the virtuous zeal of the remarker, in a cause calculated to excite the interest of every reasonable patriot.

The editor seems duly aware of the great ruggedness of Cowper's verse, and does not make the old hackneyed excuse of its having been studied for purposes of variety, &c. &c.; an excuse which implies a libel on poetical harmony, and accuses it of being unable to delight without discords. On the contrary, he justly observes that 'no writer can be said to have obtained the highest mastery of his art, who does not combine with the utmost energy of thought the utmost polish of diction;' and, as he should have added, the utmost harmony of versification. No other doctrine will raise our poetry to its antient standard; sad havoc as it will cause among our most honored living models.

In the quotation which the editor makes from Cowper's well-known description of the "Sanctimonious Prude," he has not observed the striking resemblance (which as a *finder of likenesses* we might have expected him to discover) between this picture and Hogarth's antient Virgin, with her foot-boy carrying her Bible to church. Cowper's lines are indeed a versification of the portrait.

In page 504. we remark another unkind hit at Mr. Hayley, who had before been very flippantly treated; and it originates, as we conceive, in a mistake of the meaning of the terms "exquisite pleasantry," which we conclude Mr. H. applied to the vein of laughing though bitter sarcasm that appears in several of the delineations. For instance, — the very one which the editor has quoted, —

" Perhaps a grave physician, gathering fees,
Punctually paid for lengthening out disease," &c. &c.

Immediately following, we have a hint thrown out that Mr. Montgomery 'probably derived his idea' of writing a poem on "Greenland" from a passage in Cowper on Greenland, and from 'the allusion to the Missionaries which precedes it!' Surely the germs of future poems will hereafter be discovered in Ainsworth's Dictionary, and embryo speeches in Parliament must wait the publication of the next *Flora Cantabrigiensis*. As Sir George Saville said,

" What beauties does *Flora* disclose!" &c. &c.

We return with pleasure to the 'Memoir of Cowper,' and shall now present our readers with the promised extract; of which, whether we refer to the subject or the style, we cannot but entertain a favorable sentiment:

'The amiable and accomplished Lady Austen was still his friend and neighbour, or rather his constant companion; and the blank-verse translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey, which he commenced at this period, (November, 1784,) were also, it is said, undertaken at her suggestion. But the time was at hand when he was to be deprived of the society of a female, who had proved invaluable to him, from the rare art she possessed of dissipating that melancholy which we suspect the sombre hue of Mrs. Unwin's mind rather tended to foster; and of whose services in this respect he was so sensible, that he repeatedly, in the fulness of his gratitude and affection, ascribes the circumstance that led to their acquaintance to the immediate interposition of Providence. But his devout old friend saw nothing very providential in the ascendency of a female so much more accomplished than herself; and it is painful to think, that the jealousy of this otherwise exemplary character should have led to a separation, which may be numbered among the misfortunes of our author's life. Mr. Hayley observes, that "no person can blame Mrs. Unwin for feeling apprehensive, that Cowper's intimacy with a lady of such extraordinary talents might lead him into perplexities of which he was by no means aware." What perplexities he alludes to it is difficult to discover: by his own account, and that of his contemporaries, Lady Austen was of a character too pure and exalted to lead him into the paths of error; and if she had led him to the very altar of Hymen, (which must have been the *ne plus ultra* of her fascinations,) there is every reason to suppose, that it would have been the most fortunate event that could have occurred. That brilliant accomplishments, combined with good nature and sensibility, are to be avoided as dangerous, is an assumption which the biographer will find it difficult to prove. But the truth is, his book throughout is written under a strong dread of giving offence to any one who has the happiness of being enrolled in its pages; and it is therefore the less surprising, that in his eagerness to avert the blame of this transaction from one female friend, he has unwittingly laid the full weight of it on the *attractions* of another. Indeed the zeal with which he labours to acquit all the parties, as well as the air of mystery he throws over an incident in itself extremely natural and simple, are not a little amusing. — Something is said of a copy of tender verses which the poet had addressed to his fascinating friend, an effusion which, although unknown to himself, was very probably dictated by love. The character of Cowper was no doubt singular in many respects, but his singularity would have been superhuman, and certainly most unpoetical, if he had not regarded with a warmer sentiment than that of friendship, a lady, who, accomplished and engaging as she was, appeared willing to devote her life and fortune to the promotion of his happiness. This fact to be sure, like many others, is only hinted at by Mr. Hayley; but it is quite in accordance with human nature; and it is difficult to conceive, what motive short of attachment could have led a lady, enjoying all the advantages of wealth and station, to renounce the gay society of the metropolis for the solitude of a manufacturing village. The little god, like the animal he resembles in his blindness, is a miner that carries on his operations unseen; and we confess, when we first read in the letters of the shy and bashful Cowper requesting to be introduced to a lady whom he had merely spied from his window, and of that lady in her turn becoming so fond of him, that she soon pitched her tent by his side, we began to leap to conclusions by a process well known to the readers of novels, and anticipated nothing less than a courtship or a marriage. Unfortunately, too, Mrs. Unwin appears to have been of the same opinion; and, appealing to the poet's gratitude for her past services, she gave him his choice of either renouncing Lady Austen's acquaintance or her own. Although the alternative was doubtless a painful one, he determined to adhere to the friend whose claims on his gratitude were greater than he could ever hope to discharge, and sent a farewell letter to Lady Austen, which, however affectionately and admirably written, had the effect of banishing her from Olney, and of putting an end to their acquaintance. But we have already, perhaps, dwelt too long upon a transaction, the whole blame of which appears to fall upon Mrs. Unwin. Had she been young and handsome, and likely to fall in love herself, her conduct would have been less surprising, and much more excusable. But this has never been insinuated;

and there is not the most distant probability, that even Cowper's union with Lady Austen could have interfered with his platonic affection for their mutual friend. In this happy country a man may have as many friends as in some others he may have wives or concubines; and although there are preferences in these matters, very few are so unreasonable as to demand an exclusive and undivided friendship. Yet this was the failing of Mrs. Unwin; and we must again regret, that her want of generosity in this instance should have dissolved a connexion, of which Cowper had already boasted so much, and which, when drawn closer, could scarcely have had any other effect than that of increasing his happiness.'

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For NOVEMBER, 1822.

EDUCATION.

Art. 13. *A Clue for Young Latinists*, and Non-Latinists, to trace the Original Forms and Signification of Nouns and Verbs, from their Terminations, alphabetically arranged, with Explanatory References to the Grammar. By John Carey, LL.D. Author of "Latin Prosody made easy," &c., 12mo. Longman and Co.

That Dr. Carey is one of our most useful elementary writers, the list of his works (enumerated in the title-page of the tract before us) may be admitted to evince, when we add that all those works have their degrees of merit; while, to mention at present no others of his labors, his revision and correction of the press of the Regent's Classics have conferred, as far as we have had any opportunity of ascertaining the point, very material advantages on that useful and cheap publication.

The plan of the present little work is, as the author observes, 'simple, and so obvious at first sight, that a single instance will be sufficient to exemplify its application and use. — Suppose, then, the young Latinist, or the Non-Latinist, to meet with the word *Pugnavissemus:* on turning to the termination AVISSEMUS in its alphabetic place, he will at once find that it is the first person plural of the pluperfect subjunctive, from *Pugno*, of the first conjugation. But suppose, on the other hand, that he should mistake the point of division between the radical letters and the grammatical termination — and, instead of looking for AVISSEMUS, should direct his attention to ISSEMUS, EMUS, or even the single syllable, MUS, or US — he will, under any of those heads, find references, to guide him in his search.'

We must remark, however, that in the multiplicity of *helps*, and *props*, and *vade-mecums*, with which modern education abounds, some chance is incurred that the advantage will be lost which arose out of the hard work and *hammering* at the Dictionary and

Grammar; and which strengthened the natural powers, while it perhaps somewhat delayed the puerile progress of our ancestors. This is too ample a field of argument for us to examine at present; and we pass to another of Dr. Carey's subsidiary aids to learning. To shew the perfect good humor in which we part with the veteran teacher, we shall quote the following 'doggrel rhymes' from his work, since the Doctor informs us that he has 'found them useful:'

> 'When *IUS* ends a proper name,
> The vocative must end in *I*.
> The rule for *Filius* is the same,
> And *Genius*, too, makes *O Geni*.'

We recommend the modesty with which Dr. C. designates this happy little *ballad-stanza*, to the imitation of many of our contemporary minstrels; who print thousands of similar verses every season, but forget to mark them with their appropriate title.

Art. 14. *The Greek Terminations*, (including the Dialects and Poetic Licences,) alphabetically arranged, and grammatically explained, on the Plan of the "Latin Terminations," or "Clue for Young Latinists." By John Carey, LL.D., &c. 12mo. Longman and Co.

This natural sequel to Dr. Carey's "Latin Terminations" has added to the obligation which that gentleman's works have bestowed on the youthful scholar. The present book, as far as we have been able to examine it, is well executed; and it certainly forms a serviceable little manual of reference for the beginner, and perhaps *occasionally* for the more advanced student in Greek. "*In tenui labor est, at tenuis non gloria.*" This *old* quotation may be justly applied to many of Dr. C.'s *new* publications.

The author's dedications 'to Davies Gilbert, Esq., an independent senator, an accomplished scholar,' &c. &c. are natural enough: but we venture to admonish Dr. Carey that it appears to us in better taste to omit any notice of that gentleman's son, 'a promising youth, now in his tenth year; who, having already made a creditable proficiency in the Latin language, intends soon to enter on the study of the Greek.' See the *Advertisement*, p. 5.

Art. 15. *A Series of Latin Exercises*, selected from the best Roman Writers, and adapted to the Rules in Syntax, particularly in the Eton Grammar, &c. By Nathaniel Howard. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. Bound. Longman and Co.

Art. 16. *A Key to Howard's Latin Exercises.* 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*. Longman and Co.

The Eton exercise-books are certainly liable to many objections, though they are greatly diminished, if not removed, by the valuable oral instruction which accompanies them at their own peculiar seat of learning, and by similar advantages in other places: but, if it *should* happen that in any seminary, where *sound learning* (or, perhaps, *learning in sound*,) is professed, the deficiencies of the *Exempla Minora*, *Moralia*, &c. are not supplied by the teacher, then Ellis's Exercises, or Howard's Exercises, *with the Key to them**, would be much better than the more difficult and dangerous Eton elementary works. With respect to the Eton "Peculiars," a more advanced though still initiatory book of exercises, we are credibly informed that it was written by an unsuccessful candidate for an Eton-mastership, purposely and expressly to avenge himself on the teachers of the school for his disappointment. If, indeed, any one of those distinguished scholars should be unfortunate enough not to possess any clue, either of memory or written reference, to the passages in the original authors from whom the "Peculiars" are translated, or rather *perverted*, we defy the brightest genius and the most practised erudition to hit on the *right* Latin for sentences, which at least succeed in inculcating *wrong* English. Our own idea of a completely useful exercise-book, teaching English and Latin at once, has never yet been satisfied. Clark's Exercises are not classical: the Latin will lead into sundry *canine* obliquities, and the studént will be taught rather to *bark* than to *speak* the language of Livy; and Ellis is not only too easy, but objectionable as being confined to Cicero, for a book of such length. — After all, a series of *little* translated books, each extracted from one author, might best succeed in teaching the variety of Roman styles; and, if due attention were paid to the gradations of difficulty, and to the subject-matter of the extracts, something more might be done for the progressive improvement of the scholar in every class, than any writer has hitherto effected. The difficulty in practice will always be to prevent idle boys from discovering the original, and copying from it: but several methods of judicious and proper disguise, omission, &c. &c. might be adopted, in order to remedy this evil.

As far as Mr. Howard has gone, we are disposed to think very well of his attempt: but it is not, in our judgment, sufficient that we confine ourselves to classical writers, and those of the purest age: we should add an endeavour to teach, in due order, and with constant regard to a gradual increase in difficulty, the prominent varieties of style in the best Roman authors. By a due selection of stories, sentiments, and miscellaneous remarks, much useful knowlege and much good principle, might thus be conveyed and inculcated; together with the great advantage of a practical improvement in order and distinctness of thought, as well as of elegance, variety, and correctness in language. We shall rejoice to witness some *living* proof that this little sketch of a *Series of Classical Latin Exercises* is not a mere visionary draft from any *Utopia* of education, but a substantial and solid addition to the means already afforded to the youthful scholar for attaining a due knowlege of the Latin tongue.

Art. 17. *The Eton Latin Grammar;* being an Introduction to the Latin Tongue. Revised, corrected, and greatly improved: enriched also with copious Notes. For the Use of Schools, as well as of private Study. By the Rev. T. Smith, of St. John's College, Cambridge, Master of Gordon-House Academy, Kentish-Town, Middlesex. Second Edition. 12mo. 2*s*. Bound. All Booksellers.

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* This 'Key,' we trust, is cautiously sold, *i. e.* only to persons wearing a shovel-hat, and black, rusty, plush inexpressibles.

Among the many modern attempts to improve the Eton Latin Grammar, few have been very successful. The truth is that oral instruction, under the management of a judicious and diligent tutor, will remove *all* the difficulties and supply *most* of the defects of that manual; while, in incompetent hands, no work hitherto published, or ever likely to appear, can be expected to attain the same purposes.

The *chief* improvement of the present editor consists in marking the quantities of the words; and, although much may be said in favor of this plan, (particularly, that it prevents wrong impressions of quantity at first,) we are not sure whether the very youthful scholar will not be additionally perplexed by these eternal alternations of long and short; or whether the more advanced student may not have acquired such a habit of trusting to his metrical marks, as to make him hesitating and insecure when deprived of their assistance. These, however, are only conjectures; and Mr. Smith doubtless had tried the effect of his experiment, before he presented it to the public.

We speak, it will be observed, in sufficiently lofty terms of the author's alleged improvement, with regard to the designation of *quantities.* As to his corrections of the former Eton *accents,* we really have no leisure at present to examine the question: but we think that a *brief* statement of the prominent and palpable differences, between these two divisions of orthoëpy, might have been usefully interwoven with his *brief* preface. We must at the same time suffer Mr. Smith to speak for himself, as we have much respect for his ardent zeal in behalf of the *correctness* of classical instruction:

'The limits of our preface will not permit the investigation of the difference of accent, nor of the peculiar beauties it imparts to language when properly applied. The hideousness of false accentuation may not indeed greatly affect a rude ear, but to an ear refined by the charms of correct literature it is more grating than the jarring sounds produced by a novice, murdering an air on an instrument out of tune, are to a scientific musician of exquisite taste.

'There are many pretenders to an acquaintance with Latinity, and (who will believe it?) some professed adepts in the Roman tongue, strenuous advocates of inconsistency. They say that as the Latin is a dead language, it matters little how it is pronounced, and that practical quantity is at variance with the established rules of the English language. To them *bonúss, bonáy, bonúmm, amabámm, amabáss, amabátt,* and the like, are more pleasing than *bónus* or *amábam.* We leave them to their fancy, if they are incapable of discriminating between refinement and jargon; for to argue with them would be a waste of time, and to offer them a relish for classical beauty would be throwing pearls to swine.'

POETRY.

Art. 18. *Elegy on the Death of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By Arthur Brooke. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Ollier. 1822.

We have expressed our opinions as to the poetical talents of the unfortunate subject of this elegy, and as to the general tendency and taste of his productions, on more than one occasion; and we are not desirous of returning to the merits or demerits of this *promising* but at the same time *threatening* young man, any farther than we are forced by the tributes of survivors to his memory.

The early death of the possessor of acknowleged genius must ever be a melancholy topic, and we are unwilling to disturb the tender recollections of the more immediate friends of the deceased: but we have now a paramount duty to perform; the duty of warning those who may be misled by the excessive and indiscriminate praise of the elegiac writer now before us, and may be induced on his authority to receive *all* Mr. Shelley's works as the emanations of unmixed benevolence, guided and applied by consummate wisdom. To omit every unnecessary allusion, we will only recall, for one instant, to the memory of *our* readers, the allusion in the "Prometheus" of Mr. Shelley, relating to the most sacred Being that ever appeared on this earth.* If that allusion can be reconciled either to kindness or correctness of feeling, (to say the *very* least of it!) we are satisfied with the panegyric of the pseudonymous Mr. Arthur Brooke: but, if otherwise, we strongly admonish him not to tamper with the honest indignation of pious and enlightened minds.

"Knowing what we know," and "reading what we have read," our estimate of the following piece of extravagant adulation may easily be conjectured:

'But who shall launch the lightning of the mind,
Instinct with inspiration, through the dense
Impalling clouds which slaves and tyrants wind
O'er the bewildered world, — their last defence!
Where now the champion for man's suffering kind,
To raise, unscoffing, his subjected sense,
Unveil foul superstition's idiot faith,
And crush the viperous worm which lurks that mask beneath!

'For he with intuition's glance looked through
All nature's mysteries; and, kind as wise,
From the green bud that drinks the vernal dew,
To the vast sphere rolling through boundless skies,
From all that lives and moves his spirit drew
The influence of their bland benignities;
And like a new Prometheus brought to men
Lost Hope's abandoned flame; — shall it be quenched again?'

We are fully open to the poetical impression of the foregoing passage, and give the writer much credit for his language and versification on this and several occasions: but where was his justice, or his taste, when he talked of the 'genius' of Percy Shelley as '*mightier far*' than that of Sheridan? — and what shall we say of his philosophy or his religion when he thus speaks:

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* See Rev. vol. xciv. p. 168.

> 'Of stern necessity, the *One Supreme*,
> Which links impartial to its destined hour
> All chance and change; and in whose *sightless* scheme
> A falling nation and a fading flower
> *Are equal*.'

Need we refer to the *many sparrows*? — "Think of that, *Master Brooke*; think of that!"

Art. 19. *Verses on the Death of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. By Bernard Barton. 8vo. pp. 23. Baldwin and Co. 1822.

"*Would* Mr. Percy Shelley *ever* have understood his own meaning?" This is a question yet agitated with warmth among his little school of heretic-admirers; and, we fear, it has hitherto been answered in the negative. That he had *not* already attained to this desirable result of every man's pursuits seems to be nearly an unanimous opinion.

Nothing, in plain truth, can be more injudicious than to drag before the public the names and notions of men unfortunately distinguished by their genius and their excentricity, more generally than necessity absolutely requires after their decease; and especially when that decease is premature *, as in the present instance, we should always be disposed to say with the old dramatist,

> "Why, let the curtain drop — the farce is o'er —
> And if some solemn airs were mingled with it,
> Let *them* too die — lest they pervert the vulgar!"

Mr. Barton, in the warmth and energy of his virtuous zeal, (for *virtuous* it most assuredly is,) comes forwards to write a species of *theological ballad* on the irreligious tendency of Mr. Shelley's works, in opposition to the eulogy of Mr. Brooke; while he treats his memory with unfeigned respect, and pays (in our judgment) even more than a due reverence to his talents.

There is something very "*out-of-the-way*" and unreasonable, as well as unpoetical, in all this. Which of Mr. Shelley's enthusiastic admirers will derive any thing but an addition to his unwise zeal, by this prosaic exposure of the faults of his leader? On the other hand, what argumentative opponent of Mr. Shelley's utter and almost avowed nonsense will stand in need of Mr. Barton's aid, to prove the following *facts*?

> 'With those who think they view in thee
> The champion of their creed,
> If their's, in truth, a creed can be,
> Who from belief are freed, —
> Who view with scorn all modes of faith,
> Though seal'd by many a martyr's death,
> With such I fain would plead;

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* Mr. S. was recently drowned in a boat, on the coast of Italy.

And, in that love which knows no bound,
Once more one brief alarm would sound.

'If Christians err, yourselves admit
Such error harms them not; —
If you are wrong, and Holy Writ
No juggling, priestly plot,
But truth's own oracle reveal'd; —
Then is your condemnation seal'd,
And hopeless is your lot!
You *doubt* the Gospel: — keep in view,
What *can be doubted — may be true!*

'But, O! to *you*, — who halt between
The Christian's — sceptic's part:
Who now to Revelation lean,
And now to sophists' art;
As one who many doubts has known, —
Aware what conflicts like your own
Awaken in the heart; —
This simple watch-word let me give,
"*Believe! — Obey! — And ye shall live!*"'

As, however, we all *do* frequently want the assistance of a friendly monitor, we should be most ungracious not to acknowlege the real obligation which we owe to such warning voices as the above; and therefore, in entire consonance with Mr. Barton's moral objects, we heartily say with him, '*Peace* to the manes of poor Percy Shelley!'

Art. 20. *The Hopes of Matrimony:* a Poem. By John Holland, Author of "Sheffield Park," &c. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Westley. 1822.

After the promulgation of such unpalateable arguments as Mr. Malthus has brought forwards, he must not expect to rest in peace; and he has here a new antagonist in a gentleman who recommends all his friends to get married, in very pleasing and pretty verse. This little poem is certainly very creditable to the talents and industry of the author; who tells us, in his preface, that he 'has ventured to devote the brief leisure of a situation in life which compels him to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and to labor for the support of a family, with the welfare of which he stands connected as a brother and a son, to the composition of the present work.' The versification is smooth and easy, and the style throughout is that of a clever man, who has been accustomed to read good poetry: but occasionally a few prosaic lines occur, and here and there we find symptoms of want of polished taste. The sentiments in every respect are very pure and excellent. We shall content ourselves with quoting the author's affectionate remembrance of his mother:

'On thy dear lap, oh Britain! first I drew
The vital air and life's warm transports knew;

An English mother bore me and caress'd;
And with the stream of life upon her breast
I drew the patriot passion still which reigns
Pure as the blood from those maternal veins:
Then oh, forgive the hand that would entwine
With that dear mother's worth one grateful line!
And those whom Heaven hath spared to read this lay,
Accept the filial offering which I pay;
For when affection's claim I cease to hold
This hand be nerveless and this heart grow cold!'

Art. 21. *Poetical Essays:* by A. J. Mason. Embellished with Eleven Engravings on Wood, executed by the Author from Designs by the late John Thurston, Esq. 8vo. 8*s*. Boards. Boys. 1822.

In spite of the pretty wood-cuts with which this little volume is ornamented, we fear that it will not excite much interest in any circle beyond that of the author's immediate friends. 'The encouraging wishes' of those friends, we are told, as usual, induced him to offer his poems to the public: but they seem to be more polite than sincere, or at least more indulgent than acute.— Should these essays, however, happen to fall into the hands of any of our readers, we beg that they will take the trouble of turning to page 63., where they will see an interesting representation of the author presenting an address to his wife on the anniversary of her birth-day, February 8. 1818. Mr. M. is handsomely dressed "for the afternoon," and Mrs. M. is elegantly attired in one of "Ackermann's dresses for May." The address opens with the following impassioned lines:

'The year is past, and you, my wife,
  Again this period see,
Receive (dear partner of my life)
  A line or two from me.'

We hope that Mr. M. will meet with more success as an artist, than he is likely to obtain as a votary of the muses.

Art. 22. *The River Derwent*, Part the First; and other Poems. By William Branwhite Clarke, B. A. of Jesus College, Cambridge. 8vo. 6*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

We scarcely know what to say of this poem, for it is neither good enough to be praised nor poor enough to be condemned. It betrays that golden mediocrity which is so valuable in every thing but poetry, and which has been denounced by an old poet as a most unpardonable sin. We discern in it no genius, no fervor, no deep poetical feeling, but much fair versification, some pretty descriptions, and many excellent sentiments. At the present day, however, when poetry is so cheap and abundant, these qualifications will not be found sufficient to intitle Mr. Clarke to favorable public notice as a poet; and we therefore very much fear that *his* River Derwent will be suffered to stagnate in the warehouse of its publishers. We regret that a gentleman whose talents appear to be so respectable should suffer a disappointment like this: but, if companionship be any comfort, he only shares the fate of nine-tenths of the poetical writers who appear before the public.

Were it worth while to intrude our farther remarks on Mr. Clarke, we should advise him to beware how he imitates Lord Byron. It is not for common mortals to wield the weapons of a giant. Had Omphale (to reverse the story) attempted to raise the club of Hercules, it would only have exposed her weakness. In many of the stanzas before us, we trace the most palpable imitations of his Lordship's style, which serve to provoke an injurious comparison. Every reader of Lord Byron's poetry must have remarked that he sometimes crowds a number of substantives together, as in the passage in Julia's beautiful letter to Don Juan:

> " Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
> The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
> Sword, gown, gain, glory; offer in exchange
> Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart:" —

but Mr. Clarke furnishes us with a longer catalogue in two lines:

> ' Heaven, water, earth; hill, champaign, light, and shade;
> Bud, blossom, branch, trunk, leaf, and bush, and blade.' P. 41.

This would be very like our old friend the Spelling-book, were the words formed of the same number of syllables: — *Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu,* &c. &c.

The best stanzas in the poem are those on Greece, p. 17.; whose struggles and dangers present, indeed, a noble theme to the poet.

Art. 23. *A Translation in Verse of the Epistles from Laodamia to Protesilaus,* Enone to Paris, and Leander to Hero, from the Works of Ovid. By Joseph Guy, jun., Master of the Academy, Foley-Street. 4to. 5*s*. Baldwin and Co. 1822.

Reviewers have been sometimes accused of not reading the productions on which they sit in judgment. For ourselves, we are not conscious of having evaded this necessary and too often wearisome part of our duty: but, if ever an omission of this kind could be justified, we think that something might be urged in our favor when such poetry as that of Mr. Guy falls under our inspection. The first page of his book gave us the following promising specimens of his knowlege of Latin prosody, and of his skill in English versification:

> ' When war from Laodamĭa urged your way,
> Where was the gale propitious to delay?';

and this, too, in spite of the perpetual recurrence of Laodamīa in the original, which, being *scarce* and *not within the reach of common readers,* Mr. Guy has been so kind as to print at the end of his own version.

It is, however, in his rhymes that his *forte* seems chiefly to lie. There is a pleasure in surprize, and Mr. Guy was determined to ail himself of this principle of our nature: for he could surely ve had no other reason for making *breathe* rhyme to *give*, than at of taking his readers by surprize.

> ‘ Oh I had many a fond caress to *give!*
> Many injunctions tenderly to *breathe!*’

The same kind motive must have suggested *crew* as a rhyme *go:*

> ‘ But where my fury leads, I thither *go*,
> Like one of Bacchus's inspired *crew*.’

If, however, Mr. Guy disclaims the reason which we have as-igned, we can only account for these wonderful rhymes by at-tributing them to a tact and delicacy of ear almost peculiar to himself. Again;

> ‘ Let him through hostile armies urge his *way;*
> Helen alone can thus recovered *be*.’

* * * * * *

> ‘ A groan escaped me, and in silent *prayer*
> I hop'd to deprecate a presage *dire*.’

We leave it to our readers to conjecture how many groans escaped us in the perusal of Mr. Guy's translation.

As a foil to his own performance, Mr. G. has inserted poor Flatman's version of the same epistle: but we are at a loss to decide which is the best, or the worst.

Having exhibited these samples of the translator's powers, we shall probably be pardoned for making no extracts from the epistles of *Oenone* (by Mr. Guy spelt *Enone*) to Paris, or of Leander to Hero. In his preface, he tells us that ‘ he has yet to learn from the candor of public criticism, whether the intention he has in view of translating some of the other epistles shall be proceeded in.’ Our advice is — Desist!

Art. 24. *The Spirit of the Lakes; or*, Mucruss Abbey. A Poem. In Three Cantos. With explanatory Notes, from the best and most approved Authorities. By Miss Luby. 8vo. pp. 192. 10*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

Though this production be not altogether destitute of merit, we must observe that it has too little relationship to the genuine spirit of poetry to claim much commendation. On the terms into which this fair votary of the Muse has entered, it would appear that she had stipulated for a very moderate share of inspiration, and received none of the loftier gifts of song. The unkind Divinity, indeed, seems to have filled the author's mind with a somewhat strange and incoherent medley, in which we can discover neither very good rhyme nor very good reason, but are perplexed with considerable confusion of the narrative and characters,

> “ A court of coblers and a mob of kings;”

reversing and confounding the fair ideas of the writer, in such a manner as to make them read very much like what, in plain English, we should call jargon. In French we might probably express the same idea in politer terms, under the name of *mélange;* or "*Mélange embrouillée,*" which would spare something of the harshness of the sound. Such, however, is the fact: we have description, narrative, and tragedy sadly jumbled together, intermixed with maniac songs, and a catastrophe without an end: — so that we can now form an idea how a story, and a very long story, may be "said or sung" without any proper beginning, middle, or prospect of conclusion. The same descriptions of character and scenery are repeated, thrown into new attitudes and dress, with a very arbitrary use of entrances and departures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 25. *Essays, Moral, Philosophical, and Stomachical,* on the important Science of Good Living. By Launcelot Sturgeon, Esq. 12mo. pp. 226. 7*s.* 6*d.* sewed. Whittakers. 1822.

Several publications on the important subject of cookery have lately appeared; and they have been so well received, that the present writer seems to have been induced by their success to try his skill in compounding a literary dish of a similar nature. He has not, however, given us a new book of receipts for all the good things of the table, but, as the title imports, a series of essays on epicurism, interspersed with three or four statements of particular *bonnes bouches:* but the whole is conceived in a strain of such serio-comic extravaganza, that we know not how to rely on his specific prescriptions; and we have more puff-paste than solid beef. He is evidently not a vulgar writer, and far from having a *clumsy hand* at this kind of composition: but, as it is very difficult to preserve the *sublime* from becoming the *ridiculous,* so is it also to keep broad *irony* from running into apparent *gravity.*

We quote a part of his chapter on *Mustard.*

'Of all the stimulants which are used at table to savour meats, to excite appetite, or to hide the faults of cooks, mustard is doubtless that which — every thing considered — deserves to hold the first place; both from its antiquity, which may be traced to the earliest history of the Jews, and its beneficent qualities. If we put any faith in doctors, this seasoning acts powerfully upon the organs of digestion; it augments the force and elasticity of the fibres, attracts the digestive juices into the stomach, separates the nutritive from the inert matter, and accelerates the peristaltic motion. It is, besides, singularly salutary in its effects upon the brain: it expands the mind, exalts the imagination, and sublimates the fancy; it is to its copious use that the remarkable strength and poignancy of the speeches at all public dinners is chiefly to be attributed; and notwithstanding all that has been said about a full stomach obscuring the intellect, we may venture to assert, without fear of contradiction from any of the sons of Helicon — that the conceptions of a poet who had just swallowed a pound of beef — with a proportionate quantity of mustard — would be far more vigorous, his arguments more solid, and his reasoning more tisfactory, than if he had counted the trees in St. James's Park r a dinner.'—

'Never entrust the composition of your mustard to any hand ut your own, unless you should be fortunate enough to possess a aître *d'hôtel*, or a butler, in whom you can place the most implicit confidence: next, let the powder be invariably mixed with hampagne in lieu of water; then, add a small quantity of essence of anchovy, and one drop—light as the morning dew upon a rose-bud—of assafœtida. And here we may remark, that whenever the aid of garlick is required, assafœtida will equally answer the purpose of adding a high flavor, while it is more easily incorporated with other ingredients. As to the root itself, when used in a small quantity, its odour is scarcely perceptible; but were it "rank as the dull weed that grows on Lethe's banks," it is more fragrant than any flower that blows, and he is but a mere pretender to the name of epicure who does not prefer its savoury pungency to the mawkish effluvia of attar of roses. It is this that was, in days of yore, the incense of the gods: when the heroes of Homer—who, by-the-bye, were every man of them cooks—broiled their offerings of beef-steaks for the deities, this was the seasoning they used to render them acceptable; and the steam that was snuffed with such ineffable delight upon Olympus was always strongly impregnated with garlick. Its perfume raises the spirits, and awakens the appetite by its association in idea with a good dinner; it braces the nerves, and overpowers all unpleasant scents more effectually than any of the essences in use; and the most agreeable effects would be perceptible in our drawing rooms, if, instead of the lavender, musk, and bergamot, which we are forced to inhale in them, ladies would but consent to sprinkle their handkerchiefs with assafœtida.'

In Essay xi. we have some observations on *Digestion;* certainly a very necessary consideration after so much repletion. A few remarks on the due use of the teeth in preparing the food for deglutition having been given, the author adds:

'The next point to be attended to is, that repose which will afford the digestive faculties the undisturbed exercise of their powers. By repose we do not mean sleep; that could be obtained by listening to some of the prosing stories which we have already supposed you to have affected to lend a patient ear to while taking your coffee; or by reading a political pamphlet, or the last new poem; or, in short, in a hundred other ways, all equally effective as laudanum: no; what we allude to, is that perfect composure of the mind which is unbroken by any effort of imagination, and unobtruded upon by any thing that can be called an idea. To obtain this enviable degree of tranquillity, you may either visit the opera, or a conversazione; or, if you happen to be an M. P., and there should be a debate on the Supplies, you may stroll to the House; for having already secured your own share, it cannot afford you any anxiety. But, as you value your comfort that night, and your appetite next day, we charge you to avoid the perusal of the correspondence you may find upon your table on your return home: for, whether it consists of attorneys' letters, tradesmen's bills, or billets-doux, you may be assured that they are all filled with either threats, solicitations, or reproaches; and will be equally fatal to the serenity of your temper and the renovation of your stomach. If, however, notwithstanding these our injunctions, the dæmon of curiosity should tempt you to their inspection, and that your nerves should consequently be agitated by either dread, regret, or ire — those enemies to repose — we recommend to you the following draught, as an opiate, to be taken on retiring to rest. — Take equal parts of brandy and rum, (each a *large wine glass-full,*) half a glass of arrack, and the same quantity of Curaçoa: to these, add the juice of two small limes, and the rind (*peeled thin*) of one, with quant. suff. of refined sugar to render the whole palatable; then pour in double the quantity of strong decoction of gun-powder-tea (*boiling hot*) with two glasses of warm calf's feet jelly; stir well together, and swallow instanter. This mixture will be found by no means unpleasant; and if it fail of the desired effect, it can only be because either your conscience, or your stomach, is overloaded.'

In imitation of that learned gastronomer, Dr. Kitchener, the present writer imparts various admonitions on the preservation of the *health* and *palate of the cook;* and in imitation also of that great master of irony, Dean Swift, he has subjoined several *golden rules for women-cooks:* but here both the copyist and the irony become too obvious.

Art. 26. *The Practical Confectioner*, embracing the whole System of Pastry, and Confectionery, in all their various Branches; containing upwards of Two Hundred and Sixty genuine and valuable Receipts; consisting of upwards of Sixty Second-Course and Supper-Dishes; including Jellies, Creams, Souffles, Puddings, Pastries, Chantillas, and Ornamental Pastry and Confectionery of every Description; Preserving in all its various Branches; Cakes and Biscuits of various Kinds; Ice-Creams and Water-Ices; Sugars, Candies, Syrups, &c.; many of which have never before appeared in Print: the whole written in the plainest Manner, without the least Ambiguity; with Bills of Fare for Ball-Suppers, on a large and small Scale. By James Cox. 12mo. 8*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

In the name of all that is unknown and therefore great, ("*ignotum omne pro magnifico,*") how are we reviewers to cook all these cookery-books, and whip-up all these whip-syllabub receipts? We confess that, as critics by profession, we ought to resemble the conjuror in the Old Bailey, and "answer all questions, by sea and land:" but we must also confess, as honest men, that we are out of our depth in these dripping-pans and stew-pans, and in our efforts to swim out of them are fearful of getting "out of the frying-pan into the fire." Really, we must let Mr. Cox have his own way, and refrain from any attempt to judge his book. If he will send us a portion of his good things, ready to be conveyed into our stomachs, we will make that *viscus* rather than the brain the arbiter of his merits, and give an honest opinion accordingly: —

— or, in the mean time, we will select two or three of his receipts, and let some of our fair readers try them, and communicate to us the result of their experiments. Here we are, then, in the *Marrow* of the matter in a moment:

' *A Marrow-Pudding.*

' Take the marrow from a beef marrow-bone, chop it small, leaving a few large pieces for the top, and put it with half a pound of stale savoy-cake or diet-bread in a pan, pour over it a quart of boiling milk, and when soaked beat it smooth; beat up six eggs with a fork and put them into the cake; grate the rind of a lemon, half a nutmeg, a little candied orange or lemon peel cut in thin slices, a few currants, a glass of brandy, and sweeten it with sifted lump-sugar to your palate; put a rim of puff-paste round your dish, put in the pudding, and garnish the top with candied citron, a few currants, and the pieces of marrow; bake it in a warm oven.'

Now for the *Cream of the jest:*

' *A Lemon-Cream in Shape.*

' Put three quarters of an ounce of isinglass in a small stew-pan with a tea-cupful of water, and let it simmer over a slow fire until dissolved, occasionally stirring it, then strain it into a tea-saucer through a sieve, and while the isinglass is cooling proceed as follows: — rub a lemon on lump-sugar, and scrape the sugar into a deep earthen pan, put in the juice of three lemons, and three quarters of a pint of thick cream, whisk it up quick, and it will become a thick froth and hang about the pan; put in sifted lump-sugar sufficient to sweeten it, then your isinglass, (cool but not set) and mix it well; when it begins to set, put it in your moulds, and in an hour it will be fit to turn out; garnish it with sliced lemon. The above will fill a quart mould.'

Or,

' *Pine-Apple Cream in Shape.*

' Whisk up three quarters of a pint of thick cream and the juice of a lemon, in a deep pan; when it is a light froth, mix it into a half a pound of pine-apple jam; first rub the jam through a sieve; then stir in lightly three quarters of an ounce of isinglass, dissolved and strained as directed for lemon-cream in shape, and when it begins to set put it in your mould.'

Finally, let us see how to construct

' *A Pyramid of Pastry.*

' Roll puff-paste about a quarter of an inch thick; cut a piece of an oval shape about six inches long and four wide; cut pieces out round the edge in the form of vandykes, so as to leave the ends pointed; then cut another piece in the same way, but rather smaller, and so on until you have cut out seven pieces, the last piece will then be not more than an inch long; prick them with a fork to keep them from blistering, and put them on an iron plate to bake in a warm oven; when baked a nice light color, and cold, spread some raspberry-jam on the largest piece, put it on your dish, and the next size piece on that, and so on until the whole is on, putting currant-jelly and different kinds of jam between each layer, and letting the jam shew well at the edges, but not to run over.'

"Well, to be sure!" What was the building of the Pyramids of Egypt to this, and who would not much rather open the one than the other?

With due deference to Mr. Cox's *dexterity*, we cannot but hint to him that, in some of his *compositions*, we should prefer the use of a silver or even a wooden spoon to his *right-hand* operations. For example: in the very first sentence of his directions to make a 'Pound Cake,' — 'one pound of fresh butter melted a little, and *worked with the hand* in an earthen or copper pan,' &c. &c. We would also suggest to him that, if ever he reprints his book, some *learned friend* should correct a little of his spelling; it being more usual to write *Ratafias* than *Ratifeas*, *Gallina* than *Galaney*, &c. &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Letter of our '*Old Friend, M. C. L.*', whose hand-writing we recognize with pleasure, is intitled to every attention, and shall have full consideration. Will he inform us how we can convey to him a private answer?

Presto must indeed take us for conjurors, if he expects from us in this Number a detailed account of a work which, when that Number appears, will not have been published more than a week. He shall be gratified in the Review for the next month.

O. P. writes to us complaining of the high prices of books; and we agree with him that this is an evil which amply requires correction. The matter, however, does not come within our jurisdiction, to any good effect.

☞ The APPENDIX to Vol. XCVIII. was published with the Review for September on the 1st of October.

*** We again recommend to the notice of our readers the lately published GENERAL INDEX to the whole of the *New Series* of the Monthly Review, in two large vols. 8vo.; as not only a most convenient but a necessary guide to that (now) extensive portion of our work, and to the *History of Literature* for the period which it includes.

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW,
For DECEMBER, 1822.

Art. I. *Illustrations of Japan;* consisting of Private Memoirs and Anecdotes of the reigning Dynasty of the Djogouns, or Sovereigns of Japan; a Description of the Feasts and Ceremonies observed throughout the Year at their Court; and of the Ceremonies customary at Marriages and Funerals: to which are subjoined, Observations on the legal Suicide of the Japanese, Remarks on their Poetry, an Explanation of their Mode of reckoning Time, Particulars respecting the Dosia Powder, the Preface of a Work by Confoutzee on Filial Piety, &c. &c. By M. Titsingh, formerly Chief Agent to the Dutch East India Company at Nangasaki. Translated from the French, by Frederic Shoberl. With coloured Plates, faithfully copied from Japanese original Designs. 4to. pp. 325. 2*l.* 18*s.* Boards. Ackermann. 1822.

Among the few accessible regions which still remain imperfectly known to us, and untinctured by the progress in civilization and art which distinguishes our portion of the globe, Japan yet holds a distinguished place; and the exclusive policy of her laws, and inveterate jealousy of her disposition, seem likely to continue to keep her in that state of seclusion which it is her singular object to preserve. Though so many years have passed since Kæmpfer wrote his history of that country, his account is still by no means *out of date* when compared with our present knowlege of it; nor have more récent contributions to that knowlege served to displace or discredit his statements. Occasional opportunities have arisen, however, for making us farther acquainted with the Japanese empire; and among other fruits of such communication, our gardens are now embellished by some of the natural productions of that country which were unknown to us fifty years ago, and which thrive in our climate with more ready adaptation to its comparative rigor than we could have anticipated.

From the facilities afforded by the situation and amply cultivated by the industry of M. Titsingh, we may hope for much advancement in our information respecting Japan. The copious title-page of the volume before us, which we have just transcribed,

transcribed, will afford some idea of the desirable extent of this probability: but it presents to us only a small portion of the very valuable collection made by M. Titsingh during a residence of fourteen years at Nangasaki. For the whole of it, he was offered the sum of 20,000*l.* by our countrymen at Calcutta, but he preferred to retain his treasures in his own hands, and was anxious to rear a monument of fame and honor to himself in his own country. On his return from the East, he carried all his MSS. with him to Paris, where he died in the year 1812, while projecting a publication of the entire series on a large scale; and for six years after his decease his MSS. lay concealed, till they were discovered by the diligence of the present French editor, between whom and the author some negotiations had formerly taken place, and who has at length brought this portion of them to light. The volume comprizes private memoirs and anecdotes of the reigning dynasty in Japan, a detail of the feasts and ceremonies at court, and a description of the marriage and funereal ceremonies of the Japanese; with an appendix of short dissertations on some miscellaneous subjects.

The history of the present dynasty of Japan is a very important accession to our literature. It extends and brings down to the period of the writer's death the valuable statements contained in Kæmpfer, whose accuracy both as a compiler and as an observer is attested in the most honorable manner by M. Titsingh: while it corrects many errors to which some degree of currency and popularity had been given in Europe by the works of Fathers Charlevoix and Cresset. The author's materials were collected on the spot, where his rank and personal character procured for him access to private sources of information; and his zeal has obtained for Europe a complete detail of the principal events which have occurred in Japan since the beginning of the seventeenth century, with the characters of the sovereigns of the present dynasty who have succeeded one another since that period: though, among the Japanese themselves, the policy of the empire forbids that any thing shall be published on such subjects, till the extinction of the present race of monarchs.

Kæmpfer's history, as far as it goes, is little more than a series of annals extremely valuable for chronological precision, but dry and tedious, being unenlivened by any minute descriptions or interesting details: while, on the contrary, if any fault can be alleged against M. Titsingh's account of the existing dynasty, it is that of being written too much in the other extreme: so that rebellions involving the fate of the empire are hurried over with precipitancy, in order that the author may dwell with disproportionate zeal on some insignificant anecdote, or petty court-intrigue. Even this failing, however, has its use: for it places in a strong light, in many instances, the frivolity of the people whom he is describing, and their silly devotion to forms and ceremonies. As we have not space to attempt an abstract of the history, we must content ourselves with extracting some passages as specimens of the author's mode of composition, and with referring our readers to the volume itself for complete information. — His account of the famous conspiracy of the prince of Tosa, in the time of the fourth sovereign of the reigning dynasty, is more minute and circumstantial than any which has yet been before the public, and some parts of it are in an eminent degree illustrative of that enthusiastic friendship which is so highly extolled by eastern moralists: but, as the detail is extensive, we must pass to other matters.

The following are diverting anecdotes of the sagacity and waywardness of a young prince, and at the same time shew the great importance attached to etiquette and formalities:

'The reigning prince of Mito was only eleven years old when he made his first appearance at court, accompanied by Matsdaïra-sokon-no-siogin, chief counsellor of state in ordinary, who led him by the hand, and pointing to the place where he was to sit when the Djogoun entered, recommended to him to lay his fan upon the mat, instead of holding it in his hand. He then told him circumstantially how he ought to conduct himself. On his repeating these instructions, the young prince replied: "It will be time enough to lay down my fan when the Djogoun comes; respect cannot require me to do it before. Give me then, I pray, more reasonable directions." Sokon-no-siogin was struck with this remark, which indicated what Mito promised to become. When Yosi-moune was informed of it, he congratulated himself on having in his family a child, who, at so early an age, afforded such proofs of discernment.—

'Matsdaïra-no-koti-yo, prince of Isoumo, and father-in-law of Koutsouki-okino-kami Minamotto-no-massa-tsouna, was likewise but eleven years old when he was admitted for the first time at the palace to pay his respects to Yosi-moune. The Djogoun offered him *zakki* in a bowl, which the cup-bearer filled to the brim. The young prince was exceedingly embarrassed, being apprehensive of making himself ill if he drank the whole, and not daring, out of respect, to throw down the *zakki* which the Djogoun had offered him. Yosi-moune perceiving his perplexity, told him he had better throw away the *zakki* than incommode himself with drinking it. The cup-bearer having accordingly brought a vessel to receive the liquor, Koti-ye raised the bowl to his lips, drank a little, and poured the rest into his sleeve, saying that he should deem himself deficient in the respect due to the Djogoun, if he were to throw away what he derived from his bounty. This act was highly applauded. Koti-ye possessed magnanimity; he subsequently distinguished himself in the military profession. His contempt of riches equalled his love of the arts and sciences, and especially of painting, which he successfully cultivated. When he mixed his colours, he had a custom of trying them on the sleeve of his shirt, which he was in consequence obliged to change very often. —

'Inaba-yetchou-no-kami, at present one of the life-guards of the Djogoun, was placed, at the age of eleven years, about the person of the hereditary prince, who was rather younger than himself. One day, when the two boys were playing together, Tokfkawa-gioboutcho, uncle to the reiging Djogoun, Yee-farou, and grandfather of the present heir-apparent, went to the palace of Nisi-no-marou, and addressing himself to Yetchou-no-kami, inquired very sharply how old he was. The boy disliking the tone of this interrogation, would not reply, though the question was several times repeated. Tokfkawa urged him to speak, on which, contemptuously turning away his head, he said:—" I am not in his service — what right has he to talk to me like a master? I am here to keep the young prince company. The Djogoun some years since issued written orders, directing that his uncles and brothers should be considered merely as princes. When this man talks to me in so harsh a tone, without my having given him any occasion, I need not, and will not answer him." —

'The hereditary prince, Fake-djeyo, when young, was not deficient in understanding, and wrote a very good hand. Yosi-moune having one day desired him to write in large letters in his presence, he dipped his pencil, and made the letter *rio* (the Chinese *lung*) from one end of the paper to the other, so that no room was left for the dot. When Yosi-moune remarked the circumstance to him, he placed the dot on the mat, which drew a laugh from the Djogoun and all the spectators.

'Another day, he went to the temple of Asakousa, on one of the gates of which is represented Kami-nari, the god of thunder, and on the other Kase-no-kami, the god of the winds. Fake-djeyo asked the priest why the god of thunder had no nipples. The priest knew not what to say. In this manner he took delight in puzzling with his questions those with whom he conversed: but his understanding declined with years, and at present he is little better than a child.'

Under the same head of ceremonial, may be classed this most important anecdote:

'The counsellor of state, Tsoutcha-sagami-no-kami, a man distinguished for his extensive knowledge, affability, and great experience in public affairs, which had caused him to be constantly employed during the reigns of the four preceding Djogouns, being far advanced in years, received permission to appear in the apartments of the palace with a purple bamboo-cane. There are very few instances of such a favour. It was granted by Gongin, in his palace at Sourouga, to Fonda-sada-no-kami, and at an earlier period, Anmeï-in-dono enjoyed this privilege in the palace of Kamakoura: but at the time of which we are treating, Sagami-no-kami was the only person on whom it was conferred, as a reward for his services, and as the strongest demonstration of the esteem entertained for him by the Djogoun.'

Strangers are naturally amused with the length of some of the endless Chinese names of persons and places, and those who are most familiar with them cannot on all occasions maintain their gravity, when some of their extraordinary combinations of letters are pronounced:

> 'The duty of ushers of the palace consists in successively announcing, in a loud voice, the names of those who are admitted to the presence of the Djogoun. — On the sixth day of the first month, an envoy from the temple of Djo-sio-zan presented himself to be announced to the Djogoun; his title, Bansiou-Djosiozan-no-djozo-zo-daï, was rather difficult to be remembered and repeated. Accordingly Ino-ouye-kavatche-no-kami, the usher on duty, blundered in announcing it. His comrades retired quite abashed, but he looked at the Djogoun and burst into a laugh. The prince, displeased at his impudence and want of respect, removed him from his offices.'

The experience of Wako-in may remind some of our readers of the late Mendicity-reports which have been laid before the House of Commons:

> 'Wako-in, mother of Yousou-in, or Yee-tsougou, resided at Tooki-aye, within the gate of Fanso-go-mon. One day, walking in one of the galleries, whence she could see all who passed by, she observed several poor wretches almost naked, though the cold was then very intense. Filled with compassion, she immediately sent them garments wherewith to clothe themselves. The news of her bounty having quickly spread, great numbers of indigent persons collected from all quarters before her house, and she ordered clothing to be distributed among them also. Soon afterwards those whom she had first clothed returned naked as before; she recognised them, and having caused inquiries to be made, she learned, that they had lost their garments at play. The indignation excited by their conduct closed her hands, which compassion had previously kept open for the relief of the unfortunate.'

M. Titsingh gives a portion of the memorial of a Japanese tutor to his princely pupil, written in the year 1708, in which the tutor's sagacity in considering the fertility of the earth as the most desirable species of wealth, contrasted with his erroneous notions of the uselessness of commerce, and his mixture of comparisons and metaphors after the Oriental manner, render his lucubrations on political economy a very amusing document. We may refer the reader to p. 28.

On the author's very circumstantial account of the conspiracy of Yamagata-daïni in 1766, and of the terrible and destructive eruption of the volcano Amma-ga-daki in the districts of Djozon and Zinzom, in the autumn of 1783, we have not room to comment as we could wish; and we must now quit the historical part, in order to give our readers a glimpse at the other contents of the volume.

The description of the feasts and ceremonies observed in the different periods of the year, at the court of the Djogouns, is arranged according to their succession in the calendar. Some of the principal of them were imported from China, (the prime source of the religion and of the arts and sciences in Japan,) in connection with certain religious doctrines: among which the best known in Europe is the "Feast of Lantherns," when offerings are made for deceased relations. This festival commences on the 13th of the seventh month, and lasts till 2 o'clock in the morning of the 16th. We think that our readers will be obliged to us for extracting M. Titsingh's description, not so much on account of the novelty in the details as for the spirited manner of the relation.

'Every Japanese, whose parents are still living, considers this as a happy day. People regale themselves and their children with fish, and wish one another a continuance of good health. Married sons and daughters, or adopted children, send varnished boxes, containing fresh, salted, or dried fish, and certain dishes ready cooked, to their parents, at the same time wishing them health. It was anciently the custom to follow the doctrine of the Sintos in regard to all these ceremonies, but the rights of Chakia have since begun to be mixed with those of the Sintos on this occasion.

'At Nangasaki, the festival is opened at six in the evening of the 13th with prayers to the souls of the deceased. To this end the tablets of parents and relatives are taken out of their cases, and placed in a lateral apartment, where they are kept, called *Boutsdan;* or they are put within the alcove in the hall, where a repast is set before them, in token of gratitude for all that the survivors are indebted to them. Green mats, made of the grass *kaya,* are previously spread out, on the two sides of which are put ears of rice and millet, culinary vegetables, and raw fruit, as beans, figs, pears, chesnuts, hazel-nuts, horse-radish, and the earliest autumnal fruits. In the middle is set a small vase, in which are burned pastils and other perfumes. Before this vase are placed, on the one hand, a jug full of pure water; and on the other, a jug with a green leaf of the rose-coloured water-lily, on which are put a little raw rice and small square pieces of a species of turnip. Over the jug of water is laid a bunch of hemp, which those who come to pray use for sprinkling the rice and turnips. They address their prayers to the god Amida, muttering a hundred, or even a thousand, times, the words *Naman-doubt* (*Nami-amida-bouts!* or

Amida! pray for us!) and implore him to remove the deceased to a world where he may enjoy perfect felicity.

'In another vase are put branches of the tree called *Fanna-siba*, and other beautiful flowers, and care is taken to keep lanterns lighted up for two days and three nights.

'On the morning of the 14th, the jug of water is taken away, and small cups full of tea are placed in its stead; these are filled twice or thrice a day for each tablet; before which also are set two plates, covered with boiled rice and other kinds of food, the one for breakfast and the other for dinner. In the interval between these two meals, various sorts of dainties, as *laksak*, cakes, stewed *mansi*, sugar-loaves, &c. are placed before the tablet.

'Towards evening they begin to light lanterns before each *si-sek*, or stone erected over the graves in the burial-grounds; they are suspended from long bamboos laid across two sticks, and burn till ten in the morning. This practice was introduced under Go-forikawa-no-in, the eighty-fifth Daïri, on the 14th of the seventh month in the second year *Kouan-ki*, or A.D. 1230.

'In front of the sepulchral stone is placed a small square stone dish with pure water, and on each side a goblet of stone or bamboo round or square, with a small green branch of the tree *Fanna-siba*. In two shorter pieces of bamboo are burned small pastils; and stewed *mansi*, sweatmeats, and other delicacies, are set at the same time on the grave.

'In the night of the 15th, the offering is made in the houses before the tablets as on the preceding day; and lanterns are in like manner lighted near the tombs.

'On the 16th, at three in the morning, all the different articles of food that have been mentioned are packed up in small straw boats, and carried to the market by the country people of the neighbouring villages: the sails of these vessels are of coloured paper, silk, or canvass. They are illuminated with small lanterns and burning pastils. At Nangasaki they are carried to the O-fato, or great square, where they are launched upon the water, from the steps called the *Muscle Steps*, for the purpose of dismissing the souls of the deceased, which are supposed to return on these days to their graves. It is thought that the souls of the wicked, on the other hand, are doomed to wander about continually till the conclusion of the period fixed for the expiation of their sins. With a view to shorten this term the priests offer up prayers at their graves.

'This festival produces a highly picturesque effect: outside the town the view of it from the island of Desima is one of the most beautiful. The spectator would almost imagine that he beheld a torrent of fire pouring from the hill, owing to the immense number of small boats that are carried to the shore to be turned adrift on the sea. In the middle of the night, and when there is a brisk wind, the agitation of the water causing all these lights to dance to and fro, produces an enchanting scene. The noise and bustle in the town, the sound of basins, and the voices of the priests, combine to form a discord that can scarcely be conceived. The whole bay seems to be covered with *ignes fatui*. Though these barks have sails of paper or stronger stuff, very few of them pass the place where our ships lie at anchor. In spite of the guards, thousands of paupers rush into the water to secure the *sepikkes*, (or small pieces of copper-money,) and other things placed in them. Next day they strip the barks of all that is left, and the tide carries them out to sea. Thus terminates this ceremony.'

The ceremonies observed at the marriages and funerals of the Japanese are so numerous, so minute, and so frivolous, that they must weary any reader's attention, and annoy by their insignificance almost as much as they perplex by their variety. Some excellent plates, however, engraved from original Japanese paintings and drawings among M. Titsingh's collections, illustrate the text, and convey to the mind those impressions of the general effect of particular spectacles which mere words, or descriptions of different parts in succession, fail to communicate.

Subjoined to the court-ceremonies is a miscellany of treatises on the Japanese division of the year, and on their weights and coins: but these subjects had been before exhausted by the industry of Kæmpfer; and, were it not perhaps advisable to comprehend in one volume all that might be necessary for the illustration of the history of Japan, we should be inclined to blame the editor for having published M. Titsingh's MSS. relative to these points, which go over the same ground a second time. We meet with one treatise, but it is very brief, on the *legal suicide* which prevails, and is adopted to prevent the forfeiture of property and degradation of the family, which would ensue from the public execution of any person who is so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of the Djogoun.

After the matrimonial and funereal ceremonies, we have some small tracts on the Dosia powder, and on the works of Confoutzee, or Confucius. In treating on the Dosia powder, the author introduces a very curious notice of Kobou-Daysi, who is celebrated for much more important services than the invention of that medicinal composition. He was one of those extraordinary men with whom the East has abounded; who by their superior talents have moulded the opinions of their contemporaries in conformity with their own; and in whom capacity and enthusiasm have been so strangely mixed, as to leave it a problem of great difficulty whether they were dupes or impostors in the prejudices and superstitions which they have promulgated and extended. Highly, indeed, as the character of Confoutzee has been raised by some students of oriental literature, we are very much inclined to agree with

Meiners* that he was at least as much of a political religionist as of a moralist; and in the character of Kobou we greatly err if there were not other ingredients besides zealous ardor and genuine though mistaken piety. As to the events of his life, the following short outline may be interesting to our readers, and may serve to bring fully to their recollection the nature of this remarkable being:

'Kobou-Daysi, like all the heroes of the Oriental legends, changed his name several times during his life. For the greatest part of it he was called Siokou-no-Koukai. He was born at Fodo-no-kori, in the province of Sanou-ki. His father, named Denko, was descended from Sajeki; his mother, of the illustrious family of Ato, dreamt one night that she admitted a strange priest to her bed. Becoming pregnant in consequence of this mysterious connexion, she brought forth a son at the end of twelve months, in the fifth year of the *nengo-foki* (A.D. 774), during the reign of Konen-Ten-o, the 49th Daïri. The child received the name of Fato-Mono, which signifies *precious stone.*

'On attaining the age of twelve years, he was taught arithmetic and learned to read all sorts of Chinese and Japanese books. So early as his eighteenth year he had read the principal works of Confutzée.

'His preceptor was his maternal uncle, Fiosan-Daybou-oto-no-Otari. Under so able a master, his progress was surprising; but he conceived an ardent desire to study the works of Siaka. A learned bonze of that sect, called Samon-Gouso, who resided at Iwaboutji, furnished him with an opportunity of gratifying that desire.

'From this same Samon-Gouso he obtained an explanation of the hymns to the god Kokouso-Goumousi. By way of reward for his diligence, his master granted him the favour of shaving his head, as a mark of his initiation at the early age of twenty, and at the same time enjoined him to observe the ten following commandments: —

'1. The *sessjo;* not to kill any thing that breathes.

'2. The *findo;* not to steal.

'3. The *sajieng;* not to commit adultery.

'4. The *moko;* not to cheat any person.

'5. The *onsjou;* to abstain from strong drink, and particularly from *zakki.*

'6. The *singi;* not to be in a passion.

'7. The *tonjok;* to abhor avarice and covetousness.

'8. The *goutji;* to cultivate the sciences with assiduity.

'9. The *ako;* not to speak ill of any one.

'10. The *riositz;* to avoid all falsehood.

'By the name of Koukai, which he soon changed for that of Siokou, he attained a thorough knowledge of the Sanron doctrine.

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* See his admirable work intitled "*Historia Doctrinæ de vero Deo.*" p.154. 12mo. 1780.

About this time Gonjo set out for the province of Isoumis, and retired to the temple of Maki-no-wo Jama-Dera. In the 14th year of the *nengo-jen-riak* (A.D. 795), Kobou-Daysi was elected high priest of the temple of Fodaysi at Meaco, and assumed the name of Siokou-no-koukai.

'On attaining this dignity, he represented to the god of this temple, that he had applied himself with zeal to the study of all that related to his worship, but that notwithstanding his endeavours to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the subject, he had still many doubts which the deity alone could remove. The god listened to his prayers, and sent to him in a dream a spirit who uttered these words:—

'"The great book of hymns, Day-Biron-sanna-sienben-Kasi, is genuine: thou wilt there find numberless wonderful things."

'The difficulty was to find out this book. The Japanese saint long sought it in vain; at length he discovered it in the province of Yamatto, near the Todo, or great tower, on the east side. In the intoxication of his joy, he read it with avidity, and there found the solution of several of his doubts; but many of the passages still remained obscure, and to obtain an explanation of them he determined to visit China.'

An opportunity soon occurring, he went to China, and had intercourse with the chief priests there, received valuable presents of their MSS., was initiated in their doctrines, and consecrated by aspersion of water, resembling baptism:

'In the third month of the first year of the Chinese *nengo* (A.D. 806), our saint returned to Japan, and arrived there in the first year of the *nengo-daydo*, in the reign of Fysjo-ten-o, the fifty-first Daïri. He was accompanied in this voyage by Fatjebana-no-Faja-nari, renowned, even in this remote country, for the beauty of his writing.

'It was then that he assumed the name of Koubou, or Kobou. Historians relate, that all the priests having been summoned to court to preach in turn, Kobou took for the subject of his first sermon the immortality of the soul, on which the Japanese had till then but very confused ideas.

'"Since our body was created by God," said Kobou, "my opinion is, that the soul of the just man must ascend to heaven, and return into the bosom of its Creator."

'The other ecclesiastics denied the proposition, and raised all sorts of objections against him. Kobou then developed his ideas and explained his sentiments in the most precise terms. The Daïra, who listened to him with attention, said, that he perfectly comprehended the proposition and the explanations given by him; but he denied the very groundwork of the argument. Kobou then raised his clasped hands towards heaven and passed some time in profound meditation. All at once five resplendent rays were seen around his head. The Daïri, in deep emotion, prostrated himself with his face to the ground, and all the courtiers followed his example. The priests, thunderstruck at the sight of such a miracle, fell on their knees before Kobou, and ceased to dispute with him.

'This event occurred during the reign of Saga-ten-o. As soon as the old Daïri was informed of it, he took Kobou for his master, and was, at his desire, baptized according to the rite of Siaka, a thing till then without example, and which has since fallen into disuse.

'The new doctrine having quickly spread all over the empire, the Daïri conceived, that the translation of the books of Siaka into the Japanese language would be an inestimable benefit. Kobou in consequence published successively the book of hymns *Day-mets-gio*, next the *Boday-sinron*, which treats of the state of the soul after death, and then the *Siu-siu-sinron*. From profound meditation on all the writings, both of his own sect and others, he discovered that the greatest scourges of mankind are:—

'*Sigokf*, or hell.

'*Gaki*, woman.

'The *tjikusio*, the man with a perverse heart, and

'*Sjoura*, war.

'Kobou composed the book intituled *Siou-Tiou-Sinron*, containing the ten fundamental tenets of the doctrine of Siaka, namely,—

'1. *Izjo-ty-jo-zin*, which teaches that the souls of the wicked pass, after death, into the bodies of sheep.

'2. The *Goudo-ji-zay-zin*. This chapter teaches that the wisest men should not fail to be thankful to the gods for the advantage they enjoy.

'3. The *Joda-no-ji-zin*. This chapter lays it down as a principle, that, in order to be happy in this life and in that to come, the righteous must keep his heart as pure as that of a child.

'4. The *Ju-joen-mouga-zin*. Man must keep his heart as pure as he received it in the womb of his mother: and as he grows older, he must carefully preserve it from all stain.

'5. The *Batsou-go-in-sjou-zin*. The soul of him who breaks these commandments will pass into the body of the basest villain.

'6. The *Tajin-dai-zjo-zin*. The reward of him who applies with ardour to the study of the *Day-zjo*; that is to say, of all that is most sublime in the doctrine of Siaka, will be the transmigration of his soul into the body of one of the most virtuous priests of that sect.

'7. The *Cakf-sin-fou-zio-zin*. It is necessary during this life to satisfy the heart respecting the state of the soul after death.

'8. The *Niosits-itji-do-zin*. Every person who is well founded in the doctrine of Siaka ought to stifle in his heart every impure desire, and to keep devoutly the divine commandments.

'9. The *Gokoumou-si-zjo-zin*. It is expressly recommended not to take up any particular opinions, but to place perfect confidence in the doctrine of Siaka.

'10. The *Fi-mits-ziogou-zin*. The rich man, who has studied the nine preceding commandments, ought to found temples, and to provide them with all the utensils and ornaments necessary for divine service.

'Such are the ten commandments on which is founded the doctrine of Siaka, that still continues to be taught by the priests of that sect.

'During the reign of Zjun-wa-ten-o, the fifty-third Daïri, in the first year of the *nango-fen-tjo* (A.D. 824), and in the third month, there was an excessive drought through the whole empire. The Daïri ordered Kobou to offer up prayers for rain in the garden of Sinzenjen. An old priest, named Sjubin-Fosi, claimed the preference, which was allowed him on account of his great age. He accordingly began his prayers, and assured the people that there would be rain at the end of seven days. On the morning of the seventh day, the sky became overcast, and there was a violent storm, which gave the Daïri great joy; but the rain extended no farther than the capital, not a drop fell in the provinces.

'Kobou then promised to procure by his prayers a general rain throughout all Japan in seven days. Nothwithstanding the fervour of his prayers, the atmosphere continued perfectly dry. He thence concluded that Sjubin-Fosi had, by his prayers, drawn all the deities of the waters to a single point, and in consequence told one of his disciples that Anno-Koudasti-Ruwo, the god of the waters, dwelt in a pond near the temple, directing him to watch to see whether he could perceive any traces of that deity on the surface of the water, which would be an infallible token of rain. The disciple repaired thither with Zinga, Sitsoujé, Zinkjo, and Zinsing. All five distinctly perceived the figure of a dragon, nine feet long, and of a gold yellow colour. Kobou lost no time in communicating the circumstance to the Daïri, who ordered Wakinomat-souna to offer a sacrifice to this deity. In the evening of the seventh day, the sky was all at once overspread with thick clouds; the thunder rolled on all sides, and the fall of rain was so heavy, that the pond overflowed, and it was feared that the altar itself would be carried away by the violence of the inundation. The rain continued throughout the whole empire for thrice twenty-four hours. The Daïri, highly pleased with the result, loaded the saint with valuable presents.

'About the same time the pond, situated near the temple, in the province of Kawatje, having suddenly become dry, to the great regret of the priests, Kobou betook himself to prayer, then touched a rock with his finger, and a stream of pure water gushed from it. On this occasion the temple received the name of Riosen-si, which it still bears.

'It is related that, one day, when he was addressing his prayers to Fondo, the god of heaven, a brilliant light, which seemed to proceed from Kobou's body, suddenly shone around him. Another time, while he was praying, according to the rite of Soui-so-quan, the room in which he was seemed to be full of water. This shewed, according to the doctrine of Siaka, that his thoughts were fixed on the waters, while those of the priests of the other sects being engaged with terrestrial things, their prayers are consequently without efficacy. He had other manners of praying, which tradition has not preserved.' —

'Kobou closed his honourable career on the twenty-first day of the third month at the temple of Kongo-Gousi, after passing seven days in prayer with his disciples to the god Mirokf. On the twenty-first, his speech failed him, and he closed his eyes.

'The body of Kobou was not immediately interred, but deposited in the temple. His disciples, dividing themselves into seven parties, watched by him forty-nine times twenty-four hours, performing divine service according to the rites which he had instituted. His beard and his hair continued to grow, and the body retained its natural warmth. In this state they left him fifty days, then shaved his beard and head, and consigned his mortal remains to the grave.

'Kobou's disciples prayed without ceasing at his grave, over which they erected a sepulchral stone. Four days afterwards, the Daïri sent the officer of the funeral ceremonies of the court to make offerings, and took upon himself all the expenses of the obsequies. The funeral oration composed by the old Daïri Fysjo-ten-o, paid a due tribute to the virtues of the deceased.

'It is asserted that, by taking a pencil in each hand, two others between his toes, and a fifth between his lips, Kobou produced five different kinds of writing at once. One day he undertook to renew the *Gakf*, a sort of inscription over the west entrance of the Daïri's court: the scaffold was removed, before he perceived that he had omitted a point or dot in the inscription; he then threw his pencil at the spot where the point was wanting, with such address, that the omission was supplied, to the great astonishment of the Daïri and all his courtiers.

'This holy personage composed several works, the principal of which are the *Fifouron*, the *Songo-Siji*, and the *Zio-rio-zin*. The latter teaches another way of studying the tenets of Siaka.

'On his return from China, Kobou brought with him eighty fragments of his favourite deity, several utensils employed by the Hindûs in their temples, two hundred and sixteen sacred articles, four hundred and sixty-one volumes, and a multitude of curiosities.

'In the tenth month of the twenty-first year of the *nengo-inji* (A.D. 921), Daygo-ten-o, the sixtieth Daïri, sent an embassy to the temple of Kongo-bousi, for the purpose of honouring Kobou with the title of Daysi. Ever since that time he has been called Kobou-Daysi. His memory is held in such veneration, that, at the time of my departure from Japan, in the month of November, 1783, an edict was posted at the *O-fa-to*, or great stairs of the port of Nangasaki, enjoining the celebration of a great festival in honour of him throughout the whole empire. The day appointed for it was the twenty-first of the third month in the following year, which was the nine hundred and fiftieth from the death of Kobou.'

Such was the remarkable life of this extraordinary man; and on this as on many other occasions it is difficult to distinguish fanaticism from craft, or to know when the zealot dreamed or when he acted a part. In the present day, a sort of political priestcraft is very fashionable among the well-informed ecclesiastics in the East *; and while all the forms of external devotion are diligently observed, the religious functionaries consider the miracles of former days as impostures of policy, and the chronicles and legends of their faith as useful and salutary fables. Perhaps no circumstances can be so prejudicial to integrity of heart, and to energy of character, as the conviction that fraud can be of service to mankind, and that dogmas, however false, must be sacred if once they have become popular.

The amusing and peculiar nature of this publication would readily carry us much farther in our comments and quotations:

> " *Sed fugit, interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,*
> *Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore ;*"

and we must now withhold our hands.

The work closes with a catalogue of M. Titsingh's collections: from among which we trust that the public will soon be favored with his *Flore Chinoise* and *Japanoise*, and with his translation of the Annals of the Daïris, or ecclesiastical sovereigns of Japan; a detail which precedes his history of the present dynasty of the Djogouns in point of time, the first sovereign of this race having concluded the ravage which had been gradually made on the temporal sway of the Daïris. The Daïri, indeed, still is nominally the supreme in Japan, but his power is like that of the Popes in catholic Europe, existing rather from condescension to old opinions, and by courtesy and sufferance, than from any inherent strength.

Should the attention of the directors of the British Museum chance to be called to M. Titsingh's collection, we have little doubt that they would be able to make some addition to the stores of the valuable institution which is intrusted to their management, particularly in the department of medals and coins.

ART. II. *Narrative of an Expedition from Tripoli in Barbary,* to the Western Frontier of Egypt, in 1817, by the Bey of Tripoli; in Letters to Dr. Viviani of Genoa, by Paolo della Cella, M.D. Physician attendant on the Bey: with an Appendix, containing Instructions for navigating the Great Syrtis. Translated from the Italian, by Anthony Aufrere, Esq. 8vo. pp. 238. 10*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Arch. 1822.

DURING a visit to the Sardinian consul at Tripoli, Dr. Della Cella (a native of Genoa) felt a laudable curiosity to explore that part of the northern coast of Africa, which, stretching from Tripoli along the shores of the great Syrtis, and over the antient Cyrenaica, constitutes the western frontier of Egypt. A more interesting route could not have been projected; nor does there exist at present a greater *desideratum* in geography, than an accurate and scholar-like survey of these remarkable countries. The Cyrenaica, so minutely described by Herodotus, Strabo, and Ptolemy, offers an abundant harvest to scientific investigation. In that district, called also Pentapolis by the antients from the five cities of Cyrene, Apollonia, Ptolemais, Arsinoe, and Berenice, the garden of the Hesperides was supposed to be placed; and there too were the seats of the blessed, 'fanned by the tepid breezes of an eternal spring.'

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* See some singular instances in the Memoirs of Mr. Martin, the missionary.

At last, a favorable occasion happened. The Pasha of Tripoli found it necessary to forward a military expedition against his eldest son, who had raised the standard of revolt in the distant province of Bengasi, to which he had been sent out as governor by his father; and Dr. Della Cella was appointed in the capacity of physician to attend Bey Ahmet, the second son, who commanded the force employed for that purpose. The Doctor, who seems zealously attached to the study of botany and mineralogy, communicated the result of his observations to his friend Professor Viviani, of Genoa, and the volume before us is the series of letters written on the occasion; which we receive with welcome, though we regret that the task of visiting these classic regions, so long untrodden, was not reserved for a traveller more thoroughly competent in point of erudition to illustrate them.

The author supplies his friend with many details about the foolish and fanatical sect of the Marabouts: but English readers, who recollect the travels of Ali Bey, the letters from Tripoli, and the more recent publication of Captain Lyon, will not be anxious to hear more of these contemptible yet barbarous impostors. Of the ruins of the antient *Leptis magna*, we have the following account; which is but jejune and unsatisfactory, and poorly compensated by the geographical conjectures subjoined to it, which are neither novel nor ingenious:

'Of *Leptis magna* nothing now appears except some shapeless ruins scattered about and half buried under the mounds of sand, which the wind and sea mutually strive to accumulate upon the sea-shores. They consist of the remains of magnificent edifices, dilapidated towers, fallen and shattered columns of red granite, broken capitals, and fragments of every species of marble, among which the Parian, the Pentelic, and the Oriental porphyry are the most conspicuous, and are particularly worthy of admiration.

This city is known to have been founded in remote ages by the Phenicians, and long afterwards to have been a Roman colony. In such a heap of ruins I cannot presume to point out any vestiges of Phenician Lebda; but those of Roman origin are sufficiently denoted by the style of architecture, and the ornaments of the capitals; and it is reasonable to suppose that those conquerors, well pleased with a city which had been eager to declare in their favour, and inviolably adhered to them during the vicissitudes of the Jugurthan war, would embellish it with splendid edifices, and preserve but few monuments of its former independence.

'The positions of the ancient towns upon this part of the African coast seem to have been strangely confounded by such early writers as have mentioned them; nor is it possible from the ruins scattered over it, to fix with precision the situation of either *Neapolis*, *Gaffara*, or *Abrotanus*. I am disposed to think that the Tripoli of the ancient geographer is to be found in some ruins to the west of Tripoli, still called old Tripoli; and it appears that the desertion of that town, arising from a cause now unknown, gave rise to the foundation of that which now bears its name, and was at that period called Tripoli the new, or the New City, and by the Greeks denominated Νεαπολις. In this opinion I am strengthened by the *true* reading of Ptolemy, " Νεαπολις η και Τριπολις," or Neapolis, also called Tripoli. I say the *true* reading of Ptolemy, because I have no faith in that adopted by Cellarius, which, substituting Λεπτις for Τριπολις, gives rise to mistakes and confusion. Ptolemy's version is supported by Pliny, who speaks of *Neapolis* and *Leptis magna* as two different towns, and fixes *Gaffara* and *Abrotanus* between them; and his testimony, as to the geography of this part of Africa, is certainly entitled to credit. And even though *Leptis* might at some period or other have assumed the name of *Neapolis*, it is sufficiently proved by Sallust, as well as by the coins of its founders, that by the Phenicians it was called *Leptis*; and that it so continued to be called, is testified by the medals of Augustus, Tiberius, and Agrippina, as well as by others which were struck posterior to the existence of those very geographers, who, without any foundation, had insisted upon its being the same as *Neapolis*. Neither am I embarrassed by a passage in Strabo, who after speaking of *Abrotanus*, which, according to him, lay to the west of Tripoli, adds, that very near to it was *Neapolis*, also called *Leptis*. This last addition bears a strong resemblance to those marginal explanations made by ignorant copyists, and afterwards introduced into the text by others not less ignorant. But let us quit this geographical discussion, with observing, that it will always be extremely difficult to fix the exact positions of ancient towns upon these African shores, where the few vestiges respected by time are continually liable to be overwhelmed by the shifting sands.'

It is amusing to see the Doctor calmly adducing, as a new conjecture, precisely the observations made by Cellarius respecting Tripoli:—"*Sed Tripolis veterum, aut medii ævi ex*

oppidorum societate, Oeæ, Sabrata, ac Leptis appellata, regioni potius quam urbis nomen fuit: aut urbis hujus nominis vere ex tribus oppidis conflata eo loco, qui hodieque Tripoli Vecchio appellata."

Three hours' march from Lebda brought the army to Uadi-Quaam (Wadi-Kuham), a torrent which runs southward, and which the author rationally concludes to be the Ciniphus (Cinyphus, or Cinyps,) of Strabo and Ptolemy. He reprehends Cellarius for placing it east of the promontory Cephalus, now Mesurata: but no words can more accurately assign to it the very place which he himself gives it, than those of that laborious geographer. "*Inter hunc amnem et Syrtem minorem, Leptis magna, quæ Straboni eadem est ac Neapolis, Plinio et Melæ diversa.*" * The plain, which stretches eastward to Cape Mesurata, was in the time of Herodotus the most fertile tract in Libya: but Dr. Della Cella scarcely favors us with the slightest intimation of its present products, or fertility.

He has our thanks, however, for an important correction of Arrowsmith's map of Africa, where the Goriano mountains are so laid down as to induce the supposition of an uninterrupted plain between the little desert and Cape Mesurata whereas a branch of these mountains intervenes, terminating abruptly near Lebda. Caravans go from Mesurata to Fezzan, and Vadei; and at this latter place, the Doctor tells us, they meet the caravans of Negroes who convey their merchandise to Timbuctoo. He seems quite convinced that no Europeans have ever passed that boundary, or are likely to do so: but the fact is against him, for Europeans have passed it; and so restless and indefatigable is the spirit of modern enterprize in Europe, that we have no doubt many will still pass it, and even reach their "*ultima Thule*" of African research, the city of Timbuctoo. His reasons for this strange assertion are exquisite. 'Besides that none but Negroes can risk, with so little proportionate danger, a journey of sixty days, across burning sands, and under the influence of a scorching sun, they alone are provided with the proper passport for insuring the respect of the wandering tribe of other Negroes, whom they may encounter upon their journey: this passport is their colour. Nor will any title, that any European can produce, be ever so universally acknowleged and respected upon this vast continent.'

We know not whether the author or his translator be answerable for the unscholarlike blunder of calling the country

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[*] *Celarii Opera. Edit. Walchii. Leips.* 1712.

of the Garamantes that of the *Garamanti*: but every schoolboy knows that the singular nominative of the substantive is *Garamas*. — We cite the Doctor's description of the celebrated Syrtes; which, from their shifting sands, proved so fatal to mariners, and have given their name to all parts of the sea of which the navigation is rendered dangerous by whirlpools or hidden rocks. The old geographers attributed a flux and reflux to this gulph, but the present traveller combats the notion:

'After a march of two hours we reached the extremity of the promontory, which advancing into the sea in three points divided by bays, is on that account called by Ptolemy Cape Triero. Towards its eastern boundary, and at a place called Kasar-Hamed, is a chain of rocks running from the north-west to the south-east, and forming a bay capable of sheltering small vessels in bad weather; and at the extremity of the cape is the tomb of a Marabout, which may serve as a signal to mariners from the westward, to avoid the entrance of the gulph.

'From this cape the eye commands nearly the whole of that vast gulph, and of the desert regions which adjoin it; and my heart shrunk at the sight of those melancholy solitudes which I was about to traverse; for the earth is there destitute of its usual ornaments, and the whole country is so flat that not a single hillock can be discovered.

'Mariners pass with a sort of horror before this gulph, whose annals, from the remotest ages, abound with shipwrecks and disasters. Strabo observes that vessels steered their course far from the gulph, lest they should be driven into it by the winds, and buried in its muddy bottom by the flux and reflux of the sea; for in that sense at least he is translated and interpreted by his commentators. Pliny speaking of the two Syrtes, calls them "*vadoso ac reciproco mari diros*;" and from that received opinion, are derived the "*Syrtes æstuosæ*" of Horace, and the expressions of all the old writers by whom this gulph has been mentioned. Seduced by these notions, Cellarius cavils about the name of Syrtis, deriving it from the Greek συρειν or draw in, not knowing that *Sert* in Arabic means a desert, and is still used in that sense along the gulph. I must, however, after visiting these shores, venture to declare my opinion against the existence of a flux and reflux, alluded to by the old geographers. It is true, that into this vast breach in the coast, in which the sea ingulphs itself, and which is not separated from the burning regions of Africa by any chain of mountains to the south, the cold northerly winds from the opposite shores of Italy precipitate themselves in winter like a torrent, and drive the waters of the Mediterranean so violently into the gulph that they overflow, and spread themselves far beyond its natural boundary. During this influx, the waves which rush in from the east break upon the opposite elevated shores of the Pentapolis, and contribute, by their clashing with the others, to form those whirlpools which are so fatal to the mariner; and Strabo must doubtless have intended to refer to these periodical swellings of the waters, whose motions have been interpreted to signify flux and reflux, and have been thus assimilated to those of the ocean.'

Of the plants on the coast found by the Doctor, the most numerous families, he says, are the papilionaceous, the scabrous leaf, and the labiate, with a few of the liliaceous and the syngenesious: but he saw none of the umbelliferous tribe. He also observed 'a plant with a fibrous root, here and there furnished with fleshy tubercles, in taste somewhat like the bog-rush, (*Cyperus esculentus*, Linn.) and called Temeri by the Bedouins, who eat them raw. The leaves are hirsute, whitish, and indented; but the want of its fructifying parts renders its class uncertain.'

Though the author's route lay so near the shores of the gulph, he did not find any traces of that inlet or bay on the western shore of the great Syrtis, about fifty miles long and from two to four broad, which is called by D'Anville the gulph of Zuca, and is laid down by Arrowsmith without a name. His friend Captain Lautier also, who undertook a voyage for the express purpose of surveying the east and west coasts of the great gulph, as far as 30° 27′ north latitude, could find no appearance of such an inlet.

In many naked parts of the hills on the coast, Dr. Della Cella remarked layers of a shining laminated stone of the selenite species, and he infers that the powder of sulphur, observed by navigators on the surface of the water in the gulph, must partake of the nature of this gypsum, attributed by geologists to the third formation. He supposes also rock-salt to exist there in its mineral state. The ground is full of holes made by a species of mouse with a fawn-coloured back, a white belly, and a tufted tail; *Mus gerboa*, Linn. We perfectly agree with him in the opinion which he gives as to the extent of the chain of Mount Atlas; which, he thinks, in opposition to the antient geographers, does not extend to the Cyrenean hills, so as to constitute a line of demarcation of this sandy shore from the great desert of Saara. Besides the authority of Sallust, who, in speaking of the confines of the Cyreneans and Carthaginians, expressly negatives the supposition, the winds, which in winter set in from the north, are strong obstacles to the prolongation of hills; and the extent and enormous accumulations of sand at the end of the gulph are additional proofs of the fact: for the south winds carry from the great desert the masses of red sand, which are heaped up at the extremity of the gulph.

Sallust and Valerius Maximus have recorded the patriotism of the Philæni, two Carthaginian brothers, who perished in defence of the boundaries of their country, and were buried in the sand. Two altars, called *Philænorum aræ*, were erected on the spot; and, though no vestiges of them are remaining, Dr. Della Cella fixes them at the farthest boundary of the gulph. He discovered a species of architecture near Encab, of an extraordinary character, being excavations from the bowels of the mountain; and on one of the buildings he observed an inscription in letters with which he was unacquainted. He might, however, have copied the characters, and it is not impossible that some person might be found capable of decyphering them.

Enamoured of the climate and country of the Cyrenaica, the author strongly urges the expediency and policy of planting European colonies in those favored regions. Majestic ruins, scattered on every side, marked the approach to the spot where the celebrated city of Cyrene once stood; and the road was obstructed by ruined forts, sarcophagi, and sepulchres. These ruins were picturesquely embellished by flowery clusters of that beautiful plant the Oleander. (*Nerium Oleander*, Linn.) An aqueduct might be easily traced; and the remains of a considerable one near Cyrene, which had been partly cut out from the rock and partly raised on arches, were still visible: but the site itself once occupied by this celebrated city of the Pentapolis furnishes a rich repast to the lover of antiquity.

> 'I have just been walking along what was probably one of its most considerable streets, cut out of the solid rock, and flanked by a long succession of square sepulchres about ten feet in height, excavated also in the rock. Amongst them are some of much larger dimensions, constructed of hewn stone, covered in, and as far as the effects of time and weather allow me to judge, probably surmounted by statues. Several rows of niches, destined to receive the mortal remains of the deceased, are cut on two sides of the interior walls of these sepulchres. Upon the rocky side of one of the streets I found the word ΙΠΠΙΚΟΣ engraved in large characters; and although this inscription naturally gives rise to a conjecture that this street was particularly appropriated to races, the wheel-ruts deeply cut in the rocky soil could not fail of exciting both surprise and consideration. The Cyreneans were extremely eminent for their equestrian talents, and especially for their skill in charioteering, in both which exercises they so far excelled all the neighbouring nations, that they sought to perpetuate the fame of this national pre-eminence by medals, one of which, found among these ruins, I carefully preserved, having on one side a wheel, with the scarcely legible word ΚΥΡΑΝΑ, and upon

the reverse a horse galloping. I have since ascertained that not only this but all the streets which remain open to view in the vicinity of the town are deeply marked with ruts, which the nature of the stone and the solitude of the place have united to preserve.

'The water which fell at Cyrene during the rainy season, appears to have been collected and conveyed through various channels in the streets to spacious basins excavated at no great distance on each side. This attention to the distribution of water, and the numerous reservoirs, aqueducts, and basins, observable not only among the ruins of the city, but upon the declivities of the surrounding hills, induce me to think that whatever waters fell upon the heights, and whatever flowed from the soil, were alike carefully collected, preserved, and distributed as occasion might require.'

The famous fountain of Apollo at Cyrene, ennobled by the strains of Callimachus, still pours out its streams from the rock: but the most remarkable of these ruins are the sepulchres dug out of the hill, which has the appearance, from its being perpendicularly cut from the summit to the base, of an immense building, the apertures of the tomb resembling open windows. Of some of these sepulchres the cielings were painted with garlands of leaves, serpents entwined, &c. &c., and the colours were so fresh as to seem rather invigorated than enfeebled by time.

Having visited the supposed ruins of Apollonia, a sea-port of the Cyreneans, called by the Arabs Marza-Susa, the Doctor is positive as to its identity, not only from the magnificent relics of its architecture, (concerning which, however, he is wholly silent,) but from its position, which coincides with the statement of the old geographers. The calcareous rock of the Cyrenaica is generally uniform in its composition, but varies on the tops of the mountains, their fracture being irregular and earthy, and their colour white, or yellow. It is, however, less hard than carbonated charcoal. The rock is as full of shells at the base as at the summit; chiefly bivalves, among which the *carden* and the *pecten* predominate.

The Bey of Tripoli, whom the author accompanied on his military expedition against his rebellious brother, does not shine as a warlike personage, though he is not deficient in his pretensions as a murderer. When the rebel fell back, he advanced: but, when the former maintained or returned to his post, he did not attempt to molest him. In the middle of June, however, intelligence being brought to him at Cyrene that his brother had fled for refuge to the gulph of Bomba, on the frontier of Egypt, his courage again rose, and he gave instant orders for pursuing him. The writer describes the march to Derna, but had no opportunity of examining the bay between Apollonia and that place, which he supposes to have been the *Naustadmos*, or naval station of the Cyreneans. — From Derna, the rebel-prince having deserted his troops and escaped to Cairo, the army marched towards the gulph of Bomba; a vast bay bounded on the west by lofty mountains, which form Cape Razat, and slope by a gentle acclivity towards the east. This is said by geographers to be the harbour of Menelaus.

Several precious relics of antiquity are scattered round Bengasi, which Dr. Della Cella is inclined to identify with the antient Berenice; and among them are gems and intaglios of exquisite workmanship, and in the highest preservation. Rossoni, the British vice-consul at Bengasi, has a fine and valuable collection of them. The following remarks deserve the attention of the antiquary.

'Some of the gems in this valuable collection seem to represent the arms or ensigns of different cities; and we know that in ancient works there is often much similarity between the coins and the intaglios. Two boys dancing under palm and olive trees are certainly allusive to the Cyrenaica; a trident between two dolphins might belong to the maritime station of Naustadmos; and that of Apollonia appears plainly indicated upon an agate, with a swan holding to its mouth a bent instrument like a trumpet, and having opposite to it a star and the letters AΠ cut upon the margin. Apollonia still continues to bear the name of the god who in the shape of a swan carried off and bore away to the Lybian shore Cyrene the daughter of Ipseus.

'I am unable to ascertain to which of these maritime towns of Greek origin belongs an emerald bearing, in intaglio, under an olive-branch, an Ibis, an insect like a bee or fly, and below them a head with a top-knot. Be not surprised if I place the Egyptian Ibis in cities of Greek origin; I have already expressed my belief that the Greeks who landed and settled here borrowed much from their Egyptian neighbours; and the more I study their monuments of antiquity, the more am I confirmed in my opinion. You may be convinced of it by examining the hundred and fifty wax impressions, which M. Rossoni permitted me to take from these gems, and which will accompany this letter; and I especially call your attention to a small sardonyx, having the head of the ram Ammon upon a column. Greece never erected an altar to that divinity of pure, pastoral, and Lybian origin; but the Greeks of the Cyrenaica did not disdain to bend before the god of the shepherds who wandered among the adjacent mountains, and they only took care to dress the divinity in the Greek fashion. Among the numerous occupations of Mercury during his romantic life, that of a shepherd was one; Grecian vanity gratified itself by affecting to discover in the Lybian ram the worship of Mercury; and my conjecture on this subject is proved to be founded, by the Caduceus engraved at the foot of the column which supports the head of the Ammonian ram.

> 'Virgil engrafted the rustic mythology of Latium upon that of the Greeks; and though poetry thus acquired an inexhaustible fund of beauty, the traces of the primitive times in Italy were strangely disturbed and confounded by it. The more attentively an experienced eye examines these gems, the more frequently will the habiliments of the Greek mythology be found upon an Egyptian ground. Many will be remarked to belong to a period too remote for any connexion with Greece, as is proved by the divinities and other symbols engraved upon them, as well as by that rude workmanship which betrays the infancy of an art.'

We have now extracted the principal topics which we thought would interest the student of antiquity in Dr. Della Cella's expedition along the northern coast of Africa. As we have already remarked, the route went through a country once embellished with the most splendid monuments of antient art, and our article has on this account arrived at a length beyond proportion to the size of the work: — but, after all, it is rather a scanty repast which the Doctor has served up to us, and it has disappointed our appetite like the Barmecide's entertainment in the oriental tale. Still it is impossible that the journey of a man of science and of reading, as the writer is, over such a track, though he may have executed his task imperfectly as an author, should not excite the curiosity of those readers who are devoted to similar researches.

Art. III. *Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honourable Henry Grattan.* 8vo. 12*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

A short time since, (vol. xcviii. p. 113.) we noticed at considerable length the "Speeches" of this celebrated orator and statesman, which were edited by his son. We are not told to whom we are indebted for the volume before us, which contains some of the early productions of Mr. Grattan's pen, — the vernal blossomings of that singular genius, which was destined afterward to exercise so resistless a sway over the minds and feelings of his country: but we are sorry to observe that the publication bears infallible marks of the book-making system. It contains three hundred and eighty-eight pages, of which the Appendix occupies two hundred and ninety-three. If our readers feel some curiosity to know the contents of an appendix which, like the postscript to the Irishman's letter, so much exceeds the size of the book, they will smile when they are told that, with indefatigable industry, the columns of old Dublin news-papers have been ransacked for the materials which the editor has crammed into this lumber-room. First we have an abstract of the effective men who served in the different volunteer-corps of Ireland in 1782; then the proceedings of the several guilds who voted their freedom to Mr. Grattan, and the answers of that gentleman; addresses from the volunteers and other public bodies, with Mr. Grattan's replies; the Poyning's law, and the act of George the First, with the act of repeal at full length; the proceedings of the Irish Whig Club, and the Catholic Board; addresses and speeches at the general elections of 1790, 1806, and 1818, &c. &c.

Yet we are thankful to the compiler for having rescued from oblivion a few specimens of the youthful talents of this celebrated man, which are interesting not only because they bear the stamp and impress of a great mind, but because they testify his early attention to the affairs of his country, and exhibit the first indications of the patriotic zeal which continued to glow in his bosom with so steady and consistent a warmth throughout a life dedicated to its service. Of these the most striking are two letters, forming part of a series of papers which appeared in Ireland during Lord Townshend's government, and obtained considerable reputation. They were first published in the year 1772 in the Freeman's Journal, and afterward collected in a single volume, intitled "Baratariana;" a name taken from Sancho Pança's celebrated government, and under that similitude giving a narrative of Lord Townshend's viceroyship. Those of our readers who are conversant in Irish history will probably recollect some of the most obnoxious measures of that nobleman's administration, particularly his conduct in proroguing the Irish parliament, and forcing on the House of Lords his protest against the proceedings of the Commons in rejecting a money-bill, which had been altered by the privy-council. Sir Hercules Langrishe, Mr. Flood, Mr. Parker Bushe, and Mr. Grattan, were the principal authors of the work. The dedication of the papers to Lord Townshend, by Mr. Grattan, reminds us in many respects of Junius: but it abounds with petty ornaments, which the severer taste of that popular writer would have rejected as incongruous with the grave and dignified tone of his remonstrance, and as impediments to the impetuous torrent of his invective. We quote a specimen of its style and spirit.

> 'In this kingdom, my Lord, from the time of your arrival in it, you were contented to degrade yourself below the condition, I will not say of a viceroy, but of a gentleman, and to become the miserable instrument of English tyranny. Through you, the little minister of the day, whoever he happened to be, played upon our constitution; and, unfortunately, the engine that he used was

directed, not to allay, but to inflame. Measures, differing indeed from those pursued in Great Britain, because adapted to another meridian, but equally oppressive; practised against a country already sufficiently oppressed, — a determined perseverance in doctrines, as arbitrary and unconstitutional as any of the Mansfield code, touching the vitals of the state, and tending to deprive the representatives of the people of their most essential and incommunicable rights, — the same undue influence exerted on a complying House of Commons, — and the same declared hostility against every man who did but assume the name of a friend to his country. These causes, I say, my Lord, all concurred to produce the same effects here, that a similar system had before produced in England: they excited, in every honest breast, the same freedom of thinking and writing, the same spirit of candid representation, and vigorous remonstrance, on the part of the people.

‘ Here, too, the productions of the press were incited by a circumstance which did not exist in England, — the unexampled intemperance of publications on the part of the court. A paper, supported, my Lord, by your authority, perhaps occasionally supplied by your labours, went beyond the reserve of ordinary libellers, and reproached the delicacy of the North Briton. Mr. Wagstaff's essays [*], distinguished for carrying personal invective into unusual excess, are still more remarkable for directing that invective against principle itself. It was not the false pretender to patriotism; it was the name of patriot, and the virtues of patriotism which were insulted. Finding it vain to wage war against truth and conviction, against the wishes and the sense of the nation; finding integrity in its own form invulnerable, and sophistry ineffectual, what was to be done? The domestic arguments, and the social affections of your opponents were viewed in the inverted glass of distortion, and imputed to them as crimes. In vain did the modesty of private life imagine itself secure. Its economy was burlesqued, its splendour was derided, its taste, its friendships, its most amiable characteristics, its finest feelings, whatever had dignity enough to be susceptible of violation, all were outraged, ridiculed, and distorted. It seemed as if every species of virtue was to be destroyed, before your Lordship could be defended. The style, too, of those essays, distinguished them; it is too light for conviction. The cause of truth is seldom supported by farcical compositions, and by that more than Gallic gaiety with which the courtier sings *Te Deum* on the defeats of the constitution.

‘ When Shaftesbury wished to attack truth and religion, he made ridicule the test of both; but a Hooker and a Locke defended them by other arms. The writers of “ The Mercury” speak to the nation on its most essential interests, in the frolicsome petulance with which one slave might salute his fellow. Without any of the genius, they have all the vice of their great exemplar.

‘ [*] Letters in a work entitled “ *The Batchelor,*” written in support of Lord Townshend's administration, and against the members then in opposition.’

'The following papers will reach you, my Lord, in another country. They will contribute to amuse those leisure moments, when you reflect on transactions that must once have agitated your bosom. They will recall those motley times of embarrassed indolence, — of broken councils, — of sordid society, — when business waited, while Dennis jested, and Cunningham * advised. You will look back to the sea, on which you once were tossed, and feel a joy to be on shore, though naked, and without a friend. In these moments of reflection and of safety, you will recollect that you have introduced into this country a long train of mischiefs; that you have left a name, as little to be forgotten as it can be beloved; that the men who opposed you were not your enemies, nor the men who supported you your friends; that your largesses were rejected by the spirit of indignant poverty; that your favours, when they were received, were written in the sandy memory of disgusted hirelings, but your injuries engraven on the marble of the constitution. Softened and stung by these considerations, you will lament the time when you were called from the ranks to which you belong, and, from the ludicrous singularity of your genius, transplanted to a station, where honours did not grow around you; and where, of all whom you have served, and all whom you have injured, your adversaries are those alone of whom you cannot complain.'

Perhaps the character of this light and unthinking but honest and upright nobleman, making due allowance for party-asperities, has never been more truly sketched than in the close of the letter to Lord Harcourt.

'As to Lord Townshend, I shall say little of him. His spirit, his decorum, his ministry, his manners, all have been discussed, not much to his honour, still less to his reformation. Fortune raised this man to a ridiculous visibility, where the extravagant genius of his character fatally displayed itself. At one time he would elope from his office, and no man could say where the delegated crown had hid itself; at another time, business must follow him from haunt to haunt, and detect him with the most disgraceful company, in the most disgraceful intimacy. The old servants of the court, accustomed to the regularity of former times, looked up with astonishment to a comet that seemed to have broken from one sphere, to introduce confusion into another. With respect to his friendships, it was impossible to say whom he loved, and not easy to determine whether he loved any one; as to bounty, the favour was cancelled before it was conferred, and the object of it hated for ever. It is not strange that such a character should exist; but it is very strange, that in such a character there should be parts and genius; a momentary ray, which, like a faint wintry beam, shot and vanished. He had even starts of good feeling also, absorbed in a moment in the hurricane of his bosom, as his

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'* Two of Lord Townshend's court.'

parts were lost in the clouds of his understanding. I speak of his foibles; as to his vices, I shall not dwell upon them. We saw this man arrayed like majesty, and felt indignation; we see him now descend from the throne, and are ashamed that he was ever an object of serious resentment. We leave him to the vacancy of a mind ill suited to retreat, and now accustomed to the farce of state, and the blunder of business. We leave him to a country that his talents will never injure, — to an office which we wish he may discharge better *, and to a large patronage, from which we hope he may not derive a multitude of enemies.'

The rest of that part of the book, which purports to contain the miscellaneous writings of Mr. Grattan, is composed of observations on the Mutiny-bill, with some strictures on Lord Buckinghamshire's administration in Ireland, 1781; a letter to the citizens of Dublin, declining to be the member for that city as long as the Irish representation remained unreformed; a declaration and petition to be presented to his Majesty, containing the principal grounds of the applications made by divers of his Irish subjects for redress, and also a vindication of his people against the traduction of his ministers; and an answer to a pamphlet by Lord Clare against the Union. From this latter tract we copy the following observations on the Catholic question, " the great argument" which Mr. Grattan's life was spent in elucidating and defending; and with this citation we close our article.

' I will give the learned author every advantage, and, contrary to my fixed and unalterable opinion, admit the policy of excluding the Catholics from the constitution; yet should I, nevertheless, condemn the hostile and outrageous manner in which that exclusion was defended. " If," says he, " the Catholics do not subvert the Protestant government, they must resist the ruling passions and propensities of the human mind; they can never be cordially affected to his Majesty's government. I am confident, the old Roman superstition is as rank in Ireland now as in 1741: the profound ignorance of the lower order, the general abhorrence of the Protestant religion by the people, qualify them to receive any impression their priests can make; and if their minds be divested of veneration for the priest, such is the ignorance and barbarity of the people, that they would fall into a state of rude nature: the Popish superstition is not confined to the lower order, it flourishes in full vigour amongst the higher order."

' This was the language, improper because not founded in fact, and impolitic and indecent in any man, though the facts could support it; idle, empty, and shallow ranting. The best way to distinguish the indecorum of such a speech, is to advert to a speech made on the same side of the question, by a gentleman

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' * He was afterwards created Master-General of the Ordnance.'

who said every thing that could be urged against their pretensions, without uttering a single syllable which could give offence to their persons, so that the Catholics might much more easily forgive the latter his vote than the former his speech; and, on a comparison of the two productions, you will see the eminent superiority of sense with temper, over talents without it. There are two sides in this question which men of principle might take, for the measure or against it; but the ministry that took both parts, could be justified by neither. The fact was, that the ministry encouraged the Protestants, and forsook them afterward; they brought forward the grand juries, and deserted them also — then to the Catholics — then to the Protestants — then back again to the Catholics, and then to the Protestants once more. This was a great mistake, but there was a greater, and that was to be found in those speeches and publications from a quarter in high confidence, which vilified the acts of concession in the moment of conferring them; and, affecting to support the King's government, called the bill he had recommended *an act of insanity*. The incoherent plan was erroneous, but this was infatuation, it was the petulance of power, it was the insolence of wealth, it was the intoxication of a minister in a state of sudden and giddy elevation, breathing out on a great and ancient description of his Majesty's subjects the frenzy of his politics and the fury of his faith, with all the feminine anger of a feverish and distempered intellect. It went to deprive the Protestant ascendancy of the advantage of temper, and of the graciousness of good manners, which should always belong to the powerful sect; it went to deprive the state of a certain comeliness of deportment and mild dignity which should always belong to government; it fought in the King's colours against the King's benevolence; it went to deprive his Majesty of the blessings of gratitude, and his people of the blessings of concord: it went to corrode where the crown had intended to heal, and it curdled with the temper of the minister the manna that was descending from the throne.

'The argument that accompanied this invective was of little moment; a man in a fury cannot argue; the weakness of his reasoning will be exactly in proportion to the strength of his passion.'

ART. IV. *Plans for the Government and liberal Instruction of Boys, in large Numbers; drawn from Experience.* 8vo. pp. 238. 7*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Whittakers. 1822.

If we do not discover much novelty in this author's remarks, we perceive much tumor and affectation in his style. His plan is principally founded on that to which a considerable degree of popularity has been given by the writings of Mr. Edgeworth. Instead of overloading the memory with rules and distinctions, and wearying the attention by poring

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ver signs without any knowlege of the things signified, it is ecommended to rouse the pupil's curiosity, to excite some nterest in the subject of his lessons, and in fact to study life nd nature before language, and language before grammar. A detail of the system pursued in the author's own academy is inserted in an early part of the volume; with a minute account of the discipline, the hours of study and of relaxation, the ringing of bells, and the marching to and fro of the pupils, as well as of a court of judicature and a mimic trial by jury.

Much doubtless remains to be done in improving the general system of education, and considerable service might be expected if different masters would lay before the public the results of their experience: but it seems to us a mistake to consider the quantum of knowlege acquired at school as the test of any mode ef education. That mode, whatever it may be, is best which forms the best habits; which furnishes the mind, in a given time, not with the highest attainments, but with the best faculties for future attainment; and which qualifies the pupil to exert himself steadily, strenuously, and vigorously, in any pursuit to which the real concerns of life may render it necessary for him to devote his attention. Frivolity of mind is a much greater failing than want of accomplishment, and premature acquirements are much oftener a bane than a benefit to the possessor. The present writer informs us that not only has his system undergone much misrepresentation, but he himself has experienced much undeserved obloquy, and that the hope of obviating such inconvenience was one of his primary motives for writing this work: but we are somewhat perplexed to understand how such an object can be attained by an *anonymous* publication. We transcribe the ensuing passages as favorable specimens of the treatise; and as containing observations which, although they are by no means new, are not yet diffused or appreciated as they ought to be:

> ' We are well aware that Latin cannot be taught in the way in which we learn our mother-tongue; but we are also aware, that masters might imitate nature rather more than they do, with great profit to their pupils and great ease to themselves.
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> ' It is usual to attribute the extreme facility with which languages are acquired by a residence in the countries where they are spoken, partly to the necessity which the pupil feels for study, and partly to his daily opportunities of hearing the language used by persons who thoroughly understand it. Stimulus to exertion, then, and good models, are the advantages of this mode of instruction, and they are great ones; but can they not be supplied, at least in a very considerable degree, in other situations?

' Of the motives to improvement we have already treated at length *; and we have shown that no insurmountable obstacle exists, to their all being brought to bear upon the subject of our present examination. We have next to consider how far we can supply good models, or examples; and here we must confess we have a greater difficulty to overcome.

' When the foreign student makes it understood by signs that he is in want, for instance, of a glass of water, and is told how he ought to express himself in the language of the country, the pleasure which he feels in his acquisition, and the vivid associations which are produced in his mind by the reality of the transaction, assist in fixing the lesson in his memory.

' The nearest approach that we can make towards placing our pupils in this situation of the foreigner is, to engage them in committing to memory the dramas of the language which they are studying; and this we do: but we are aware that representative conversation does not come home to the feelings, like that which spontaneously arises from the real business of life. Because the circumstances, habits, manners, and modes of thinking, of the dramatist, not being those of the student, they cannot present such vivid images to the mind, and of course cannot produce associations of equal force and duration; neither is the language so committed to memory furnished at the precise moment when its want is felt.

' None but the experienced instructor can properly estimate the value of creating a wish for information before he supplies it. There is a hunger of the mind as well as of the body, and it is equally necessary to render the mental aliment either palatable or nutritious.

' But with all these drawbacks, the acting of plays is a most valuable means of acquiring languages. Even shadows affect the mind, to a certain degree, and consequently strengthen the links of association; besides, many of the objects which are spoken of in the dramatic dialogue, as armour, weapons, chains, dresses, &c., can be brought upon the stage. Many of the actions represented as taking place can be really performed. Characters are completely separated in the minds of the pupils, by being assumed by distinct persons. Motive is given for many rehearsals; by which not only the words are fixed in the memory, but the allusions are gradually discerned and made familiar to the learner. Actors, it has been said, are the best of commentators; and the master will find, that an obscure passage is often cleared to his satisfaction, while teaching the inflections of the voice, and the gesture of the body, requisite for its due effect upon the audience. So that although this exercise has not all the power of actual conversation, it is very much superior to a drawling repetition-lesson, in which the pupil stammers out his half-learnt words, without affixing to them any ideas, without feeling interest in them, and consequently without a chance of preserving them in his recollection.

' * Chap. III.'

'The ease with which ideas are retained in the memory, when associated with objects of sense, is well known, and has often been pointed out. The recurrence of sounds which are connected with any event often recals the circumstances of it strongly to the mind. A return to the scenes of early youth will awaken recollections which have lain dormant for years; and, with some persons, perfumes, and even objects of taste, have the same power. This great law of our nature has hardly met with due attention in the business of education; it forms, however, the foundation of almost all schemes of artificial memory, and is the secret by which so many wonders have been wrought.

'The magical effects of artificial memory have induced us at various times to try if some one of the many plans before the world might not be serviceable in our own school; but hitherto our attempts have not been successful.* The great defect in all the schemes which have come under our notice, is, that the image which the pupil is directed to attach to the words of his lesson is not that naturally raised by them. Thus we recollect, in a work purporting to be a detail of the system of Professor Feinagle, directions are given for learning Goldsmith's Hermit, which begins —

'"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale."

'First, the pupil is told to conceive of a large tower, like the Tower of Babel, with a winding ascent on the outside; then to suppose a hermit standing upon the top of it, "turning with inconceivable rapidity!"

'That it is possible by such a process to commit any number of words to memory, we do not at all doubt. We are equally willing to admit that the pupil "will as readily repeat them backwards as forwards;" nay, we go farther, for we think that for all purposes of either pleasure or profit the backward repetition will be quite as eligible as the forward.

'The fact is, that these false images entirely drive the true ones out of the mind; so that, unless it is useful to know mere idle words without any real signification, nothing is learned by this process. Yet after all, it may be doubted whether the topical system, or that of associating ideas with places, may not be useful, when the subject itself is not necessarily connected with imagery of its own. On this latter question we speak with diffidence, because our course of experiments is not completed; but of the impolicy of substituting false imagery for true, we have a more confident opinion.

'We have wandered thus far from our subject, in order to show, even by these (as we conceive) mistaken systems, the power of sensible ideas on the mind. The lesson which we have drawn from a consideration of the different plans of artificial memory, that have at various times come under view, is, that although it is not politic to load the minds of children with false imagery, it is highly

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'* Grey's "Memoria Technica" is an exception, but its utility is confined to numbers.'

important for them never to commit a passage to memory, or, if possible, even to read it, without gaining an accurate conception of its real and natural associations.

'With this view, we strongly recommend instructors to supply themselves, when teaching the classics, with ancient maps and plans, and with plates or drawings of ships, temples, houses, altars, domestic and sacred utensils, robes, and of every object of which they are likely to read. A classical garden, too, or a collection of plants and shrubs mentioned by the poets, would be a desirable accession to a school; nor would a collection of models of ancient warlike machinery be less useful.

'It is impossible to calculate the injury which the minds of children suffer from the habit of receiving imperfect ideas. It gradually weakens, and in some instances destroys, the powers, both of reasoning and imagination: the reasoning powers—because reasoning is the act of comparing ideas with ideas, which must evidently stop for want of materials, if those ideas are so shadowy as not to have "a local habitation and a name" in the pupil's mind: the powers of imagination—because imagination is the act of forming ideas into new combinations, which is equally impossible, unless they have distinct shapes and definite forms.

'To return to our imitation of the method by which a foreigner learns languages. We have attempted to show, that the two great advantages of stimulus, and the opportunity of imitating good models, which are so much insisted upon in the case of foreigners, may, to a certain extent, be enjoyed at home; but there is another advantage, rarely adverted to, which requires a very careful consideration.

'A child and a foreigner learn synthetically: they are told, for instance, that a certain building which they inhabit is called a house; this fact is, by association, firmly fixed in their minds; the child considers it a proper name, (for with children all names are at first proper,) and so would the foreigner, if he had not already learnt how to generalize in his own language: he is, however, aware that it is generic, and uses it according to the analogy to which he has been accustomed; but he does not trouble himself with all the restrictions and extensions of the genus;—he does not, for instance, learn on the same day, and at the same time, that certain houses are called cottages, and certain others palaces; nor is he reminded, that a family, a commercial establishment, and sometimes a council of legislators, are called a house; but the idea is left to settle itself in his memory, before it receives these little modifications; and when he finds that the word house has another meaning, he at the same time has some new association given to him, which fixes the subsidiary fact as firmly in his memory as the first. The child is obliged to learn altogether thus; but the foreigner may turn to his dictionary, and find all the meanings of the word; and as he does not do this until he has felt the want of the information of which he is in search, he seizes it with eagerness, and preserves it without difficulty. It is the same with the inflexions of words. A foreigner (and indeed a child, after he has begun to generalize) will inflect all his words regularly; but, when he has made a few mistakes, he will thank you for a grammar, and esteem a complete list of exceptions a great prize.*

'This appears to us to be the natural way of learning; and we think, that if our readers carefully retrace the history of their own minds they will find that the greater part of knowledge is gained in the same manner; that is, by learning particulars, and then arranging those particulars into classes; for we find, that even those who begin to teach by means of rules, always add an example, which (as far as our own experience goes) is more depended upon for conveying ideas than the rule itself.

'Thus the principle of what we contend for is conceded, and all the difference between the system which we advocate, and that in common use, is, that we would store the mind of the learner with many examples, before we call upon him to classify them, and deduce from them rules and general principles.

'The disposition to generalize soon arises in the mind; and if the teacher were careful not to give his pupil a rule, until he was sure that the boy must have felt the want of one, it would be eagerly acquired, and readily apprehended; nor would he have so often to reproach his pupil with the faultiness of his memory.'

We could wish that less occasion really existed for the author's comments on the habit of leaving tasks once undertaken in an unfinished state: but we apprehend that his view of the mischiefs arising from such a practice will be recognized by many individuals as too true a picture.

'One of the most valuable habits of life is that of completing every undertaking. The mental dissipation in which persons of talent often indulge, and to which they are, perhaps, more prone than others, is destructive beyond what can readily be imagined. A man who has lost the power of prosecuting a task the moment its novelty is gone, or it is become encumbered with difficulty, has reduced his mind into a state of the most lamentable and wretched imbecility. His life will inevitably be one of shreds and patches. The consciousness of not having persevered to the end of any single undertaking will hang over him like a spell, and par-

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'* The intelligent instructor must often have observed, in teaching a boy the rules and exceptions of a grammar, that he learns to consider both as of equal importance to be remembered; or perhaps, indeed, the exceptions, as they occupy the largest space in the book, will have the superiority: in learning from practice, (and using the grammar only as a book of reference) as he must meet with many more words following the rule than deviating from it, the proper order of importance is preserved. In the list of exceptions, we often find words, which a student might have read the classic authors for years without meeting with: surely a knowledge of them, and their inflexions, ought not to be put on a level in his mind with that of a general rule.'

> alyze all his energies; and he will at last believe, that, however fair may be his prospects, and however feasible his plans, he is *fated* never to succeed.
>
> 'The habit of finishing ought to be formed in early youth. We take care to reward no boy for fragments, whatever may be their excellence. We know nothing of his exertions until they come before us in a state of completion. The consequence is, that every one learns to measure his powers. He undertakes nothing which he has not a rational hope of accomplishing; and having begun, and knowing that he can receive neither fame nor profit by instalments, he is urged forcibly on to the end of his course.'

The author's grounds for preferring public to private education of boys are sensible: but his accounts of bell-ringings, and drillings, and gymnastic exercises, seem unnecessarily extended, and calculated merely *ad captandum vulgus*. Indeed, we cannot but regret that he did not write a general treatise on education, instead of publishing a book which is so interlarded with details of the discipline and routine of some imaginary or existing institution, that we scarcely know whether to characterize it as a treatise on education or as an Irish advertizement of some unspecified school.

Art. V. *Dramas of the Ancient World.* By David Lyndsay. 8vo. pp. 278. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell. 1822.

The dramas contained in this volume are in number ostensibly eight; viz. the Deluge, the Plague of Darkness, the Last Plague, Rizpah, Sardanapalus, the Destiny of Cain, the Death of Cain, and the Nereid's Love: — but the two Plagues are in fact but portions of the drama of Moses, and those which relate to the first murderer must be placed together as the drama of Cain. Rizpah consists of only one scene, and the Nereid's Love is a sort of pastoral. Instead, therefore, of eight 'Dramas of the Antient World,' the volume presents to us two dramas of the ancient world, fragments of two sacred dramas, one play from profane history, (Sardanapalus,) and a dramatic poem founded on the heathen mythology. Consequently, as far as a title and a table of contents may be expected to indicate what is to be found in a book, we think that the title and the table before us are neither fairly characteristic nor properly illustrative.

In a prefixed advertizement, Mr. Lyndsay (if such really be the writer's name) entreats *permission to assert, and credit when he does assert,* that the coincidence of his having chosen the same subject with Lord Byron for two of his dramas is entirely accidental. We can only give the author permission to assert what is true, and we shall give him credit when he *does* (shall) assert the truth: but the sentence seems to us to have been constructed, perhaps a little at the expence of grammar, with studied ambiguity; or at least it is so expressed that the reader will probably understand it in one sense, while the author may indulge something like jesuitry or mental reservation in intending it in a different sense. — Be this as it may, however, Mr. L. has shewn himself throughout the work (with the exception of the Nereid's Love) to be a studious imitator and exaggerator of Lord Byron's style. He is perpetually straining and gasping after the sublime; and in many parts, by concentrating his attention to a particular situation, he has exhibited both intensity and grandeur of conception: but he has been less happy in his endeavors to intersperse the pathetic and interesting descriptions which form the greatest beauty, and constitute the secret charm, of Lord Byron's compositions. Mr. L.'s skill in versification, also, excepting when he is exactly echoing the numbers of his original, is lamentably deficient; and his grammatical and metrical errors are so gross, that we confess ourselves to have been astonished that passages of such excellence, (strong though be the word) as may be found in the volume, could have been produced by an author who seems to have had so little education, and who must have relied in his composition entirely on his own strong feelings and conceptions, and on the quickness of his imitative talents.

The Deluge, and Cain, are in our judgment the best of the plays. The following account of Firaoun's dream in the former is a favorable specimen of the author's manner:

' *Firaoun.* In my sleep,
Methought I sat upon my golden throne,
And all my lords around me. Music spake
Sweetly my praises, and my people join'd,
Voicing my triumphs with the instruments
In harmony celestial. Suddenly,
An awful voice, unlike the tones of man,
Summon'd them from my presence. One by one
They went, — and ne'er return'd, — for by his name
Was each man summon'd! — I beheld them go,
And angrily, but had no power to stay,
Nor they to shun the voice; — they went, and I
Was left alone upon my golden throne,
In my deserted hall! — Then I grew sad,
And went abroad to find some human face,
That might convince me I was not alone. —

But I found none! — not one! and I was there
The sole, lone, living thing! — The king of death
Had traversed my realms, and all my friends
Had follow'd in his train. — Mankind was dead!
The world of animals partook their doom,
For in unnatural quietness they lay,
The tiger, and the lamb, at rest together;
And all the air was dark'ned by the swarms
Of birds that dropp'd around me, without wound.
They fell, and died before me! the trees groan'd,
And shook with dying agonies, and, anon,
They were all bare and blasted, and expir'd
With hideous crashings! The plants shrunk, and vanish'd
Quite from the lap of earth. — The flowers wither'd,
And earth's green mantle, studded with bright buds,
Was chang'd to one of black! a robe of mourning,
Which cover'd all her form. — The sun was gone,
And in his place I saw a gap in heaven,
From which there flow'd a cataract of fire,
As it would fall to purify the earth,
And be the grave of all things! Then I shriek'd,
And ran unto my home, but one pursued.
I knew not whence he came, nor what his form,
But giant-like his step, — and his swart arm
Was as a god's for might; — he held me fast,
And with a scourge, of living serpents fram'd,
Tore off my quivering flesh, and I had strength
Only for groans and prayers: they were not heard,
And in that mortal agony I woke.
— — — — — — [*Pause.*
Why speak ye not? Louchanem, dost thou fear
A dream, a very dream? the heated fruit
Of the last banquet, of the gay carouse,
We revell'd in together? 'tis no more!
Come, laugh! — laugh merrily! — Some music, ho!
Let the loud instruments discourse of joy,
For even the Chaldean smiles at the conceit,
That woe should threaten Firaoun!'

We cannot forbear to extract from the same drama the speech of Chasalim when he sees the corpse of Semronda, on account of the intrinsic beauty of some parts; though not for the dramatic excellence of the whole, since it is entirely unsuitable in the situation of the parties. — Firaoun says,

' There is thy bride, I give her to thine hand, —
Take her, and get thee gone!
' *Louchanem.* He cannot speak.
See how the big drops gather on his face,
And his lips chatter, though they do not speak;
His eye is rolling, wild despair is fix'd

Upon his moody brow! He speaks — attend
To his departing music!
' *Chasalim.* Death hath gather'd
The flower I lov'd to wear, within his bosom,
Enamour'd of its fragrance, and his breath
Hath wither'd not its beauty! — Oh! how gently
He bow'd his cold regality to woo,
And she hath grown enamour'd of his kiss,
And met it smilingly. — See how she lies
On his chill breast, as though upon a bank
Of sunshine and sweet flowers. — Royal death!
King of pale loveliness, thou hast a spouse
Worthy of thy high greatness.
' *Firaoun.* Ha! he falls!
He must not die! — He shall not! — Raise him up!
So! there! — his senses wander'd, — they return —
He knows us, and his doom!
' *Chasalim.* Oh monster! monster!
Son of the cursed race, whose sin abhorr'd
Was the first murderer, and struck out life
When it was early kindled, when the Earth
Was in her youth, and beautiful, and fresh
From her Creator's hand! Thou worthy son
Of such a hell-struck sire! gore dipp'd fiend!
O mad Chasalim! Thus, thus is the doom
Told by the prophet seal'd!'

We suspect that, in the drama of Cain, the author has received material assistance from the perusal of the tragedy of "Prometheus chained," in Mr. Potter's admirable translation of Æschylus. 'The Destiny of Cain' is an exact counterpart of Io's wanderings, as 'the Fate of Cain' is of Prometheus's death.

The fragments of the play of Moses are written with considerable spirit: but in many passages, where the author aims at the sublime, he falls into expressions and trains of thought that are wholly destructive of such an effect. Thus, in the first part of that drama, in the dialogue between Joshua and Moses, when the Supreme Being is supposed to be passing by in limited form, Moses observes;

— 'He comes, the Terrible!
In judgment mantled — dark, as darkest death!
Before him horror, and behind despair! [*Stands motionless.*

' JOSHUA *enters.*

' *Joshua.* Master, the people murmur at thy stay;
And now, impatient of thy presence, come
With slow steps up the mountain.
' *The People.* Leader sage,
Why hast thou left us? Why hast thou provok'd

The rage of Pharaoh, and thy children left
To bear his anger's weight? — O leave us, father;
Reprove no more, but leave us in our bondage.
'*Moses.* Hush, hush! let him not hear! for scarcely yet
Hath he pass'd onward to his dreadful post;
The loosen'd feathers of his jet black wings
Are floating yet above us. — Silence, silence!
Let him not hear thee, Jacob; for he goes
Brimful of wrath, the wine-cup in his hand! —
Let not one drop be thine.'

A few lines before the commencement of this quotation, Moses exclaims, 'He comes, but *no* in light-created vestments.' This *no* for *not*, unless an error of the press, is an inveterate Scotch violation of grammar.

In the part called the Plague of Darkness, the hymn to Isis is so close an imitation of the hymn to Sabrina, in *Comus*, as to sound on the ear exactly as a parody.

The play of Sardanapalus is so extraordinary a resemblance of Lord Byron's tragedy, in many parts, that it mocks all belief of its freedom from imitation. The character of the monarch and of his favorite female, his distribution of rewards to his associate warriors, his preparation for death, &c. &c. are all after the Byronian model.

The Nereid's Love is on the whole a complete failure. It is written very much in the manner of some late productions under the name of Barry Cornwall: but the author before us has none of the taste and delicacy which (with whatever demerits they may be accompanied) pervade the productions of that pseudonymous writer. He is evidently out of his sphere; for his real forte seems to lie in the concentrative force and energy of his imagination, and in giving life and reality to strange and wild situations; while the tender passions and gentler emotions of the heart are not the subjects of his domain. — The ensuing passage from the Deluge is by much his happiest attempt on the middle range of poetry, where he unites a mixture of beauty and delicacy with something grand and supernatural. Semronda is invoking Sleep to visit Chasalim, and pours forth her incantation:

— 'Lie thee down
On the green bosom of thy mother-earth,
A bed of richest fragrance; — rest, while I
In thy behalf woo the pleas'd king of sleep
With gentle blandishments unto thy couch,
Courting the gentle pressure of his hand
Upon thy heated brow. Come, soothing power!
Thou soft, sweet Twilight, that doth link the day
Of glowing life, with the dark night of death! —

Come! Spread thy dusky mantle like a veil
Between the world, and this thy votary,
And shut it from his thought. O gentle king,
Come smilingly, and let his fever'd lip
Drink deeply of thy crowned cup, which bears
The draught of Time's oblivion. May it steep
His weary sense into forgetfulness! —
Or if it be thy will, that on his soul
Should rise the images of this world's deeds,
Then, let thy urn of shadows, gentle sleep,
Be fill'd with visions bright of future joy;
That if it please thee from the world of night,
To give those winged visitants release,
They may, as spirits of beauty, float around
His weary couch; — clearing the heavy air
From fumes of mortal grossness, — breathing heaven, —
Whispering of love and joy, — that on his lip
May sit a smile, and on his soul delight,
Sooth'd by that charmed slumber!
' *Chasalim.* How resist
That voice melodious, soft as infant's sleep,
Or Moonlight, kissing the enamour'd breast
Of the pale stream between the veiling leaves
Of envious Lotus, who for jealousy
Covereth the silvery god, and eagerly
Mounteth to steal that kiss his weeping sire
Waiteth with tender rapture; — soft as hope,
The secret hope of love; or as the day-dream
That comes upon us when our hearts are full,
Taking the soul abroad to the wide fields
Of air-hung Fancy, leaving the dull house,
The body, tenantless! — What were the words
She sung? — for it was music, — was it not,
That came so soothingly upon my spirit,
Charming it into rapture, floating round me
Like airs of heaven visiting the brow
Of the poor fever'd man! — the Paradise
Of sound, — the music hallow'd of the heavens,
To which, at the Creation's birth, the stars
Mov'd in their orbits, and the radiant kings
Sung in immortal verse the victory
Of light o'er brooding darkness!
' *Semronda.* Sleep! O sleep!
While I prepare the offerings of power
For our angelic altars. From this vase
Of purest crystal, — lo! — the sacred dew
Gather'd from Hermon's top I pour; — the tears
Of Semiazas, when the mighty band,
The proud two hundred, swore eternal faith
To him, their chief, as, quitting their bright heaven,
They sprung to earth, and on that mountain's height

Thunder'd defiance to the shuddering stars,
Who veil'd themselves in dark and heavy clouds,
Dreading lest that their rage and desperate force
Should pluck them from their orbits, and to earth
Dash them, shorn of their glories! — Angel drops!
Fall on the stainless marble! — and with them
I throw the healing herb, the plant of power,
Wound closing Byblus, whose mysterious aid
To him we owe; — and then, the royal wood
Of the tall kingly cedar, and a branch
Of melancholy Gopher, scented Henna; —
And lastly, from thy parent stream, I take
Thee, golden daughter of the silver flood,
Thou sun-rob'd lily, and of thy rich flowers,
Form thus a conqueror's diadem to crown
My gifts to Semiazas! — May the fire
Consume my offerings, that in golden clouds,
Breathing celestial odours, they may rise
Unto the air-hung palace of my sire,
Filling its domes with perfumes grateful to
His purer essence, till in tranc'd delight
He beat the sweet air with his mighty wings,
And light upon his altar! —— Now the fire
Creeps to the offerings, — and now ascends
In spiral columns of celestial brightness. —
Enter my virgins, and, as rise the flames,
Lift up your voices to the middle air,
And, with the song of sweetness, which he loves,
Draw down the king of angels!'

We have made these citations so extensive, in order that our readers may be enabled to judge for themselves respecting the real merits of this author, and may perceive that considerable power and excellence are displayed in the volume, though every page betrays blunders of metre and language which might at first view deter a reader from farther perusal. The inequalities and the errors, indeed, that occur in these dramas, are truly surprizing. As specimens of grammatical blunders, the following are obvious:

> ' In my sleep
> *Came* images of horror on my soul,
> And threats of *coming* evil, from my mind
> *Hath* vanished all forms.' (P. 8. line 12.)
>
> ' The mighty curtain, whose inclosing folds
> *Doth* hide the golden gates of Heaven.' (P. 180. line 17.)
>
> ' Is it *thee*
> Royal Apollo, who *doth* hide thy bow.' (P. 265. line 11.)
>
> ' Though I have
> Fallen, I'm not as *thee*; — I am not cursed
> With immortality of crime.' (P. 224. line 18.)

'Hark! — how roars
The thunder of the upper world! and *glares*
Above thy blackened head celestial fires!
Dost thou not fear their glory?' (P. 225. line 10.)

As to metrical errors, it may be sufficient to specify *Judĕan*, (p. 144.) and *Belĕsis*, (pages 138, 139. and 150.); while Salomenes has the first *e* long in p. 141. and short in pages 143. and 146. In p. 141. 'Curdistan's grape is *dried* in the *juice* of violets.' To dry a substance in a fluid is rather an Hibernian expression: but this process, we suppose, is to be *inspissation.*

We are pained, however, with the task of pointing out the deficiencies of an author who seems to have been gifted with genius and imitative power. If he should follow up his poetical pursuits, not discouraged by deficiencies from which indeed he may free himself by labor and industry, we would still seriously advise him, for his own sake, not to appear again before the public without having submitted his manuscript to the perusal of some Englishman of education.

Art. VI. *Letters from Spain.* By Don Leucadio Doblado. 8vo. pp. 483. 15*s.* Boards. Colburn and Co. 1822.

We understand that the author of this volume is a Spanish gentleman who was educated for the priesthood, but, entertaining some doubts as to the infallibility of the church of Rome, he deemed it expedient to retreat to this country, where he has resided for many years. In adopting an English home, he determined also to assume an English name, and, anglicizing his Spanish appellation by a tautological addition, he has called himself "the Reverend Blanco White." The name in the title-page is of course fictitious.

The merit of these letters, which are dated from the year 1798 to 1808, consists not merely in giving an accurate and entertaining account of modern Spanish life and manners, for with those topics the narratives of our own travellers, especially Townsend, have made us sufficiently acquainted, though the information of a native must still have a pre-eminence: but they call for our attention in a more important point of view, as exhibiting a vigorous and masterly sketch of the moral and political state of Spain previously to its late regeneration; at the same time affording us such an insight into the Spanish character, as may assist us in examining the causes which have led to that great event, and ascertaining the probability of the success and stability of the new system.

No country ever presented a more interesting aspect than Spain offers at the present moment: — she has every claim to our regard and sympathy that can be imagined. With all the trammels which a long-continued despotism, and a superstition even more degrading than that despotism, could bind around her, she still preserved a sense of the blessings of freedom; and not even her protracted servitude has rendered her unfit for the enjoyment of them. Throughout the long period of her struggles, she has proved by her resolution, her constancy, and her wise moderation, (that rarest virtue in popular changes,) that she has a title to success; and it is impossible for us to remember the trials and sufferings of so noble a people without feeling a lively interest in their welfare. The horrors of the French invasion were poorly compensated by the chance of a better system of things, of which the administration of Joseph afforded a transient expectation; while the re-establishment of the antient dynasty was marked by the destruction of every hope of freedom. Those who had fought and bled for their country were rewarded with exile or death, and this rigor and injustice were for a time successful. Lacy and Porlier perished: but the spirit which had prompted them survived. At length, however, the great blow was struck, and Spain arose from her chains. In the exasperation of repeated defeats, it would not have been extraordinary if the Spaniards had now repaid some of that debt of injury which they owed to their rulers: but here the high sense and temperate feeling of the nation were manifested, with more than ordinary and more than probable magnanimity. If any thing could have driven them at this time to outrage, it would have been the rash and bloody attempts which the partizans of government made to recover their power: but, in the patience with which the people endured these insults, they have given one of the noblest examples not only which we have witnessed in these eventful times, but which the history of any age presents. After all her struggles, it is still questionable whether the new liberties of that fine region are to be allowed to establish themselves, for they have been assailed from within and they are yet threatened from without.

It seems little to be disputed that the primary origin of the Spanish revolution is to be traced to that dissemination throughout all Europe of just, immutable, and invaluable free principles, which was at least one good effect of the political disturbances of France. The Spaniards, however, did not suffer that grinding oppression which had driven the French to madness; the feudal system was scarcely felt among them; and the taxes were not generally burthensome. It was therefore from a conviction of political rather than of personal evil that they sought a change. This sense was strengthened and elevated by the improvement and the information which have been gradually extending themselves in that country for some years past, particularly among the lower orders: so that even the censorship and the Inquisition were unable to oppose the progress which the people were making in knowlege; and, as that knowlege increased, they began to perceive more clearly the folly and wickedness of the antient system, to which they had been again compelled to bow their necks. It is indeed impossible to conceive any thing beyond the absurdity to which that system was carried; and it is equally impossible to suppose that a thoughtful and high-minded nation, like the Spanish, if their eyes were once opened, would ever again submit to such degradation.

From the volume before us, numberless instances might be collected of the shameful and ridiculous abuse of power which marked the proceedings of the Spanish government. The circular letter to the Universities sent by Caballero, minister of the home-department, is an excellent specimen of the spirit of the Spanish rulers, and tells all that can be said on the subject. "His Majesty," it was stated in the order, "is not in want of philosophers, but of good and obedient subjects;" and accordingly the study of moral philosophy was forbidden. Even in matters of religion, the last in which the eye of a Spaniard was likely to discover any defects, the increasing information of the people turned their attention to the many absurdities and impositions which characterized their faith. What more amusing instance of priestly folly can be imagined, than that of declaring the *Index Expurgatorius*, or Catalogue of prohibited Works, to be itself among the anathematized volumes? Nothing could more strongly shew that the period of reformation was at hand, than the fact that, in defiance of all the strictness of church-discipline, extending its influence even over the mind, (for the mere concealment of an evil thought was accounted a sacrilegious offence,) the understandings of many of the clergy themselves escaped from the shackles, and they have stood forwards among the most zealous defenders of the liberties of their countrymen.

In the formation of their new system of government, the Spaniards displayed the same moderation which had marked their previous proceedings. They wisely preserved the monarchy, because, independently of all abstract reasoning, the bulk of the nation were attached to the regal form: but, at the same time, they restricted the sway of the king by such limitations as his conduct and character seemed to render necessary. With regard to the aristocratic interest, they pursued another, and, in the opinion of the present author, not a very wise course. He argues that, unless the nobility are admitted to a separate share of power, they will throw themselves into the hands of government, and support all its arbitrary attempts. It may, however, well be doubted whether, in the present degraded state of the nobility in Spain,—for degraded and ignorant they are to a degree which has rendered them contemptible even in their own country,—it would have been prudent to allow them so important a share in the administration of affairs, for the sake of preserving a balance perhaps merely theoretical between the throne and the people. They would be still exposed to the influence of court-favor, and would at the same time have powers placed at their command with which to purchase it.

The Spaniards may now be fairly said to have the game in their own hands, and if they play it wisely they may look with confidence to the result. Among nations as among individuals, the force of character is incalculable in its effects. Let Spain only preserve the attitude of resolute moderation which she has assumed, and her neighbours, however they may wish to annoy her, must feel a respect for her: — let her still continue with cautious anxiety to refrain from giving the jealous sovereigns of Europe any well-grounded cause of offence by extravagant or violent measures; — let her proceed as she has begun, temperately and calmly, and she will receive, in years of happiness and freedom, the reward of her forbearance.

On one important point, the conduct of the Spanish government since its reformation is open to some remark. Spain, says the writer before us, ‘ boasting at this moment of a free constitution, still continues to deprive her children of the right to worship God according to their own conscience.’ Now, however fit Spain may have shewn herself to reap a benefit from her political changes, it is altogether another question whether she be sufficiently advanced in religious liberality, to allow her to appreciate the advantages of such a toleration as Mr. Blanco White would probably establish. We know with certainty that the disregard, which was shewn by Joseph Bonaparte and the French in general to the interests of the Catholic religion, was one very principal cause of the opposition which even their most beneficial measures experienced. Liberality is a plant of slow growth, and to attempt to force the shoots might wither the whole tree. We may observe, also, that the author's speculations on points of religious feeling must be aken *cum grano salis*, for in proportion as by experience he has become a well informed he is still not a disinterested witness and he has, we find, suffered so much from the tyranny of the system, that he tells us himself he has almost learned to become a fanatic on his own side. We apprehend that we have the history of his own life, and indeed of that of many other young priests, in the narrative intitled 'A few Facts connected with the Formation of the intellectual and moral Character of a Spanish Clergyman;' (p. 66.) and, if this be the case, we must confess that he has good reason to vituperate a *regime* which has caused him so much mental suffering. We present to our readers some of the paragraphs by which Mr. White has introduced this detail, and also the conclusion of the memoirs themselves:

'Seville, 1799.

'Fortune,' says the author, 'has favoured me with an acquaintance — a young clergyman of this town — for whom, since our first introduction, I have felt a growing esteem, such as must soon ripen into the warmest affection. Common danger, and common suffering, especially of the mind, prove often the readiest and most indissoluble bonds of human friendship: and when to this influence is added the blending power of an intercommunity of thoughts and sentiments, no less unbounded than the confidence with which two men put thereby their liberty, their fortune, and their life into the hands of each other — imagination can hardly measure the warmth and devotedness of honest hearts thus united.

'Spaniards, who have broken the trammels of superstition, possess a wonderful quickness to mark and know one another. Yet caution is so necessary, that we never offer the right hand of fellowship till, by gradual approaches, the heart and mind are carefully scanned on both sides. There are *bullies* in mental no less than in animal courage: and I have sometimes been in danger of committing myself with a pompous fool that was hazarding propositions in the evening, which he was sure to lay, in helpless fear, before the confessor, the next morning; and who, had he met with free and unqualified assent from any one of the company, would have tried to save his own soul and body by carrying the whole conversation to the Inquisitors. But the character of my new friend was visible at a glance; and, after some conversation, I could not feel the slightest apprehension that there might lurk in his heart either the villainy or the folly which can betray a man, in this world, under a pretext of ensuring his happiness in the next. He too, either from the circumstance of my long residence in England, or, as I hope, from something more properly belonging to myself, soon opened his whole mind; and we both uttered downright *heresy*. After this mutual, this awful pledge, the Scythian ceremony of tasting each other's blood could not have more closely bound us in interest and danger.

'The coolness of an orange-grove is not more refreshing to him who has panted across one of our burning plains, under the meridian sun in August, than the company of a few trusty friends to some unbending minds, after a long day of restraint and dissimulation. When after our evening walk we are at last comfortably seated round my friend's reading-table, where an amiable young officer, another clergyman, and one of the most worthy and highly-gifted men that tyranny and superstition have condemned to pine in obscurity, are always welcomed with a cordiality approaching to rapture — I cannot help comparing our feelings to those which we might suppose in Christian slaves at Algiers, who, having secretly unlocked the rivets of their fetters, could shake them off to feast and riot in the dead of night, cheering their hearts with wild visions of liberty, and salving their wounds with vague hopes of revenge. Revenge, did I say! what a false notion would that word give you of the characters that compose our little club! I doubt if nature herself could so undo the work of her hands as to transform any one of my kind, my benevolent friends, into a man of blood. As to myself, mere protestations were useless. You know me; and I shall leave you to judge. But there is a revenge of the fancy, perfectly consistent with true mildness and generosity, though certainly more allied to quick sensibility than to sound and sober judgment. The last, however, should be seldom, if at all, looked for among persons in our circumstances. Our childhood is artificially protracted till we wonder how we have grown old: and, being kept at an immeasurable distance from the affairs and interests of public life, our passions, our virtues, and our vices, like those of early youth, have deeper roots in the imagination than the heart. I will not say that this is a prevalent feature in the character of my countrymen; but I have generally observed it among the best and the worthiest. As to my confidential friends, especially the one I mentioned at the beginning of this letter, in strict conformity with the temper which, I fear, I have but imperfectly described, they spend their lives in giving vent, among themselves, to the suppressed feelings of ridicule or indignation, of which the religious institutions of this country are a perennial source to those who are compelled to receive them as of Divine authority. England has so far improved me, that I can perceive the folly of this conduct. I am aware that, instead of indulging this childish gratification of our anger, we should be preparing ourselves, by a profound study of our ancient laws and customs, and a perfect acquaintance with the pure and original doctrines of the Gospel, for any future opening to reformation in our church and state. But, under this intolerable system of intellectual oppression, we have associated the idea of Spanish law with despotism, and that of Christianity with absurdity and persecution. After my return from England I feel almost involuntarily relapsing into the old habits of my mind. With my friends, who have never left their country, any endeavour to break and counteract such habits would be perfectly hopeless. Despondency drives them into a course of reading and thinking, which leads only to suppressed contempt and whispered sarcasm. The violence which they must constantly do to their best feelings, might breed some of the fiercer passions in breasts less softened with "the milk of human kindness." But their hatred of the prevailing practices and opinions does not extend to persons. Yet I for one must confess, that were I to act from a first and habitual impulse, without listening to my better judgment, there is not a saint or a relic in the country I would not trample under foot, and treat with the utmost indignity. As things are, however, I content myself with scoffing and railing the whole day. But I trust that, on a change of circumstances, I should act more soberly than I feel.'

We now come to the *Facts*:

' "Almost on the eve of my mental crisis, I had to preach a sermon upon an extraordinary occasion; when, according to a fashion derived from France, a long and ambitious discourse was expected. I made infidelity my subject, with a most sincere desire of convincing myself while I laboured to persuade others. What effect my arguments may have had upon the audience I know not; they were certainly lost upon the orator. Whatever, in this state, could break the habit of awe which I was so tenaciously supporting — whatever could urge me into uttering a doubt on one of the Articles of the Roman Creed, was sure to make my faith vanish like a soap-bubble in the air. I had been too earnest in my devotion, and my Church too pressing and demanding. Like a cold, artful, interested mistress, that Church either exhausts the ardour of her best lovers, or harasses them to distraction. As to myself, a moment's dalliance with her great rival, Freedom, converted my former love into perfect abhorrence.

' "One morning, as I was wrapt up in my usual thoughts, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, a gentleman, who had lately been named by the government to an important place in our provincial judicature, joined me in the course of my ramble. We had been acquainted but a short time, and he, though forced into caution by an early danger from the Inquisition, was still friendly and communicative. His talents of forensic eloquence, and the sprightliness and elegance of his conversation, had induced a conviction on my mind, that he belonged to the philosophical party of the University where he had been educated. Urged by an irresistible impulse, I ventured with him upon neutral ground — monks, ecclesiastical encroachments, extravagant devotion — till the stream of thought I had thus allowed to glide over the feeble mound of my fears, swelling every moment, broke forth as a torrent from its long and violent confinement. I was listened to with encouraging kindness, and there was not a doubt in my heart which I did not disclose. Doubts they had, indeed, appeared to me till that moment; but utterance transformed them, at once, into demonstrations. It would be impossible to describe the fear and trepidation that seized me the moment I parted from my good-natured confidant. The prisons of the Inquisition seemed ready to close their studded gates upon me; and the very hell I had just denied, appeared yawning before my eyes. Yet, a few days elapsed, and no evil had overtaken me. I performed mass with a heart in open rebellion to the Church that enjoined it: but I had now settled with myself to offer it up to my Creator, as I imagine that the enlightened Greeks and Romans must have done their sacrifices. I was, like them, forced to express my thankfulness in an absurd language.

' " This first taste of mental liberty was more delicious than any feeling I ever experienced; but it was succeeded by a burning thirst for every thing that, by destroying my old mental habits, could strengthen and confirm my unbelief. I gave an exorbitant price for any French irreligious books, which the love of gain induced some Spanish booksellers to import at their peril. The intuitive knowledge of one another, which persecuted principles impart to such as cherish them in common, made me soon acquainted with several members of my own profession, deeply versed in the philosophical school of France. They possessed, and made no difficulty to lend me, all the Anti-christian works, which teemed from the French press. Where there is no liberty, there can be no discrimination. The ravenous appetite raised by a forced abstinence makes the mind gorge itself with all sorts of food. I suspect I have thus imbibed some false, and many crude notions from my French masters. But my circumstances preclude the calm and dispassionate examination which the subject deserves. Exasperated by the daily necessity of external submission to doctrines and persons I detest and despise, my soul overflows with bitterness. Though I acknowledge the advantages of moderation, none being used towards me, I practically, and in spite of my better judgment, learn to be a fanatic on my own side.

' " Pretending studious retirement, I have fitted up a small room, to which none but my confidential friends find admittance. There lie my *prohibited books*, in perfect concealment, in a well-contrived nook under a staircase. The *Breviary* alone, in its black binding, clasps, and gilt leaves, is kept upon the table, to check the doubts of any chance intruder." '

In letter x. we have an entertaining sketch of the court of Madrid in the time of Charles the Fourth, and of the rise and administration of the Prince of the Peace. If this account of court-intrigues be deserving of our reliance, a change in the state of things was certainly highly expedient. Though the Queen's attachment to Godoy was a notorious fact, it seems that his Majesty was not disturbed by the reports of her infidelities; and we cannot refuse to give a place to the brief specimen of royal logic by which Charles reasoned himself into a state of tranquillity:

' The old Duke del I—— [Infantado?] (on the authority of whose lady I give you the anecdote) was once with other grandees in attendance on the King, when his Majesty, being in high gossiping humour, entered into a somewhat gay conversation on the fair sex. He descanted, at some length, on fickleness and caprice, and laughed at the dangers of husbands in these southern climates. Having had his fill of merriment on the topic of jealousy, he concluded with an air of triumph — "We, *crowned heads*, however, have this chief advantage above others, that our honour, as they call it, is safe; for suppose that queens were as much bent on mischief as some of their sex, where could they find kings and emperors to flirt with? Eh?"'

The state of society in Spain, at the period to which these letters relate, was such as could not long endure, for corruption and decay pervaded the whole of it. The great body of the nobility (of course with some exceptions) were illiterate, arrogant, and servile; and from the clergy nothing but opposition to change and to improvement could be expected. Every avenue to distinction was stained with corruption; and what more ignominious spectacle can be conceived than in the case of the favorite Godoy? 'His public levee presents every week a collection of the handsomest women in the country, *attended by their fathers or husbands*. A suit thus supported is never known to fail.' Every man who sought preferment in the church or the law was compelled to become a courtier; and the life of a *Pretendiente*, as these unfortunate wretches were called, was exactly that which is so excellently described by Spenser in Mother Hubbard's tale. The following is a lively character of this race of favor-hunters:

'The hardships of a *Pretendiente*'s life, especially such as do not centre their views in the church, have often furnished the theatre with amusing scenes. The Spanish proverbial imprecation, — "May you be dragged about as a *Pretendiente*," cannot be felt in its full force but by such as, like myself, have lived on terms of intimacy with some of that unfortunate race. A scanty supply of money from their families is the only fund on which a young man in pursuit of a judge's gown must draw for subsistence, for three or four journeys a year to the *Sitios* in order to attend the court, for the court-dress which he is obliged to wear almost daily, and the turns of ill-luck at the card-table of his lady patroness. What a notion would an Englishman form of our degree of refinement, if he was to enter one of the lodging-houses at Aranjuez, for instance, and find a large paved court surrounded by apartments, each filled by a different set of lodgers, with three or four wretched beds, and not so many chairs for all furniture; here one of the party blacking his shoes; there another darning his silk stockings; a third brushing the court-dress he is to wear at the minister's levee; while a fourth lies still in bed, resting, as well as he can, from the last night's ball! As hackney-coaches are not known either at Madrid or the Sitios, there is something both pitiable and ludicrous in the appearance of these judges, intendants, and governors in embryo, sallying forth in full dress, after their laborious toilet, to pick their way through the mud, often casting an anxious look on the lace frills and ruffles which, artfully attached to the sleeves and waistcoat, might by some untoward accident, betray the coarse and discoloured shirt which they are meant to conceal. Thus they trudge to the palace, to walk up and down the galleries for hours, till they have succeeded in making a bow to the minister or any other great personage on whom their hopes depend. Having performed this important piece of duty, they retire to a very scanty dinner, unless their good stars should put them in the way of an invitation. In the afternoon they must make their appearance in the public walk, where the royal family take a daily airing; after which the day is closed by the attendance at the *Tertulia* of some great lady, if they be fortunate enough to have obtained her leave to pay her this daily tribute of respect.'

It only remains for us to observe, with regard to the style of this volume, that it is at once nervous and elegant; and if the letters be, as we are assured they are, the unassisted composition of the author in his adopted language, they are singularly creditable to him, for they would not disgrace the pen of an accomplished Englishman. — The 'Account of the Suppression of the Jesuits in Spain,' which is contained in the Appendix, and to which we can do no more than refer our readers, we understand to be from the pen of Lord Holland.

Art. VII. *Letters to Count Toreno on the proposed Penal Code,* delivered in by the Legislation Committee of the Spanish Cortes, April 25th, 1821. Written at the Count's request by Jeremy Bentham, Esq. 8vo. pp. 120. 5*s.* Boards. Wilson. 1822.

Here is a very different publication on the present affairs of Spain from that to which we have just directed our attention, and written by a very different pen. Those who know this pen will not wonder that we have to express our regret that the sound maxims in jurisprudence, the judicious observations on the object and character of laws, and the very sagacious reflections on human nature, which this volume contains, are so mixed with personal considerations and with comments on passing occurrences, that, while cursory readers can only be confused and distracted by the miscellany, even more persevering inquirers will find it difficult to separate the remarks of permanent importance from those which are incidental to the moment, or discover the secret thread that may guide them through the labyrinth. It is the misfortune of this author that, in his productions on ephemeral topics, he distributes no lights and shades, and observes no proportions; the most indifferent points being discussed with as much gravity, and with as minute and subtle an analysis, as those which involve the whole theory of legislation or the happiness of all mankind. A patient student, however, will discover that Mr. Bentham, in the volume before us, has most successfully pointed out many ambiguities of phrase, and many unmeaning and noxious generalities, in the proposed Spanish Code; while he has animadverted with much severity on those passages which, if not intended to be so employed, may still be perverted into engines of tyrannical and priestly oppression. In every part of his observations, indeed, in which he confines himself to a criticism on the Code, he discharges his duties as censor with consummate ability, and with that nice tact which even the most acute and intelligent can acquire only by long experience. We know not whether it be from that lassitude and that desire of change which close attention to one subject almost invariably occasions, or from a sportiveness of temper such as seems to inspire the huge Leviathans when they gambol about in the waters, but so it is that Mr. Bentham perpetually delights to quit the main object of his speculations, and to prance about in some bye-paths; running over the gamut of his legislation, and threading the mazes of his intricate logic on matters which we dare say he would term collateral, but which appear to us often totally irrelevant.

The best letters in the volume are the fifth and the seventh, bearing the title of 'The Many sacrificed to the Few,' and 'Support sought for Religion in Slaughter and Persecution.' We extract from the seventh letter the passage in which Mr. Bentham endeavours to draw the line, in order to shew in what cases of imputed offences against religion the civil power should interfere, and in what other cases such interference is to be deprecated as not merely unserviceable but prejudicial:

' "What?" (says somebody) "and, among all the sorts of acts, to which the chapter on Religion seeks to apply prevention, and for the purpose of preventing punishment, — is there absolutely not any one to which, if it depended upon you, you would apply prevention, and even in some shape or other, punishment?" O yes, some there are unquestionably: namely, all those acts, by which, to human beings to an indefinite or other adequately large extent, I see any real evil, — in a word, any sensation of an uneasy nature, to a certain degree of intensity, — produced. Here, then, is a line drawn, which, if drawn on the proper plan, would be at any rate a tolerably plain and clear one. All exhibitions, which, being to the minds of individuals taken in any considerable number, productive of uneasiness on a religious account, are offered to their senses in such manner as that the unpleasant sensation produced by them, whatever it be, as unavoidable — all such acts are, in my view of the matter, objects calling for prevention by means of punishment; and, in this consideration, I cannot but approve of the principle acted on in Articles 237, 238, and 239. of the proposed Code.

'Why? Because man is a being but too susceptible of uneasiness, and the more of it he can be saved from the better. But — the Almighty — is he a being susceptible of uneasiness in any shape? For my part, I cannot find any sufficient reason for believing him so to be; however, if on this point the Cortes, by means of information received from those to whom it belongs to give it, have been more fortunate, — this point must be considered as settled. But, this point being supposed to be thus settled, then come two or three others. The Almighty being susceptible of uneasiness, and in particular of uneasiness produced by words employed by men, in speaking to or of him, — is it his almighty will to be saved from such uneasiness, or not? if yes, does he stand in need of any human power, and in particular of that of the Cortes, to give effect to such his will? if, on the contrary, it is his almighty will *not* to be saved from such uneasiness, but to continue suffering under it, does it become the Cortes to endeavour to oppose their power to such his almighty will? and if yes, does such opposition afford any considerable promise of proving effectual? Corresponding questions, in regard to the saints; to whom also, meaning doubtless the departed saints, the protection provided for the Almighty is, in Article 237. (I perceive) extended. Having ventured so far as to submit to your view these questions, the answers I must be content to leave, which I do without reluctance, to the competent authorities.

'These things considered — "*blasphemies*," or "*imprecations*," (Article 237.) or whatever else be the denomination given, to portions of discourse, by which, with or without production of uneasiness, offence has been supposed to be given to God, or to the saints, or to both, — so long as they are confined to writing or printed books, — or to private conferences, not open to the public at large, into which he, to whom what is said is productive of uneasiness, entered of his own free choice, without being obliged to repair thither in prosecution of any matter of business; — to no such discourses, how revolting so ever to myself, could I, if it depended on me, think of applying punishment in any shape. But, in a promiscuous multitude, — in a church suppose, a judicatory, or any other public building, or in a road or market-place, or a ship, — suppose such language uttered, uneasiness to *men* may be produced, and with it demand for punishment.

'Whatsoever may be the justice — with which the above observations may be found to apply to offensive *audible* exhibitions, — with correspondent justice they will, I think, be found to apply to *visible* exhibitions: it matters not through what sense the wound passes to the mind, if the mind is wounded.

'Whatever difficulty may have been produced in gentlemen's minds, by offences styled offences *against* religion considered as commissible by individuals at large, — it is but a small matter (I should suppose) in comparison of that produced by offences *through* religion: offences apprehended at the hands of that particular order of men, in whom, among you, the votaries of religion are wont to behold its special and little less than exclusively authorized guardians.

'As to myself, — reference always made to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, — I beheld as issuing from this source two widely different michiefs: the one *temporary* in its nature, the other *permanent*. 1. By the temporary mischief I mean — that which consists in opposition made by this particular class of functionaries, to the government composed of all the other classes of functionaries: a mischief, which, to the greatest number of the people, is great, in proportion as the conduct of the present government is, in a higher degree than that of the late, conducive to that same greatest happiness. 2. The permanent mischief is — that which I apprehend, from the junction of the body of the sacred functionaries with the profane ones: the junction, of the two particular interests of these two sections of the ruling few, into a body of particular and thence sinister interest, which will thereby be so much the more effectually enabled, — as, if the body be composed of men, it cannot but be as surely disposed, — to sacrifice, to its own supposed greater happiness, the greatest happiness of the greatest number: — or, if *interest* be the word, the universal interest.

'Supposing the old government to continue unrestored, — the temporary mischief, as above described, will be growing less and less every day, as the functionaries established under the old government drop off, and as the public mind grows more and more enlightened. In corresponding proportion will the permanent mischief take its place; and, when it has once swallowed up its present opponent the temporary mischief, — will remain in possession of the field, without any thing, unless it be the spirit of the people, to oppose it. In a word, the temporary mischief is — superstitious influence: the permanent mischief, corruptive influence.

'In the temporary mischief I see nothing very formidable: nothing but what, under the constitution as it stands, may admit of a remedy: an easy, a gentle, and an effectual remedy. This remedy, Sir, I shall proceed to submit to you; and with the less diffidence, considering how near on some points it comes to that which I see employed by the Committee.

'For conciseness I shall put it into a form in some respects similar to what I should pursue in the penning of the correspondent part of a Code. But, I must beg of you not to consider it, as any thing like an adequate sample of such a Code. To give to it any thing like the precision and conciseness, that would be given to it in a regular work of that kind of which it would form a part, is altogether impossible. In any such fabric of my construction, the form of each part would be dependent on that of every other.

'General description of the proposed remedy.

'1. With the exception of ecclesiastical functionaries in general, and bishops in particular, addressing themselves in print or writing to the people within the range of their authority, in the exercise of their official functions, — leave to persons of all descriptions — ecclesiastics of all classes as well as others — the complete liberty of publishing whatsoever they please on the subject of religion: without exposure to punishment in any shape, or impediment to the circulation of such their discourses.—N. B. Such; — only without the exception, — is the state of the law in the Anglo-American United States: and no mischief in any shape; — no such mischief as that of oppression by government, or disaffection towards rulers, or discord as between citizen and citizen through the instrumentality of religion, — is produced by it, or has place there.

'2. On the part of an ecclesiastical functionary of whatever class, let the publication of any instrument, — on the face, or on the occasion, of which, either by his proper name or the name of his function, he stands designated, either as sole author, or partaker in the authorship or publication, of such instrument, — designated whether in the direct way, or in any way howsoever indirect, — stand interdicted: unless and until it shall have received a license in writing under the hand of a functionary of the temporal class; — say the political chief of the province.

'In this case, — though the composition of the instrument is, as consistently with the religion in question it cannot but be, the sole act of the ecclesiastical functionary, — yet the publication of it may be considered as the joint act of the ecclesiastical functionary and the temporal: or a relative censorship may be considered as established, with the temporal functionary for censor. The operation is the same, in whichever light considered.

'N. B. To this purpose must be considered — not beneficed ecclesiastics only, but all ecclesiastics whatsoever, regular as well as secular. For, it is — not only from special power or dignity, but from the sacred character common to them all, that their influence is, in the instance of each, wont to be derived.'

We have quoted the above passage not merely on account of its intrinsic excellence, but because we think that some recent exertions of misguided individuals, spurred on by zeal without knowlege to usurp the functions of the public prosecutor, shew that even in this country the rights of freedom of inquiry in matters of religion are by many but imperfectly understood. We earnestly recommend the reflections contained in the preceding extract to the consideration of all those whose sincerity may dispose them to bigotry, and whose ardor may betray them into any tendencies towards intolerance and persecution.

It will appear that we are much better pleased with the matter than with the manner of the tract before us. We have before spoken of the uncouthness of phraseology in which Mr. Bentham indulges, and in which from a sort of whim he seems to delight; as well as those parentheses and involutions of sentences with which his readers are doomed to be perplexed and embarrassed. These peculiarities of composition, whether originating in carelessness or in affectation, have long since become too inveterate to be remedied; and Mr. Bentham's friends and admirers can now only deplore that the high merit of his writings is obscured, and their usefulness impaired, by these singularities and obstructions of expression.

ART. VIII. *A Sketch of the Œconomy of Man.* 8vo. pp. 306. 10*s.* Boards. Longman and Co.

IF this title be intended, as we presume it is, to denote a general view of the physical, intellectual, and moral constitution of the human being, it is considerably too extensive for the work to which it is affixed; which relates almost solely to the reciprocal influence of the bodily frame and the powers and affections of the understanding. In taking this confined view of human nature, we are not aware that much will be found in the publication before us that is really original, or that has not been better said by preceding writers.

The introduction presents us with the familiar distinction between dead and living matter; the former of which is subject to the laws that regulate chemical combinations, while the latter is endowed with a principle which enables it to resist them, and at the same time confers individuality on the organized substance to which it is attached. In addition to this endowment, animals possess another which we call the sensitive power; and also (at least the higher classes of them) a power which can examine, compare, and deliberate on the effects produced on the organs of sense; — this second something is called the rational power. If, then, the brutes possess the rational power, and to such an extent that, in the present author's opinion, the savage has little to boast in this respect over the higher orders of quadrupeds, in what, he asks, does the superiority of man consist? There is, according to him, a *third* something, to which he assigns the name of *spirit:* but of its peculiar functions he gives no very distinct or intelligible account; nor does he any where explain for what reason the peculiarities observable in the mental constitution of man may not all be referred to the exercise of the rational power, — which is allowed to be similar in kind, but vastly superior in degree, and in the extent of its application, to that which is observed in any of the lower animals.

Thus the constitution of the human frame appears to depend on a somewhat complicated combination of principles. We have, first, the body; then the principle of life, which distinguishes organized from unorganized matter; thirdly, the sensitive power, or what the author chooses to denominate the soul; fourthly, the rational power, or mind, which according to him is common to man with at least the higher orders of brutes; and, lastly, the spirit. For this triple distribution of the powers of the human intellect, he goes, we think, somewhat out of his way to search for scriptural evidence; and he has contrived, by ingeniously putting together two passages from different epistles *, to press St. Paul into the service. It is true that the Apostle uses the three terms πνεῦμα, ψυχὴ, and νοῦς: but that he has used them in the peculiar sense in which this writer wishes to consider them remains to be proved. The only threefold division to which he ever refers is that of some Greek philosophers into spirit, soul, and *body;* meaning, probably, by the soul the sensitive faculties of man, and by the spirit the mental powers, or the higher principles of a rational nature. We see no reason, however, for supposing that, in thus incidentally adopting their language, the Apostle intended to sanction the philosophical hypothesis on which that language was founded; and, in the latter of the two passages cited, it is quite evident that the term νοῦς is equivalent to πνεῦμα in the former.

In the triplicity which the present author has thus detected in the powers of the mind, he fancies that he perceives an illustration of the Trinity:

> ‘ With regard to the doctrine of the Trinity, (he observes,) we have just seen that we have in ourselves a familiar and a beautiful illustration of it; we, each of us, are a mystery to ourselves; in each of us several parts, several powers, are united, each of us is one and is many. The belief then that our religion requires from us respecting the Deity, is but a belief of the same kind with that which we must subscribe to respecting ourselves. Where then are the grounds, where is the excuse for infidelity ?’

We are apprehensive that the unbeliever would not be so ready as the writer before us to perceive this ‘ familiar and beautiful’ analogy; and we suspect he would find in it only a subject of ridicule which we regret to see thrown in his way. To us, the illustration is certainly new; and it appears just as satisfactory as the celebrated triad in musical harmony, or even the shamrock by which St. Patrick established the orthodoxy of his Irish converts. Let every doctrine, which professes to be of divine authority, be referred to its proper evidence, the testimony of Scripture; — by that let it stand or fall.

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* Τὸ πνεῦμα και ἡ ψυχὴ, και τὸ σῶμα. 1 Thess. v. 23., and ἐν ματαιότητι τȣ νοος αυτῶν. Ephes. iv. 17.

The chapter intitled a *Sketch of the Body of Man* is a sort of compend of anatomy; which is correct enough as far as it goes, but scarcely suited to the purpose for which it appears to be inserted here. For those who already understand the subject it is superfluous; and for those who do not, it is insufficient.

The next chapter, on *Sensation*, is the most elaborate part of the work, and contains a number of curious facts and observations which the author's profession (for he is evidently a medical man) peculiarly enabled him to furnish: but he does not appear to have thrown much additional light on this obscure subject. The following passage seems to contain the sum and substance of his doctrine of sensation:

> 'When an impression upon a nerve produces sensation, we consider that such impression must produce some change in the state or condition of such nerve; but we find that if there exist not previously in such nerve that which is called Sensibility, impressions will fail to produce that change in a nerve which is essential to the production of sensation.
>
> 'Sensibility as applied to a nerve implies, then, a state of nerve which fits it for having changes produced in it by what are called Impressions. We conceive that different impressions produce different changes of state in nerves, for the production of all which changes it is essentially necessary that there pre-exist that state of nerve which is called Sensibility. Those states which are thus produced by impressions upon a nerve possessed of sensibility, and which so produced lead to sensitiveness and to sensation, we will call Sensual States of a nerve.
>
> 'The order then in which I conceive sensation to arise from an impression upon a nerve is as follows; in the first place, there must be a certain state of the nerve which is to receive the impression, which state fits the nerve for undergoing a change, or assuming another state, from the action of the thing impressing; this first state so required is called *Sensibility*; in the second place, the impression must so affect the nerve as to bring about in it a certain state which we have called a *Sensual State*; some communication must then be made to the cranial brain; some effect must be produced on it in consequence of the sensual state so produced in the nerve; then, in consequence of this communication, or of this effect, so transferred to the cranial brain, the sensitive power, or soul, is affected, and *sensitiveness* arises; this sensitiveness in some way or other affects the mind, and sensation is the result.'

We certainly perceive nothing very distinct or satisfactory in all this: — but perhaps the speculations even of eminent writers on the subject of sensation amount to little more.

ART. IX. *Werner*, a Tragedy. By Lord Byron. 8vo. 5*s*. 6*d*. sewed. Murray. 1822.

GLOOMY and even tragical as most of the poetry of Lord Byron has been, it cannot surprize us that he should now appear particularly inclined to court the inspiration of the tragic muse in a specifically dramatic form: yet he does not seem to be disposed towards any attempts for scenic exhibition, nor decidedly to adhere to any strict rules of dramatic writing. In some recent plays, he was the advocate and observer of the unities: but in the tragedy before us, which he most especially announces as 'neither intended nor in any shape adapted for the stage,' he has disregarded the boundaries of time and place. There are other rules of composition, also, much more necessary to the attainment of excellence, to which his Lordship has been equally inattentive.

The claims of 'Werner,' indeed, as a literary work, are brought into a small compass by Lord Byron's own account of it; for in the preface he says that

> 'The following drama is taken entirely from the "*German's Tale, Kruitzner*," published many years ago in "*Lee's Canterbury Tales*;" written (I believe) by two sisters, of whom one furnished only this story and another, both of which are considered superior to the remainder of the collection. I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language, of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ida of Stralenheim) added by myself: but in the rest the original is chiefly followed. When I was young (about fourteen, I think,) I first read this tale, which made a deep impression upon me; and may, indeed, be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written.'

That this tale, then, of which the incidents were in themselves dramatic, has been put into a dramatic *form* by his Lordship, is almost the sum and substance of his labors on it; for even the dialogue or language, we find, though dramatized, is by no means wholly his own. Such as it is, we fear, it will not tend much to increase his poetic fame by the degree of beauty and polish which he has conferred on it; though it retains *force*, which seems to be a quality always at his Lordship's command. Ida, the *new* personage, is a precocious girl of fifteen, in a great hurry to be married; and who has very little to do in the business of the play but to produce an effect by fainting at the discovery of the villainy of her beloved, and partially touching on it in a previous scene.

When Miss Harriet Lee first published the story of Kruitzner, in the fourth volume of "Canterbury Tales," (1801,) we spoke of it in these terms:

"The German's Tale, which occupies almost the whole of the volume, is constructed on ideas which the modern German writers have so abundantly supplied. Though not destitute of merit, it exhibits little else than a gloomy, horrid, and unnatural picture; and in some parts the story drags on with as much heaviness as a German stage-waggon in a bad road. It would have produced more effect had it been less dilated." (M. R. vol. xxxviii. N. S. p. 331.)

Such was our general opinion of the tale, and such is now our opinion of the tragedy; which may have gained something in interest under its new form, but which is still in danger of losing that attraction by its extent, the whole play occupying five long acts, and extending through 180 pages. We have already said that this picture of life is "gloomy, horrid, and unnatural:" it can therefore give no pleasure to the best feelings of the mind; — and, as no dramatic justice is executed on the evil-doers, nor any happiness allotted to the little of virtue which appears, the best interests of our nature are no more consulted than our best feelings. The play has thus no moral, and indeed cannot properly be said to have a termination: — it certainly is not wound up by any of those events which usually constitute the *dénouement* of a plot, and the completion of a fable. The assassination of Stralenheim is not adequately excited by the exigency of the circumstances, at least not from the hands of so young a murderer as Ulric; with whose virtuous indignation, indeed, when he finds that his father (Werner) has committed a pecuniary theft, this murder appears inconsistent and improbable: though the hardened nature of the youth's heart is afterward sufficiently manifest, and he stands prominent as one of those *stick-at-nothing heroic* villains whom Lord Byron so lamentably delights to pourtray. His reprobation of the theft occurs at p. 69. and his own far worse designs are *intimated* at p. 101. We find that they have been accomplished at p. 116., and here we do not exactly comprehend the suspicions of his father which he so directly and revoltingly urges, when he had himself just committed the horrid deed. We quote his speech, near the conclusion, when his guilt has been discovered, and Werner alludes to the curse pronounced on himself by *his* father, for profligacy and disobedience. He exclaims that this curse is working now, to which Ulric answers:

'Let it work on! the grave will keep it down!
Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy
To baffle such, than countermine a mole,
Which winds its blind but living path beneath you.
Yet hear me still! — If *you* condemn me, yet
Remember *who* hath taught me once too often

To listen to him! *Who* proclaim'd to me
That *there were crimes* made venial by the occasion?
That passion was our nature? that the goods
Of heaven waited on the goods of fortune?
Who show'd me his humanity secured
By his *nerves* only? *Who* deprived me *of*
All power to vindicate myself and race
In open day? By his disgrace which stamp'd
(It might be) bastardy on me, and *on*
Himself — a *felon*'s brand! The man who is
At once both warm and weak, invites to deeds
He longs to do, but dare (*dares*) not. Is it strange
That I should *act* what you could *think*? We have done
With right and wrong; and now must only ponder
Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim,
Whose life I saved from impulse, as, *unknown*,
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew
Known as our foe — but not from vengeance. He
Was a rock in our way which I cut through,
As doth the bolt, because it stood between us
And our true destination — but not idly.
As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed me*
His *life*; when due, I but resumed the debt.
He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein
I have plunged our enemy. *You* kindled first
The torch — *you* show'd the path; now trace me that
Of safety — or let me!'

This path of safety is to be attained by the sacrifice of a second life; viz. that of the only witness to Ulric's previous crime.

In act iv. scene 1. the dialogue between Ulric and Ida (already mentioned) is scarcely probable, since he is too easily thrown off his guard, and rendered liable to the most weighty suspicions; and in the previous part of the scene we are told that the reign of Werner, *alias* Count Siegendorf, in his hereditary honors, has 'hardly a year o'erpast its honey-moon *;' whereas the narrative of Gabor, (p. 170.) act v. scene 1., refers to 'February last' an incident which occurred before the Count's return to his castle, and does not admit the interval of a year between the two events. On the ground of probability, also, we may remark that the disclosure of Stralenheim's circumstances by his servant Fritz, to Idenstein, is not adroitly elicited, but made with an unlikely readiness, because not called forth by what has just been said, *maugre* the universal and inalienable *tattling* rights of valets and footmen.

Werner's wife, Josephine, is the only other female in the drama, and the only example of tried and spotless virtue. A

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* A great irruption on the Unity of Time is here made,

true

ie woman, she not only well maintains the character of her x by general integrity, but equally displays the endearing, ft, and unshaken affection of a wife; cherishing and comfort- g a suffering husband through all the adversities of fate, and the errors of his own conduct. She is a native of Italy, d thus contrasts the beauties and circumstances of her own untry with those of the 'frontiers of Silesia,' where an in- ance of petty feudal tyranny has just excited her feelings:

> 'I fain would shun these scenes, too oft repeated,
> Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims;
> I cannot aid, and will not witness such.
> Even here, in this remote, unnamed, dull spot,
> The dimmest in the district's map, exist
> The insolence of wealth in poverty
> O'er something poorer still — the pride of rank
> In servitude, o'er something still more servile;
> And vice in misery affecting still
> A tatter'd splendour. What a state of being!
> In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,
> Our nobles were but citizens and merchants,
> Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such
> As these; and our all-ripe and gushing valleys
> Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb
> Was in itself a meal, and every vine
> Rain'd, as it were, the beverage, which makes glad
> The heart of man; and the ne'er unfelt sun
> (But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving
> His warmth behind in memory of his beams,)
> Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe less
> Oppressive than an emperor's jewell'd purple.
> But, here! the despots of the north appear
> To imitate the ice-wind of their clime,
> Searching the shivering vassal through his rags,
> To wring his soul — as the bleak elements
> His form. And 'tis to be amongst these sovereigns
> My husband pants! and such his pride of birth —
> That twenty years of usage, such as *no*
> Father born in a humble state could nerve
> His soul to persecute a son withal,
> Hath (*have*) changed no atom of his early nature;
> But I, born nobly also, from my father's
> Kindness was taught a different lesson. Father!
> May thy long-tried, and now rewarded spirit,
> Look down on us and our so long desired
> Ulric! I love my son, as thou didst me!'

We shall now extract the scene in which Ulric, who had een for twelve years separated from his parents, accidentally ids them, in sickness, want, and misery, and passing under e name of Werner: just when his father had been induced by his poverty to commit the robbery on his relative and fo Baron Stralenheim, while the latter was sleeping:

' *The Apartment of* WERNER.

' *Enter* JOSEPHINE *and* ULRIC.

' *Josephine.* Stand back, and let me look on thee again!
My Ulric! — my beloved! — can it be —
After twelve years?
' *Ulric.* My dearest mother!
' *Josephine.* Yes!
My dream is realized — how beautiful —
How more than all I sigh'd for! Heaven receive
A mother's thanks! — a mother's tears of joy!
This is indeed thy work! — At such an hour, too,
He comes not only as a son but saviour.
' *Ulric.* If such a joy await me, it must double
What I now feel, and lighten, from my heart,
A part of the long debt of duty, not
Of love, (for that was ne'er withheld) — forgive me!
This long delay was not my fault.
' *Josephine.* I know it,
But cannot think of sorrow now, and doubt
If I e'er felt it, 'tis so dazzled *from*
My memory, by this oblivious transport! —
My son!

' *Enter* WERNER.

' *Werner.* What have we here, more strangers?
' *Josephine.* No!
Look upon him! What do you see?
' *Werner.* A stripling,
For the first time ——
' *Ulric* (*kneeling*). For twelve long years, my father!
' *Werner.* Oh, God!
' *Josephine.* He faints!
' *Werner.* No — I am better now —
Ulric! (*Embraces him.*)
' *Ulric.* My father, Siegendorf!
' *Werner* (*starting*). Hush! boy —
The walls may hear that name!
' *Ulric.* What then?
' *Werner.* Why, then —
But we will talk of that anon. Remember,
I must be known here but as Werner. Come!
Come to my arms again! Why, thou look'st all
I should have been, and was not. Josephine!
Sure 'tis no father's fondness dazzles me;
But had I seen that form amid ten thousand
Youth of the choicest, my heart would have chosen
This for my son!
' *Ulric.* And yet you knew me not!

' *Werner.* Alas! I have had that upon my soul
Which makes me look on all men with an eye
That only knows the evil at first glance.
' *Ulric.* My memory served me far more fondly: I
Have not forgotten aught; and ofttimes *in*
The proud and princely halls of — (I'll not name them,
As you say that 'tis perilous) but i' the pomp
Of your sire's feudal mansion, I look'd back
To the Bohemian mountains many a sunset,
And wept to see another day go down
O'er thee and me, with those huge hills between us.
They shall not part us more.
' *Werner.* I know not that.
Are you aware my father is no more?
' *Ulric.* Oh heavens! I left him in a green old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
Fell fast around him. 'Twas scarce three months since.
' *Werner.* Why did you leave him?
' *Josephine* (*embracing Ulric*). Can you ask that question?
Is he not *here*?
' *Werner.* True; he hath sought his parents,
And found them; but, oh! *how*, and in what state!
' *Ulric.* All shall be better'd. What we have to do
Is to proceed, and to assert our rights,
Or rather yours; for I waive all, unless
Your father has disposed in such a sort
Of his broad lands as to make mine the foremost,
So that I must prefer my claim for form:
But I trust better, and that all is yours.
' *Werner.* Have you not heard of Stralenheim?
' *Ulric.* I saved
His life but yesterday: he's here.
' *Werner.* You saved
The serpent who will sting us all!
' *Ulric.* You speak
Riddles: what is this *Stralenheim* to us?
' *Werner.* Every thing. One who claims our fathers' lands:
Our distant kinsman, and our nearest foe.
' *Ulric.* I never heard his name till now. The Count,
Indeed, spoke sometimes of a kinsman, who,
If his own line should fail, might be remotely
Involved in the succession; but his titles
Were never named before me — and what then?
His right must yield to ours.
' *Werner.* Ay, if at Prague:
But here he is all powerful; and has spread
Snares for thy father, which, if hitherto
He hath escaped them, is by fortune, *not*
By favour.
' *Ulric.* Doth he personally know you?

‘ *Werner.* No : but he guesses shrewdly at my person,
As he betray'd last night; and I, perhaps,
But owe my temporary liberty
To his uncertainty.
‘ *Ulric.* I think you wrong him,
(Excuse me for the phrase); but Stralenheim
Is not what you prejudge him, or, if so,
He owes me something both for past and present:
I saved his life, he therefore trusts in me;
He hath been plunder'd too, since he came hither;
Is sick; a stranger; and as such not now
Able to trace the villain who hath robb'd him:
I have pledged myself to do so; and the business
Which brought me here was chiefly that; but I
Have found, in searching for another's dross,
My own whole treasure — you, my parents!
‘ *Werner* (*agitatedly*). Who
Taught you to mouth that name of “ villain?”
‘ *Ulric.* What
More noble name belongs to common thieves?
‘ *Werner.* Who taught you thus to brand an unknown being
With an infernal stigma?
‘ *Ulric.* My own feelings
Taught me to name a ruffian from his deeds.
‘ *Werner.* Who taught you, long-sought, and ill-found boy! that
It would be safe for my own son to insult me?
‘ *Ulric.* I named a villain. What is there in common
With such a being and my father?
‘ *Werner.* Every thing!
That ruffian is thy father!
‘ *Josephine.* Oh, my son!
Believe him not — and yet! —— (*her voice falters*).
‘ *Ulric* (*starts, looks earnestly at Werner, and then says slowly,*)
‘ And you avow it?
‘ *Werner.* Ulric, before you dare despise your father,
Learn to divine and judge his actions. Young,
Rash, new to life, and rear'd in luxury's lap,
Is it for you to measure passion's force,
Or misery's temptation? Wait — (not long,
It cometh like the night, and quickly) — Wait! —
Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted — till
Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin;
Famine and poverty your guests at table;
Despair your bed-fellow — then rise, but not
From sleep, and judge! Should that day e'er arrive —
Should you see then the serpent, who hath coil'd
Himself around all that is dear and noble
Of you and yours, lie slumbering in your path,
With but *his* folds between your steps and happiness,
When *he*, who lives but to tear from you name,
Lands, life itself, lies at your mercy, *with*

Chance your conductor; midnight for your mantle;
The bare knife in your hand, and earth asleep,
Even to your deadliest foe; and he as 't were
Inviting death, by looking like it, while
His death alone can save you: — Thank your God!
If then, like me, content with petty plunder,
You turn aside —— I did so.
' *Ulric.* But ——
' *Werner* (*abruptly*). Hear me!
I will not brook a human voice — scarce dare
Listen to my own (if that be human still) —
Hear me! you do not know this man — I do.
He's mean, deceitful, avaricious. You
Deem yourself safe, as young and brave: but learn
None are secure from desperation, few
From subtilty. My worst foe, Stralenheim,
Housed in a prince's palace, couch'd within
A prince's chamber, lay below my knife!
An instant — a mere motion — the least impulse —
Had swept him and all fears of mine from earth.
He was within my power — my knife was raised —
Withdrawn — and I'm in his: — are you not so?
Who tells you that he knows you *not*? Who says
He hath not lured you here to end you? or
To plunge you, with your parents, in a dungeon? [*He pauses.*
' *Ulric.* Proceed — proceed!
' *Werner.* *Me* he hath ever known,
And hunted through each change of time — name — fortune —
And why not *you*? Are you more versed in men?
He wound snares round me; flung along my path
Reptiles, whom in my youth I would have spurn'd
Even from my presence; but, in spurning now,
Fill only with fresh venom. Will you be
More patient? Ulric! — Ulric! — there are crimes
Made venial by the occasion, and temptations
Which nature cannot master or forbear.
' *Ulric* (*looks first at him, and then at Josephine*). My mother!
' *Werner.* Ay! I thought so: you have now
Only one parent. I have lost alike
Father and son, and stand alone.
' *Ulric.* But stay!
[*Werner rushes out of the chamber.*'

Perhaps this scene is the best in the play; and its length, together with the preceding quotations, will afford a satisfactory specimen of the dialogue and language, on which we have already intimated an animadversion, and must now speak more particularly. The numerous productions of Lord Byron have amply shewn his disregard of the minuter accuracies and finer polish of style, in competition with the more *essential qualities* of strength and effect: but we need scarce observe that this preference may be carried too far; and that not only one essential merit in the composition of a finished work may thus be changed for an exposure to censure, but that the English language itself may suffer by those frequent deviations from beauty and correctness which such writers as Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott betray, and render fashionable. We shall cite a few sentences from the play before us, as examples of prosaic tameness and the absence of all metrical harmony: taking the liberty of printing them *as prose*, (but without making any other alteration,) that the reader may try whether he can throw them into the same portions of *soi-disant* poetry into which they have been measured off by the noble writer himself:

'Who would read in this form the high soul of the son of a long line?' (P. 11.)

'Even now I feel my spirit girt about by the snares of this avaricious fiend.' (*Ib.*)

'Well, I am glad of that; I thought so all along; such natural yearnings played round my heart. Blood is not water, cousin; and so let's have some wine, and drink unto our better acquaintance: relatives should be friends.' (P. 15.)

'I may prepare to face him, or at least to extricate you from your present perils.' (P. 73.)

'I mean it; and indeed it could not well have fallen out at a time more opposite to all my plans.' (P. 130.)

'Ulric, this man, who has just departed, is one of those strange companions whom I fain would reason with you *on*.' (P. 142.)

''Tis vain to urge you: nature was never called back by remonstrance.' (P. 144.)

'The thanksgiving was over, and we marched back in procession.' (P. 162.)

'The Baron lost in that last outrage neither jewels nor gold.' P. 168.)

For instances of actual bad grammar, besides such as appear in our extracts, we have everywhere *scarce* for *scarcely*, except in p. 76., where the metre has for once been consulted in unison with grammar: — p. 145. 'you *wed* for love,' instead of *you wedded*; — and *if* for *whether* in half-a dozen cases, as

—— 'I will retire
To see *if* still be unexplored the passage.' (P. 39.)

and 'I have my doubts *if* he means well,' p. 40.; where also we find the vulgar expression, 'How *come* you to *stir* yourself in his behalf?' P. 134. 'I would be yours, *none else's*;' and p. 142. the bad jingle, (whether intended or not for a quibble) 'whom he has made *great* and *ungrateful*.' So also,

For the cup's sake, I'll bear the cup-bearer.' (P. 25.)

Again, all grammatical construction, as well as intelligibility, is occasionally violated by those harsh and forced ellipses which are so blameably characteristic of the Scottian and Byronian schools: *ex. gr.*

> ——— 'Ignorance
> And dull suspicion are a part of *his*
> Intail will last him longer than his lands.' (P. 82, 83.)
> ——— 'He is of that kind
> Will make it for himself.' (P. 126.)

Also;

> ——— 'The honor of the corps
> Which forms the Baron's household, 's unimpeach'd.' (P. 49.)

Stalwart, a favorite Scottian word, offends us in the supposed conversation of Germans, (p. 60.) though speaking English, — because it is not English; and *Go to*, (pp. 90. 156, &c.) we think, had much better *go out*.

Besides all these examples of inelegant or unpoetic diction, we could cite above *fourscore* lines which terminate most unmajestically and unmetrically with propositions, adverbs, conjunctions, or other monosyllabic "small fry" of language; cutting through a line most needlessly and barbarously, where no division ought to be made on account of emphasis or construction or sense, but because the *foot-rule* has been supposed to mark off a sufficient quantity of syllables; and yet this Procrustean measure is often elsewhere disregarded. We shall adduce a few examples in addition to those which occur in our previous quotations.

> 'Kept his eye on me, as the snake *upon*
> The fluttering bird.'—
> 'Of that which lifts him up to princes *in*
> Dominion and domain.'—
> 'Entailing, as it were, my sins *upon*
> Himself. —
> I parted with him to his grandsire, *on*
> The promise,' &c. (P. 10.)
> 'All Silesia *and*
> Lusatia's woods are tenanted by bands.' (P. 23.)
> ''Tis twenty years since I beheld him *with*
> *These eyes.*' — (P. 32.)
> 'Not to alarm him *into*
> Suspicion of my plan.' (*Ib.*)
> 'You are young, and *of*
> That mould which throws out heroes.' — (P. 55.)
> 'To save an unknown stranger
> *In an as* perilous but opposite element.' (*Ib.*)
> 'Ay, Sir; and, *for*
> Aught that you know, superior; but proceed —

I do not ask for hints, and surmises,
And circumstance, and proofs; I know enough
Of what I have done for you, and what you owe me,
To have at least waited your payment rather
Than paid myself, had I been eager *of*
Your gold. I also know that were I even
The villain I am deem'd, the service render'd
So recently would not permit you *to*
Pursue me to the death, except through shame,
Such as would leave your scutcheon but a blank.
But this is nothing; I demand of you
Justice upon your unjust servants, and
From your own lips a disavowal *of*
All sanction of their insolence: *thus much*
You owe to the unknown, who asks no more,
And never thought to have ask'd *so much*.' (P. 77.)

This last passage will read almost unobjectionably when written as prose.

'*I*
Can vouch your courage, and as far as *my*
Own brief connection led me, honour.' (P. 78.)
' So is the nearest of the two next, *as*
The priests say;——
To-morrow I will try the waters, *as*
The dove did.' (P. 93.)
' For last night's
Adventure makes it needful.' (P. 112.)
' I will. But *to*
Return.' (P. 132.)

Enough; and too much. All this cannot be poetry, worthy of the English press, of the name of Lord Byron, of the patronage of the public, or of the mimicry of the innumerable servile herd who live by imitation, and who imitate faults more readily than beauties, because, though they perhaps *appreciate neither*, the former are more adapted to their powers. In a composition which *should be* finished, and which no imperious circumstances prevent from being finished, that writer gains but half his praise who is contented with the eulogy of being supposed equal to any thing, and will not take the trouble of effecting all. What artist, when he has painted a noble picture, is careless of the additional effect which may be given to it by a superb frame, though so absolutely *extraneous* to his own labor; or what gentleman, when he has written an agreeable or sensible letter to his friend, increases its merit or his own by folding it up in a slovenly manner? Yet what is this to the finish or the negligence of a cabinet-picture, or a literary work, —and a POEM, too!—intended for the public and for posterity?
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The noble author tells us that this tale 'contains the germ of much that he has since written.' How little was Miss Lee aware of the responsibility which she incurred by publishing it, and of the direction, or at least the encouragement, which seems thus to have been given to a mind and a genius like those of Lord Byron! We trust that its influence is nearly or quite exhausted; and we exhort his Lordship not only to let his muse wing her airy and lofty flight unrestrained by such leading-strings, but to determine, when her noble course has been achieved, to *lay it down on the chart* with graphic accuracy and beauty.

ART. X. 1. *Application au Parlement de la Grande Bretagne*, &c.

2. *Pétition, au Parlement Britannique sur la Spoliation d'un Savant Étranger par le Bureau des Longitudes de Londres.* 8vo.

3. *Supplément à l'Adresse au Bureau des Longitudes.* 8vo.

4. *Sur l'Imposture Publique des Savans à Privileges. Trois Lettres à Sir Humphrey Davy.* 8vo.

5. *Deposition made under Oath, by an Ecclesiastic, to attest the Spoliation of a learned Foreigner by the British Board of Longitude.* 8vo.

6. *A Course of Mathematics*, Part I. By Hoëné Wronski. 4to.

WE have had on our table for some time several of the papers which we have above enumerated, some of them in French and others in English, but have deferred our notice of them from an unwillingness to make any observations that might be injurious to the author, a foreigner, and a sojourner in this country: but so much notice has been lately drawn to these questions by the various pamphlets that have been published, that we cannot allow ourselves any longer to refrain from adding a few observations to our former accounts of this writer's tracts, particularly his Address to the Board of Longitude, (mentioned in our Number for March last,) and enlarging some of our previous intimations respecting him.

M. Hoëné Wronski is we believe a Pole by birth, but was for some years a resident in Paris, and known to most of the *savans* of that capital. The first hopeful task which he undertook was to convince M. La Place, M. La Grange, and in short all the most distinguished members of the Institute, that they were but *mere children* in science; and that he, M. Wronski, had discovered the *supreme law of mathematics*, which comprehended in one single formula the entire circle of all human knowlege, if not of human happiness; in which latter sense it was termed the ABSOLUTE. The philosophers of the Institute not being disposed to admit quite so freely their own entire ignorance, and being unable to understand and appreciate the discovery of the author, some coolness arose between them, which seems likely still to remain. M. Wronski, however, attached to his interest an eminent retired merchant of Paris; who, unwilling that the world should be deprived of that knowlege which the author professed to have acquired, took him under his roof, and furnished him with the necessary funds for publishing several of his learned works: among which were included his "*Philosophie de la Technie Algorithmique*;" (noticed by us in vol. lxxxii. p. 543.) "*Introduction à la Philosophie des Mathématiques et Technie de l'Algorithmie*;" "*Refutation de la Théorie des Fonctions Analytiques de La Grange*;" "*Resolution générale des Equations de tous les Dégrés*;" and "*Metaphysique du Calcul Infinitésimal.*" The profits of these works were of course to go towards defraying the expences of their publication; but the productions being, as the author himself states, much too refined to be comprehended by such men as La Place, La Grange, Zach, and others who had acquired *some* reputation in the mathematical sciences, it was not likely that the demand for them could be very extensive. — The unfortunate merchant, however, if he was not likely to be reimbursed for his expences, was at least to acquire, as a recompence for his sacrifices, an entire possession of the ABSOLUTE, as soon as he should, by previous tuition, be qualified to receive so great a boon: moreover, this tuition not requiring the toilsome labor usually attending such pursuits, it was proposed that the instruction should be communicated during the pleasant occupation of a tour through a great part of France, and we believe Germany; and a considerable sum of money was thus expended in posting from place to place. Until this time, the merchant had enjoyed all the felicities of domestic retirement, surrounded by his wife and family, and partaking with them the pleasing reflection of possessing, if not an affluent, at least a competent fortune: but now he separated himself from those whom he had ever held most dear, or rather drove them from his house, where they had hitherto experienced the utmost affection; in order, as it would seem, that he might pursue uninterruptedly his search after the ABSOLUTE! — Returning from his tour, without the possession of the great object of his pursuit, and finding that, while the works to which we have alluded had by no means realized the expectations of their author, they had nearly ruined *his* fortune, he demanded payment of certain notes, and the restoration of some deeds that had been transferred in the course of the acquaintance: the consequence was first that a quarrel took place between the master and the pupil, then a law-suit followed, and ultimately the ill-fated merchant found himself nearly a beggar, bereft of his family, a reproach to himself, and the ridicule of others.

It is scarcely possible to believe that any man of common understanding could allow himself to become such an unpardonable dupe; and we should not have ventured to state these facts as facts, except on the authority of the person himself, who afterward published a quarto pamphlet, exposing the whole of this foolish transaction, and his own weakness; with the laudable motive of guarding others from the fatal error which he had himself committed. We know not whether this work was ever intended for public sale: but the copy which we saw was sent directly from the author to this country, not long before M. Wronski's arrival. It was at this time that we read it; and not having it now at hand for immediate reference, we are unable to describe its contents more minutely. Indeed we might not perhaps even have mentioned it, had we not been informed, from unquestionable authority, that there is some danger of the Paris farce being reacted in this country, with an equally tragic termination. We hope that we have said enough to prevent it.

M. Wronski now presented himself to the British Board of Longitude, and demanded the reward of 20,000*l.* which had been formerly offered by an Act of Parliament, *at that time repealed*; founding his pretensions on certain instruments which he states that he had laid before them, and on certain tables and formulæ derived from his supreme mathematical law. By what means it happened we know not, but the author unquestionably detected an error in one of Dr. Young's papers on refraction, which the latter acknowleged; and this acknowlegement M. Wronski is desirous of producing as a proof that all which he laid before the Board is founded on truth, and that all which has been done by others is as certainly erroneous. He moreover directly charges Dr. Young with appropriating the principles of his (M. Wronski's) formula for the purpose of correcting his own errors, while *he* can obtain neither thanks nor reward for having performed the labor of producing it; and he even accuses Dr. Young, in another place, of obtaining from him a receipt for a certain sum of money which he was to have received, and afterward refusing to pay him. Lastly, if we rightly understand him, he seems to insinuate that the Board, as a body, kept from him the instruments which he had submitted to them, and which he had ruined his fortune to get constructed.

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The accusation respecting the receipt, however, M. Wronski in another of his pamphlets acknowleges to be erroneous; stating that he was betrayed into the mistake in consequence of not clearly understanding the English language; — and we believe that he has since exonerated the Board from the charge of detaining his instruments: — but he still maintains the accusation of plagiarism on the part of the Secretary to the Board, and produces in proof of it the attestation of the Reverend Frederick Nolan, sworn at the Mansion-house, November 14. 1821. This attestation having made a serious impression on the minds of many persons, who are naturally anxious for and shocked at this direct impeachment of the national honor, we shall lay it verbatim before our readers:

‘ Frederick Nolan, of Earl-Street, in the city of London, clerk, deposeth as follows, and declares upon oath, — That, in making this deposition, he is not moved by favour or prejudice towards any of the parties mentioned, but influenced by the simple consideration of justice towards that which he believes to be aggrieved; and that he makes his deposition thus solemnly with the view of obtaining credit to a statement, which so wholly surpasses credibility, that, without such an attestation, he deems it not likely to be believed; viz.

‘ 1. That in “ The Nautical Almanack*” for the year 1822, published by the authority, and under the licence (p. xvi.) of the Commissioners of Longitude, a Table of Refractions is given (p. 145. sqq.); and that it is declared, under the same licence and authority (p. i.), “ to be computed by a simple formula, *derived* originally *from theory*,” and more expressly (p. 148.), “ to be computed *upon principles*, explained by Dr. Young, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1819.”

‘ 2. That by an act of Parliament (58 Geo. III. cap. 20.), which is published in the same Almanack, a reward is offered (ibid. § 8.) “ to any person who may have made *Proposals*, *Inventions*, and *Tables*, or *Corrections*, and *Amendments* of former Inventions and Tables, ingenious in themselves, and useful to Navigation.”

‘ 3. That, in reply to the above requisition of the legislature, and in compliance with both its conditions, a quarto manuscript, containing *a Correction* of “ the theory” from whence the Tables of Refractions, published under the fore-mentioned licence and authority, are derived, and a *Scientific Theory* for a new set of Tables, founded on a general law, was presented to the Board of Longitude by M. Hoëné Wronski, and that the receipt of the manuscript, containing this Correction and Theory, is acknowledged by letter of Lord Melville, President of the Board of

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‘ * An official work, destined for the English marine.’

Longitude, and of Dr. Young, Secretary of the Board of Longitude, respectively dated April 18, 1820.*

' 4. That in this letter, in which the Secretary of the Board acknowledges the receipt of Mr. Wronski's manuscript, he likewise acknowledges the Correction made by that learned foreigner in his Theory of Refractions, and declares, that he would "acknowledge to the Board, that Mr. Wronski had detected a *blunder* in his hasty postscript † on Refractions," which is offered, under the licence of the Commissioners, as containing "the theory and principles" from whence the Tables of the Nautical Almanack "are originally derived."

' 5. That in the Journal of Science ‡ for July, 1821, (fifteen months after the presentation of the manuscript of Mr. Wronski,) the Secretary of the Board of Longitude, who, by his office, is conductor of the Nautical Almanack (act, uti sup. § 21.), republishes "the theory," offered under the fore-mentioned licence and authority, as containing "the principles" from whence the Tables licenced by the Commissioners are "originally derived;" and in a manner still more full and explicit, exposes its "blunders," and professes to rectify them in what he styles "a parenthetical *correction;*" and that "the correction" proposed by the Secretary of the Board of Longitude, and conductor of the Nautical Almanack, is IDENTICAL with that presented by Mr. Wronski to the Commissioners, and acknowledged to have been received by letter of the President and of the Secretary.

' 6. That in this republication of "the theory," from whence the Tables of Refractions are stated, under licence of the Commissioners, to be "originally derived," an entire new section (No. 5.) is introduced by its author (the Secretary), and under his name; and that it proposes new principles, as authority for the fore-mentioned Tables, which not only supersede those offered, under licence of the Commissioners, as authority for the Tables published under their sanction, but which are IDENTICAL with those presented by Mr. Wronski to the Board of Longitude (fifteen months before), as the foundation of his new Theory and Tables; inasmuch as they contain the general law under the same § theo-

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' * This manuscript was kept ten days by the Board of Longitude, not having been restored to the possession of M. Wronski, but by the official letter of the Secretary of this Board, dated the 28th April, 1820.'

' † It is under this title of *Postscript*, that we find produced in the Philosophical Transactions for 1819 Dr. T. Young's Theory of Refractions.'

' ‡ An English periodical work, published under the auspices of the principal learned men in London.'

' § The Reverend Mr. Nolan could have said, "having *literally* the same expression," for in this publication of the law of M. Wronski, a publication really shameless, the Secretary of the Board has not even taken the trouble to change the form of the algebraic expressions, and satisfied himself with the simple finesse of putting the letter ζ instead of the letter φ.'

retical expression, "which" (as that learned foreigner declares, in his *Address to the Board*, p. 70. l. 11.) "being once known, the determination of Refractions is reduced to a simple algorithmic question."

'7. That, while "the correction" of the errors in "the theory" from whence the Tables of Refractions, licensed by the Commissioners, are "originally derived," stands thus "*acknowledged*" by its very author, not merely filling the capacity of compiler of the Nautical Almanack, but acting in the double capacity of annual Commissioner of Longitude and of Secretary to the Board; and while the Tables of Refractions, published under the licence and authority of the Commissioners, are left destitute of all authority, unless that which is deduced from the general law, under the theoretical expression, in which Mr. Wronski disclosed his new Theory of Refractions to the Commissioners, allured by the promise of a "reward for *Proposals*, *Inventions*, and *Tables*, or *Corrections* and *Amendments* of former Inventions and Tables;" this learned stranger not only finds *the reward* of the national service which he has rendered, on the faith of this offer of the legislature, *withheld by the Commissioners*, —but his *Corrections and Inventions appropriated by the Secretary of the Board*, against whose interference respecting the "Proposals" made by him in reply to the act of the legislature, he had formerly protested, at the time of his entrusting his new Theory of Refractions to the President of the Board.

'(Signed) Fred. Nolan,
'*A Clergyman of the Church of England,*
'*established by Law.*

'Sworn before me, at the Mansion-House,
'this 14th November, 1821.
'(Signed) Magnay, Lord Mayor.'

Certainly, we are not able to answer directly the several facts stated in this attestation, because M. Wronski (for reasons known we suppose to himself) has no where given us an investigation of the formula in question: but the most satisfactory way of proving the truth of such a charge, as that which he has brought, would have been to state openly the actual series or formula in question, and then to have given that of Dr. Young, and thus to have shewn their coincidence. It cannot, we presume, be questioned that Mr. Nolan conscientiously *believes* the facts to be as he has sworn to them in his depositions, or that he has been actuated by the purest motives: but is he able to aver, not as a matter of *belief*, but on his *actual knowlege*, that the statement he has made is correct? We put the question in this form because, in one of his pamphlets, M. Wronski says that such men as Biot, Poisson, Zach, Savoir, Young, Arago, and Herschel, not being able to comprehend what he has written, 'are not worthy of being mentioned as mathematicians.' Now, if these gentlemen are incompetent to appreciate the merits of M. Wronski's investigations, by what means is Mr. Nolan enabled to judge of them? — for we have never understood that he advanced any very high claims to mathematical knowlege, or, at any rate, to greater than the gentlemen above named. We certainly applaud the moral feeling that dictated the measure which he has adopted: but we shall always think that he has been deceived, unless M. Wronski can make out a clearer statement of facts than any that we have been able to find in the several papers now before us.

For our own part, we have no hesitation in stating it as our opinion, that a more absurd piece of quackery was never produced than this pretended discovery of the supreme law of mathematics. We are thoroughly aware of the danger that we incur, in thus giving our opinion, of being classed with the '*mere children* in mathematical science' to whom we have already referred: but we must do our duty, notwithstanding the *humiliation* of such a comparison, and of being placed in such company.

In offering these remarks, we have made no reference to any one in particular of the pamphlets of M. Wronski; because under whatever title they are given, the subject is still one and the same, viz. the supreme law of mathematics, the ill usage which a 'learned foreigner' has received from the British Board of Longitude, and the littleness and emptiness of the pretended knowlege of all the most distinguished mathematicians of England, Germany, and France.

ART. XI. *Miscellaneous Notices relating to China*, and our Commercial Intercourse with that Country; including a few Translations from the Chinese Language. By Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. 8vo. pp. 384. 10*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Murray. 1822.

ART. XII. *Report of a Committee of the Liverpool East India Association*, appointed to take into Consideration the Restrictions on the East India Trade. Presented to the Association at a General Meeting, 9th May, 1822, and ordered to be printed. 8vo. Pamphlet. Liverpool.

WE are now again called to record and to commend the attention bestowed by Sir George Staunton on oriental affairs, to which his education and habits have rendered him so competent; and we are pleased to find him so ready in imparting to the British public that information on these subjects which they would naturally expect at his hands. Of the present volume, however, 120 pages are devoted to literary topics, and the remaining 260 are occupied with a dissertation in support of the charter of the East India Company, and the monopoly of the China trade enjoyed by that body. It is with reference to Sir George's views on mercantile questions, that we have been induced to comprehend in this article a pamphlet composed under very different impressions; and in which, among other points, the benefit arising to the community from the exclusive privileges of the East India Company is questioned with great freedom, and many arguments are urged against the renewal of the Company's charter.

We regret that, as to the literary portion of this work, we cannot speak so favorably of these remnants from Sir George's cabinet as we did a little time ago of his more complete productions. We are here presented with little more than fragments of translations from the Chinese, and meagre notices of one or two publications relating to China. Some few notes, indeed, are interspersed, relating to the rites and ceremonies of the Chinese, and one that is very curious on the subject of the Catholic missions; containing among other things a list of the missionaries at Pekin, about the year 1792, which was procured by Lord Macartney at the period of his embassy. The lapse of thirty years, however, has made a great difference in the state of the mission; most of the pastors then living being now dead, and the number of the flocks having been diminished by severe persecutions. We have also a labored note on the court-ceremony of the Ko-tou, in which the author makes some quotations from Valerius Maximus and Cornelius Nepos, as well as a long extract from a memoir by Dr. Morrison, all in justification of Lord Macartney; and Sir George offers another display of learning in a note, in which he discusses the Chinese game called Tsoey-moey, which exactly corresponds to the common Italian game of Morra. Putting a literal construction on the old phrase *quicum in tenebris mices*, he gravely assures his readers that 'it is not probable that the Chinese have ever such confidence in each other as to play at the game in darkness, as above alluded to.'

The remaining portion of the volume, intitled Considerations upon the China Trade, consists of a very elaborate discussion on the privileges of the East India Company; and on this question, as most of the arguments of Sir George Staunton are in substance though not in form directly met by the able commercial pamphlet which is also before us, we shall briefly contrast the principal reasons adduced by the contending parties.

As about eight years have passed since the chief out-ports of this country were admitted into a participation of the East India

India trade, perhaps sufficient time has elapsed to enable us to form a correct estimate of the advantages resulting from it; and it must be admitted that it is at length an opinion almost universal that the opening of the trade, partial as it is, has been of signal service to this country: although individuals, who have entered more spiritedly than discreetly into it, may have met with great and indeed ruinous losses. A taste for our British manufactures has been acquired by our Asiatic fellow-subjects, in consequence of the ample supply of our goods in their market; and if true to the extent alleged, it promises to be of the highest importance to us, since an article first used as a luxury soon becomes ranked among the necessaries of life.

The first restriction justified by Sir George Staunton is that which requires all free merchant vessels from England to be of 350 tons burthen; such a tonnage being alleged to be a protection against smuggling, and it being deemed insecure for vessels of a smaller burthen to make so long and hazardous a voyage. The regulation is thus successfully combated by the Liverpool Committee:

> 'Your Committee may appeal to experience to show the fallacy of these opinions. Infractions of the revenue-laws are as rare in the out-ports as in the metropolis; and since the trade to India has been extended to the former, a very extensive commerce has been opened with the western coast of South America; a voyage nearly as long, and more difficult and hazardous than that to India; and yet the greater proportion of the ships employed in this trade is considerably under the rate which the laws have fixed for those employed in the intercourse between India and this country. Vessels of 100 to 200 tons proceed at all seasons round Cape Horn; and as the trade continues to be carried on in vessels of this description, it may be inferred that their owners find them adapted to the voyage. However, putting out of view the extreme injustice of excluding from any branch of lawful trade so large a portion of the subjects of this country, it is indisputable that, in many cases, a small vessel may be profitably employed where a large one cannot be employed at all.
>
> 'The expense of navigating a small vessel may be comparatively greater, but the advantage of despatch will frequently more than counterbalance it. A cargo may often be procured for the one, when it cannot for the other. A particular adventure may require only a small vessel, whilst the existing necessity of employing a large one would render that adventure altogether impracticable.
>
> 'As a proof of the expediency of permitting the trade with India in vessels of any size, it may be mentioned, that a profitable and extensive traffic with the countries situated on the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, and the islands of the eastern Archipelago,

> pelago, is chiefly carried on in American vessels of about 200 tons, and in vessels belonging to Calcutta of various sizes, but mostly of a small class. It would be of great importance to the manufacturing interest, if every possible degree of encouragement and facility were given to this branch of commerce, as many of our fabrics are particularly suited for the consumption of those countries. Already our manufactures constitute a principal part of the means by which those who now carry on this trade are enabled to pay for the products of those countries; but as the British merchant would be able to furnish them direct, on much more moderate terms, it may be reasonably concluded, that a corresponding increase in the consumption would be the consequence.
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> 'That so singular a prohibition should be suffered to exist, can only be attributed to some unfounded apprehensions as to the security of the revenue; but why extraordinary precautions should be deemed necessary with vessels arriving from India, your Committee are at a loss to conjecture. The high duties to which many articles, imported from the continent of Europe, are liable, hold out the same temptation to the smuggler, and the proximity of the ports of shipment must afford him facilities in making his arrangements, which cannot apply to vessels arriving from so great a distance. In fact, it is the height of absurdity to suppose, that any person designing to smuggle East Indian products into England would commence his operation by despatching a ship from Great Britain to import a cargo from India, when he might, with so much greater facility, commence that operation in the neighbouring ports of the Continent; all arguments, therefore, as to the danger of the revenue upon this ground, are futile.'

The second restriction considered is that which confines British ships to the principal settlements, and excludes them from the minor ports of India, while *foreign* vessels are under no such prohibition. If it be asked, What reason is assigned for the indulgence thus shewn to foreigners and denied to our countrymen? the reply is, That the Company entertain fears for the safety of their government, if English merchants should have free access to any but the Company's *principal* settlements. The injustice of this partiality can only be equalled by the incompetence of the reasons alleged in its defence: for surely the free admission of foreigners into our Asiatic possessions is more likely to place the government in jeopardy than the like admission of our countrymen.

One particular in the restrictions still enforced by the policy of this country is not sufficiently discussed by Sir George Staunton; viz. the exclusion of the British merchants from that branch of the Chinese trade in which the East India Company themselves do not engage. The trade thus neglected by the Company consists in the export of British manufactured goods to the Indian Archipelago, and the fur-trade between the western states of America and China; and although it is probably the most productive that merchants could now pursue, British merchants are precluded from participating in it, while the Americans have full opportunities of carrying it on even from our own ports. Two reasons only are assigned for the exclusion of British traders from this commerce. The first is, that the East India Company furnish the Chinese with all the produce of our industry which that country is capable of consuming, and that the trade will not admit of farther extension: an argument which seems to be unfounded in fact. — The other reason is, that the Chinese are such an extremely jealous nation, that it might put the whole trade to hazard if it were thrown open to British adventurers indiscriminately. It has been alleged before a Parliamentary Committee, "that the American seamen are of so orderly a character, so much under subordination, and so superior in their general conduct, that there is no danger of their getting into any dispute with the Chinese; whilst the British seamen are such irascible insubordinate beings that it would be quite impossible to keep them within bounds, and that if admitted into China indiscriminately they would be certain to commit some act that would cause the Chinese to stop entirely the trade with British subjects." This imputation is considered as palpably unjust, and the apprehension entirely chimerical. — From the recent misunderstanding at Canton, the difficulty of maintaining a good correspondence with the Chinese by the British may, by some persons, be supposed to be verified: but, as the circumstances are (it is said) about to undergo a judicial investigation, it would be premature to hazard a conjecture on the real merits of the disputants. Suffice it to observe, that British merchants and British merchant-seamen were not implicated in the disturbance in question, but that the dispute arose between the Chinese and some of the crew of a British frigate; and that, while no men in the world are less disposed to submit to designed insult than sailors in the British navy, yet none are less prone to acts of insubordination or wanton hostility.

So far on the question of a free trade as between the British merchants and the chartered Company. On the next question, which is discussed in the pamphlet before us at considerable length, viz. the restrictions imposed on the importation of sugar from the East Indies, and which is in fact rather a contest between the East India merchant and the West India planter, we shall offer very few animadversions.

The Committee state that the grounds on which the West Indians claim protection are threefold:

1. The cheaper rate at which sugar can be produced in the East than in the West.

2. That by long practice, and by the direct encouragement which has been held out by the legislature, British capitalists have been induced to invest their property in the plantations of the West under the sanction of a protecting duty.

3. That the West Indians labor under restrictions which do not affect the East; the former being obliged to send all their produce to the mother-country, and thence to draw their supplies, while the latter are at liberty to send theirs to any part of the globe.

Assuming these to be, in some shape, the only reasons on which the West Indians found their claims to extraordinary protection, the positions themselves are not fairly and candidly stated in the pamphlet before us. The West Indian planters never use the first as an isolated argument for a protecting duty; and, standing alone, it would be a ridiculous reason to advance. They argue thus: because the British legislation has encouraged us to invest our capitals in West India sugar-plantations, under an implied pledge that all other sugars imported into England shall pay such a duty as shall give our sugars a decided advantage in the market; and because we labor under restrictions * which do not affect the East, in being obliged to bring to England all our produce, and to take thence all our stores; and because sugar can be produced in the East Indies at so cheap a rate that, if there should be no restriction-duty on it, the sugar-trade between the West India islands and this country would be effectually annihilated: therefore, it is only just and equitable that a restriction-duty should be imposed on East India sugar.

Such, we believe, are the arguments urged by the West India planters, when thrown into their proper form. We are not prepared to say that we differ materially in opinion in this intricate question from the Liverpool Committee: but we could not overlook the real mis-statement of the West Indian grounds, as set forth in this pamphlet.

We are free to admit, notwithstanding the unqualified assertion of a cabinet-minister of this day to the contrary, that no pledge (either express or fairly to be implied) was ever given by the government of this country to protect the West Indian planter from the competition of planters in our other possessions. The real fact seems to be that, either through

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* The restrictions under which the West India islands labored have been almost wholly removed by two Acts of Parliament which were passed in the last session, 3 Geo. IV. cc. 44, 45.

ignorance of the facility and cheapness at which sugar might be raised in the East Indies, or from the known sluggishness of the great monopolists of this country, (the East India Company,) sugar was never brought into England from the East Indies in sufficient quantities to occasion the West Indians any serious alarm, until the last four years: — but now, when the proofs and effects of the rivalry are made apparent through the activity of the free merchants, the West Indians are thrown into great consternation; and the stock of sugar in this country accumulates prodigiously, because we are no longer the purveyors for the whole European continent: for with the cessation of war, England has ceased to be the only storehouse of colonial produce for the continent of Europe. That the present state of the market is not so favorable to the West Indian planter and merchant as it was during the war is most true, and the reason is very obvious: for the value of commodities was then entirely artificial, but, the war being over, merchandise no longer bears a fictitious value. The West Indian, then, cannot justly complain of the reduction; and, if he must give vent to his vexations, let him murmur against those who instigated the long and ruinous contests which have thrown all the commerce and agriculture of this country into an unnatural state. Let him raise his voice against the causes, not against the effects. If it must be confessed that it is an unfortunate coincidence for the West Indian planter, that the East India trade should be opened just at the termination of the war, when colonial produce must from that single circumstance have been much diminished in value, still our commiseration for his loss ought not to induce us to erect a monopoly for his benefit.

Art. XIII. *Parga, and the Ionian Islands;* comprehending a Refutation of the Mis-statements of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Maitland on the Subject; with a Report of the Trial between that Officer and the Author. With Maps. By Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. de Bosset, Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, Companion of the Bath, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 530. 14*s.* Boards. Warren. 1821.

The disputes of officers on subjects of military duty are clearly not cognizable before a court of literary criticism; nor should we have noticed the present publication, were it not that, in addition to a multitude of documents adduced in defence of the author, who considers himself to have been heavily aggrieved by Sir Thomas Maitland, it contains some interesting particulars, historical and descriptive, relating to a little community *once* inhabiting the town of Parga: a community whose heroism must kindle in every generous bosom a glow of admiration, while their misfortunes cannot fail to excite the deepest sympathy. It is to the narrative and descriptive portion of these pages, therefore, that we shall restrict ourselves; and, although the *political* points of the question concerning the cession of Parga to the Turks are necessarily blended with the historical relation, strong as our feelings of commiseration are for the wretched fugitives, yet, since their die is cast and their doom executed, it might now perhaps be a tardy and ill-timed condolence to toll the mournful and funereal knell of their departed happiness. Like the children of Israel in their captivity, they "have hung their harps upon trees" in a foreign land, and have only to sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep.

The measures pursued for the restoration of Parga to the Sublime Porte excited a very strong sensation, when the subject was brought before the House of Commons in the year 1819 by Sir Charles Monck; and it awakened no common feelings of regret for the hard fate of a high-minded people, but little known, whose country was transferred by the terms of a political treaty into the hands of an implacable and ferocious enemy. The *country*, we say, was transferred, but not the *people*: for, in order to preserve their liberty, they left that country, almost to a man! The character and fortunes of the Parguinotes, indeed, struggling for centuries against the neighbouring Turk to preserve their hearths from invasion and their altars from pollution, are so romantic and heroic, that some pages of our work will not be unprofitably or unagreeably employed in recording them.

Parga, the little gem that once sparkled with pure lustre in the Ionian Sea, is a small town on the coast of Epirus: for the sake of security, it is surrounded with walls, and it stands on a conical rock, the base of which is washed on three sides by the sea. This fortress is crowned by a sort of Citadel, where the commandant resides; and it embraces a magnificent prospect, including the whole territory of Parga, with the lofty mountains of Albania, by which it is bounded behind, and by which it is divided from the hostile territories of the late barbarous Ali Pasha. From east to west, in a southerly direction, the eye ranges over a part of the Ionian Sea; on the left, are seen the Isle of Santa Maura, and the promontory of Leucate: farther on appear the mountains of Cephalonia, and on the right, at the distance of only twelve miles, are the islets of Paxo and Antipaxo. The territory of Parga extends only about two or three miles round the city, and the entire population did not exceed 3500: but this population, the wretched remains of the free Greeks of Epirus, maintained their liberty for more than four centuries; and there is not a spot of earth in their territory which has not been sprinkled with the blood of their forefathers, in defending their independence against the tyrant of Greece. With the exception of some fields and vineyards, and a small valley in which are scattered a few plantations of citrons, oranges, and cedrats, the country is covered with olive-trees; the uniformity of which is somewhat relieved by oaks, planes, and cypresses, that are occasionally interspersed. No vestiges of Grecian ruins are found which might lead to a conjecture as to its history in remote ages, and the only traces of antiquity are of Roman origin: a few coins of the Lower Empire being sometimes discovered near the church of Santa Trinità, on the left bank of the Cocytus. From the hostility which has ever existed between the Parguinotes and the Turks, the former have necessarily become a hardy and temperate as well as a brave people, and familiarized to arms and dangers. The men are rather above the middle size: their costume is that of the Greek islanders, viz. an embroidered jacket, large breeches of blue cloth, and a red scull-cap: they wear mustachios, and are generally armed with a musket, a pair of pistols, a dagger, and a sabre. The women, who are handsome, dress in a jacket of cloth or silk, embroidered with gold, with a long plaited petticoat: their hair is braided with a double cord of red silk, gracefully fastened up behind. The people profess the Greek religion, under the direction of a Proto-Papa: they are of a hospitable disposition; and one of the reasons which caused Ali Pasha to manifest such a hatred against them, and such a desire to possess their country, was that it had always afforded an asylum to the victims of his merciless tyranny. Their principal occupations are agriculture and navigation. From the Albanians they widely differ in language, costume, and usages. With reference to their immediate neighbours, and to the fertile soil and mild climate which they enjoy, the Parguinotes may be pronounced to be an industrious people, but not so in comparison with the laborious nations of the North. Beyond the immediate boundaries of their own territory, every thing bespeaks desolation and tyranny. Shepherds, slaves themselves, driving a few scattered flocks to which some waste and deserted lands have been abandoned, together with here and there a ruined dwelling, untenanted, proclaimed the iron hand of despotism; while the gaiety of the Parguinotes, their festivities, and their dances, announced exemption from the scourge of the tyrant. The character of this people is strikingly exemplified by the long duration and the terms of their connection with Venice; and, without some knowlege of this character, we can feebly appreciate the poignancy of their sufferings at the consummation of their fate.

Of the present town of Parga, the existence may be traced to the invasion of Greece by Mohammed II. at the close of the fourteenth century. Before that period, the Parguinotes dwelled on a mountain to the north, on the spot now called Paleo-Parga, which still exhibits the ruins of a church and of some dwelling-houses. Frequent incursions of the Turks induced the inhabitants of this district to avail themselves of the advantages offered by nature; and they built their city on a rock, where they could feel some security against their enemy, the Turks. Still more effectually to establish it, however, in the year 1401 they sought the protection of Venice, at that time the great barrier of Europe against the Ottomans, which was already in possession of the Ionian isles, and was extending its power throughout the Levant. An alliance, useful to both the contracting parties, was faithfully and honorably maintained by both till the fall of the Republic itself in 1797. In this connection, Parga could offer reciprocal if not equal advantages with Venice: it was a strong fortress in the first place, and was inhabited by Christians in the next: it could either annoy the commerce of that enterprising and ambitious power, or contribute to its protection: it could either disturb the tranquillity and endanger the fidelity of her settlements, Butrinto, Prevesa, Corfu, &c. or it could assist in securing both the one and the other. — The treaty of 1401 was renewed, and confirmed with additional privileges in favor of the Parguinotes, in 1447. Notwithstanding the aid of the Venetians, however, the city was taken and burnt by the Turks in 1500: but they afterward abandoned it, and it was rebuilt by the Parguinotes, and fortified by the Venetians in 1571. — In the following century, the inhabitants of other neighboring territories likewise solicited the protection of Venice against the incursions of the Turks; and several villages were successively attached to the jurisdiction of Parga, which was always held by that haughty state in peculiar estimation. The equal terms of their alliance, indeed, shew the value which the Venetians attached to the assistance of the Parguinotes, in the war which they maintained against the Ottoman forces. A nobleman of Corfu, under the title of governor, presided at Parga for the Venetians: but the Parguinotes had a council which appointed their own magistrates; they enjoyed a total exemption from all taxes, capitations, and customs of import and export, together with the liberty of cultivating and manufacturing tobacco; and, in trading with the other possessions of the Republic, they were subject to one half only of the duties established in those places. Although all the Parguinotes were soldiers, they were not enrolled like the *Cernide*, or militia of the Isles; and for the better protection of their city, the Venetians engaged to garrison the fortress with a body of Italian or Sclavonian troops, dependent on the orders of the Governor. That officer himself, however, could not venture with impunity on any act of despotic authority over so jealous and high-spirited a people; and when any commandant has been guilty of malversation, he has been kept under arrest till justice could be obtained from Corfu, where the Governor-General of the Venetian possessions in the Ionian isles resided.

Venice and her dependencies fell under the dominion of France in 1797; and Parga, by the treaty of Campo Formio, was occupied by French troops. The Vizir Ali, Pasha of Albania, a chieftain whose monstrous ferocity can be paralleled only by his perfidy, saw that an opportunity soon afterward presented itself for getting possession of those places on the Continent which had formerly been held by Venice; the invasion of Egypt by Bonaparte in 1798 having determined the Porte to declare war against France. Butrinto was the first which yielded to the conquering arms of Ali; and thence he proceeded to Prevesa, where the defence was brave and the vengeance proportionably atrocious. Prevesa is situated ten leagues from Parga, at the entrance of the Gulf of Arta: the town was not fortified when threatened by the Vizir, but, as it was occupied by a French garrison, some works were hastily thrown up for its protection. One night in the month of October, the shouts of the Albanians were heard in the mountains as they approached; firing began at the advanced posts about three o'clock in the morning; and at daybreak the Vizir, at the head of 9000 Albanians and a corps of cavalry, rushed down from the mountains, having previously introduced some of his secret agents into the ranks of the municipal guard, who created confusion by firing on their auxiliaries, the French. Profiting by the disorder thus successfully excited, Ali's troops took possession of the guns, penetrated into the ranks of the French, and, after a sanguinary contest, in which the latter were all killed or made prisoners, entered the devoted town. Men, women, and children were then butchered, till night stayed the effusion of blood and suspended the fury of the assailants. What more could the demon do? The city yet remained; torrents of flame soon announced its fate; and Ali Pasha, like Nero, sat on the smoking ruins to enjoy the conflagration. The next day exhibited a scene of cold and premeditated barbarity, still more frightful and enormous: for Ali, elevated on a high gallery which had escaped the flames, commanded 300 Greeks of Prevesa to be brought before him, and slaughtered in his presence.

Ali now expected that the exemplary vengeance which he had inflicted on the Prevesans would intimidate the Parguinotes. On the very day of the massacre, therefore, (12th October, 1798,) he addressed a letter to them, announcing that he had gained possession of that town; and demanding of them to send deputies immediately, and deliver themselves up, subjects to the Porte. He added, laconically, "Whatever political government you desire, I shall be disposed to give you; but if you will not do this, know that I am at war with you, and the sin be upon your heads." The fearless men of Parga deigned not even to take any notice of this menace. They revolted at the thought of having their churches converted into mosques, and of having those temples, in which the religion of Christ was taught, profaned and polluted by the religion of Mohammed; they were prepared to die, but not to live as slaves. Ali Pasha, indignant at this scornful silence, addressed to them four days afterward a second menace, which was answered with proud rejection.

Having thus set Ali at defiance, the Parguinotes acquainted the French with their resolution: who, fearful on their part of being attacked at once by the Turks and the Russians, retired to Corfu: but the Russians who had just arrived at Zante assured the Parguinotes of their protection.

In the year 1800, the Russians and Turks having united, and driven the French from the Ionian isles, entered into a treaty by which the *integrity* of these isles was recognized under the name of the Septinsular Republic. Sir Charles Monck was surely under a mistake, or was misreported, when he stated in his speech that the "*independence*" of the Grecian isles was recognized by the treaty of 1800 *; because the very first article specifies that the islands of Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia, Santa Maura, Ithaca, Paxo, and Cerigo, shall, "after the manner of the Republic of the Ragusans, form a Republic subject, under title of Suzereinty, to the Sublime Porte;" and lest any mistake should occur, it is added in another clause of the same article, "that His Majesty the Ottoman Emperor and his successors, being Suzereins of the said

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* We take the report from Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. xl. p. 808.

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Republic, that is to say, lords, princes, and protectors; and the said Republic, *being the vassal of the Sublime Porte*, that is to say, *dependent, subject, and protected;* the duties of such protection shall be religiously observed by the Sublime Porte, in favor of the said Republic;" which on its part, by Art. IV. "gives a pledge of its vassalage to the Sublime Porte by engaging to pay into the imperial treasury, every three years, seventy-five thousand piastres." The *integrity* of the Septinsular Republic, however, was guaranteed by the Emperor of Russia. By another article in this treaty (Art. VIII.), Parga, together with Prevesa, Vonitza, and Butrinto, situated on the continent of European Turkey, were likewise ceded to the Ottomans; expressly on condition "that the inhabitants, all of whom were Christians, should retain the free and public exercise of their religion, that they should not be subject to any other tribute than that which they had paid to the Venetians, that they should be governed by their own laws, and that no Mahometan should acquire property or settle among them." The brave men of Parga alone held out, and for six months refused to submit to the Ottoman power: till, being again menaced by Ali Pasha, and strongly persuaded by the Russians, under whose guarantee the Republic was formed, they reluctantly consented at the close of the year 1800 to receive a Bey: but they continued in peaceful possession of all their stipulated privileges under the Turkish dominion till the year 1806; when war breaking out between Russia and the Porte, the crafty Vizir, ever on the watch, under pretext of preventing the former from becoming master of Butrinto, Prevesa, and Vonitza, took possession of them himself in the name of the latter, *and violated, in all and every one of its parts, the treaty of* 1800. The lives of the citizens were no more respected than their properties: Ali took the inhabitants out of their country, and placed them in distant parts of his pashawick; he confiscated their estates; on the pretence of allowing them a compensation, in terms of the treaty, he assigned them others in distant parts; and, to complete their degradation, he converted their churches into mosques! The Parguinotes, justly fearing that such would be the fate of their own country if the Pasha could once obtain possession of it, now solicited and obtained the protection of the Russian admiral on the station, who sent them a garrison. It may here be mentioned that the Grecian isles, by the treaty of Tilsit in 1807, were given up by the Russians to the French; and a British minister, Mr. Canning, with good feeling and a becoming spirit, did not scruple, in an official note, to charge the Russians with a breach of faith in this abandonment of the Septinsular Republic.

Ali never lost sight of Parga: it was the object of his most eager cupidity: the people had repeatedly scorned his menaces and defied his arms; and they had maintained an independence by their own bravery alone. A favorable occasion again presented itself to this ambitious chief. The views of Bonaparte towards the British possessions in the East rendered it an object of importance with him to be on friendly terms with Ali; and the French governor-general at Corfu, Berthier, not only had orders to preserve a good understanding with him, but, if necessary, even to make some concessions to secure his interest. Ali, aware of this, sent his Effendi to General Berthier, claiming Parga in the name of the Porte, *according to the treaty of* 1800; and this peremptory and sudden demand was on the point of being allowed, when the primats of Parga, who had been informed by the French General of the intended cession, and were well assured that their very extermination would be the consequence, repaired in a body to Corfu, and implored his protection against so merciless a monster. The General was moved by their representations, recalled his orders, and not only refused to accede to the Pasha's demand, but sent a garrison of three hundred men to Parga under the flag of France, pledging himself for their protection. It is to the honour of Cæsar Berthier that he conferred it, and to that of Bonaparte that he approved the conduct of his General. This event took place in 1807. In 1810, Sir John Stewart, and Lord Collingwood, who commanded in the Mediterranean, prepared an expedition to reduce the Ionian isles; his Lordship's instructions being that the Republic should be restored, that the Septinsular flag should be hoisted in union with the British, and that the fortresses should be garrisoned by native and not British troops. Five of the islands were reduced, but Corfu resisted our efforts.

In 1814, the reverses of Bonaparte once more revived in Ali Pasha the hopes of rendering himself master of a place which he had so long coveted. He accordingly attacked, without any provocation, or declaration of war, in the first instance the small village of Aja, which was a dependency on Parga, and situated on the frontier. Some of the inhabitants perished in action; others were taken and dragged as slaves into the interior; several remained at Parga: but the greater number embarked to seek an asylum in some of the Ionian isles. The shark, however, was not to be so disappointed of his prey, but sent armed vessels to intercept the passage of the fugitives, many of whom were sunk or massacred, and their possessions given to the Turks. He now erected a fort to maintain his littte conquest, and made another attack on

Parga, which was garrisoned by 200 French, *under the command of an Arab.* The Parguinotes applied to the commandant for assistance, *but he declined to interfere,* and left them to themselves *: when they resolved to sell their lives and their territory at a dear rate. The Pasha's army of 20,000 men was accordingly repelled, and the Bey, his nephew, who commanded it, was slain in the conflict.

Seeing that they could no longer rely on France, they now sent a deputation to General Campbell; with an offer to withdraw their fortunes from a power which had deserted them in their greatest peril, and to place themselves under British protection, and *follow the destinies of the Ionian isles.* It is of importance to bear this in mind, because it was the condition expressed by the Parguinotes, and ratified by our acceptance of the offer on those terms, that *they should "follow the destinies of the Ionian isles."* It is also of importance to state that Lord Bathurst, by command of the Prince Regent, expressed to the commissioners for the government of the Ionian isles his Majesty's approbation of the terms and conditions on which possession of Parga had been taken. The following are the exact words of the declaration:

> 'We, the undersigned Primats of Parga, engage, on behalf of the population, that at the moment when the frigates of his Britannic Majesty shall appear before our fortress, we will subject our country and territories to the protection of the invincible arms of Great Britain, and will plant on the walls of our fortress her glorious flag — *it being the determination of our country to follow the fate of the Ionian isles, as we have always been under the same jurisdiction.*
>
> PANAJOTI DESSILA, COSTANTIN DESSILA MASTRACA.
> NICOLO DESSILA ZUCO, PANAJOTI SULLA,
> GEORGIO VASSILA, ATTANASIO PEZZALI,
> GIANUZO MAVROGIANNI, MARCO MANIACHI,
> SPIRIDION MAVROGIANNI.'

General Campbell acceded to their request, and immediately sent a strong detachment from Zante, under the command of Sir Charles Gordon, with Mr. Foresti, the English ambassador's son, and his own aide-de-camp, Capt. Angelo, to assist in forcing the French out of Paxo.

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* This Arab was Colonel of the Chasseurs d'Orient in the French service. He *declined to interfere* against Ali, pretending that, France being at peace with the Porte, he was not authorized to resist a Turkish commander: but the fact was that Ali had engaged the Arab in a negotiation to deliver up the town into his hands for a sum of money, and great advantages in his service. The Parguinotes fortunately intercepted the correspondence.

'Two English frigates, the Bacchante, Captain Hoste, and the Havannah, Captain Black, also arrived about the same time at Paxo, and the senior officer, Captain Hoste, being apprized of the state of affairs, and having expressed himself fully disposed to forward General Campbell's views, Captain Angelo landed at Parga, and summoned the French Commandant to surrender the fortress. The conditions he proposed, were, that the place should be given up to the British forces, and that the French garrison should be safely transported to Corfu, with arms and baggage: at the same time apprizing them of the consequences of refusing this offer, should the inhabitants rise against them. To this proposal the Commandant returned a positive refusal, at the same time pointing to the powder-magazine, to which, he said, every thing was prepared to set fire upon the first movement of the people, who were already apprized of his intention.

'Upon this, Captain Hoste, not feeling sufficiently authorized to attack the place, caused the inhabitants to be informed, through their deputy, that if they would themselves take possession of the citadel, and substitute the British for the French flag, the English forces would come to their support—that they should then be considered under the protection of Great Britain, and should follow the fate of the Ionian islands. To prove, however, their sincerity, and that their application was not a snare connected with the French garrison, a written declaration, signed by the principal inhabitants, was required, expressive of their real intentions.

'On this the deputies returned to Parga, and sent to Paxo the declaration required, dated the 17th March, in which they specifically confirmed the offer they had made, and the condition which formed the basis of the engagement they had undertaken, namely, "That it was the determination of their country *to follow the fate of the Ionian islands*, having always been under the same jurisdiction."

'This formal declaration was accepted without a single objection; and it was upon the conditions therein specified, that the deputation returned to Parga.

'The British flag was hoisted on the citadel; the fortress, with the whole country, was surrendered to the British forces, together with the French garrison, twenty-five pieces of brass and iron ordnance, ammunition, stores, &c.; in short, the Parguinotes punctually, and at their own peril, performed every engagement for which they had stipulated.

'It was not without difficulty and danger that they succeeded in rendering themselves masters of the French garrison. They found means to introduce into the citadel an English flag, which had been furnished by one of the frigates. A female (the widow Turcojanni) contrived to conceal it under her dress, and entered the fortress without exciting suspicion. A signal being given, a party of armed inhabitants rushed on the centinel at the gate, and hoisted the British flag. The rest of the garrison being surprised in their different quarters, were obliged to surrender. The Commissary of Police (Georgio Veja,) a native of Cephalonia, who saw the inhabitants scaling the walls of the citadel, was shot by them, while in the act of calling out to set fire to the powder magazine.

'As soon as it was seen by the two frigates, which were cruising at some distance, that the British Union had displaced the standard of France, a detachment of English troops, under the command of Sir Charles Gordon, landed and took possession of the fortress on the 22d of March, 1814. A species of capitulation was granted to the garrison, in pursuance of which they were sent to Corfu.

'On the 29th the Parguinotes sent a deputation to Lieut. General Campbell at Zante, to thank him for his interference on their behalf, to express their devotedness to the British government, and to solicit from his Majesty the formal ratification of that union between Parga and the Ionian isles which had always subsisted. They returned with an answer from that officer of the most satisfactory nature.'

That General Campbell well knew the detestation with which the Parguinotes beheld the Ottomans appears from the copy of his instructions, dated May 11. 1815, for the conduct of Lieut. Brutton, whom he appointed commandant: "The inhabitants of Parga," says he, "are extremely tenacious of their freedom, and of the liberty of their small community, and habitually adverse to the dominion of the Turks. They are a spirited and independent people, though at the same time docile and easy of command when treated liberally and justly," &c. Again: "The great mass of the native inhabitants may be depended upon as staunch, and adverse, in the last degree, to the idea of becoming Ottoman subjects." "The garrison is small; indeed its principal defence is in the gallantry and spirit of the population," &c.—At length, we come to the period at which the British flag is flying on the fortress of Parga; which, General Campbell expressly informs Lieut. Brutton in his instructions to him, "is considered as an appendage of the government of the Ionian isles, and more particularly as an outwork of the garrison of Corfu, towards the Turkish frontier."

By the treaty of Paris in 1815, "the Ionian isles, *and their dependencies as designated in the treaty of* 1800," were placed under the exclusive protection of Great Britain: but by Art. VIII. of the treaty of 1800, to which we have before referred, Prevesa, PARGA, Vonitza, and Butrinto, were annexed to the Porte, together with the Ionian isles, under the conditions already stated. As these towns on the coast, however, were not specifically enumerated, they were, by the treaty of 1815, given up in full sovereignty to the Porte; and Ali Pasha, by his influence with the Divan, succeeded in obtaining a stipulation that PARGA, the little jewel on which his heart was fixed, should be yielded to him. For this purpose, a commissioner was dispatched from the Porte to Ioannina, where he was met by another commissioner deputed by General Sir Thomas Maitland, to treat about the terms of admission, according to the convention of 1800. Colonel de Bosset was sent with three hundred infantry, March 19. 1817, to prevent Ali, whose eagerness to possess the long-expected prey was irrepressible, from surprizing the garrison; and at the same time to announce to the Parguinotes the melancholy and incredible destiny which awaited them. The dismay and consternation with which the intelligence was received can only be imagined: all business ceased: the culture of the soil was abandoned: individuals, who had boats ready to depart in order to purchase corn, gave up their speculations instantly; and it was the unanimous resolution of the wretched Parguinotes to quit their native country, only imploring from the Governor-General that protection of person and property of which, indeed, he had already given them assurance. Thus, as the Arabs of old have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the scorching desert rather than resign their independence, so did the men of Parga quit the rock of their forefathers, literally almost to a man, to raise elsewhere, if possible, an adamantine shrine to freedom.

The inhabitants were called out, one by one, with the greatest formality, before the appointed commissioners; and all without exception asserted that, rather than submit to the Ottoman authority, (in other words, to be sacrificed to Ali Pasha,) they would for ever abandon their country, even were they to lose all the property which they possessed. They farther declared that, in quitting the land of their birth, they would disinter and carry away the bones of their forefathers, that they might not have to reproach themselves with having left these sacred relics to the most cruel enemies of their race.* They moreover intreated that, to whatever spot they should go, they might not be separated from each other, but be allowed to share their misfortunes in common, and live together as one family. They prayed also for time to gather in their crops, particularly of olives, which, after seven years of successive failures, now promised an abundant harvest. His Excellency granted their prayer; and he moreover assured them that, until payment was made for the property of those who might wish to emigrate, according to the valuation of commissioners appointed on both sides, and they themselves were conveyed to the Ionian isles, no cession should take place. The inhabitants were collected, at two different times, to ascertain the number of emigrants; and they all declared their fixed resolution to leave their country, "or shed the last drop of their blood, rather than submit to the eternal tyrant, their persecutor." The deserted town was accordingly delivered up to the Turkish troops. As to the people,

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* This story of the *disinterment* has been held up to ridicule, and represented as a stage-trick, devised by the present author for the sake of effect; and the negation of the fact has been referred to Major-General Sir Frederick Adam, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins who delivered up the place. Colonel de Bosset re-asserts the truth of the statement, and says, 'The images of the saints were taken from the churches, and the bones of the dead, accumulated for ages in various depositories, were removed, as well as time and circumstances would permit, to a distance, and re-interred in some caves at a place called Crionerò: some were burnt or thrown into the sea, and others carried as precious relics to

> "Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon,
> The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide!"

Out of a population of three thousand five hundred, about forty only could be induced to remain behind: the rest were transported to Corfu, and the fortress of Parga was finally delivered to Ali Pasha on the 10th of May, 1819.

We have just seen that the Parguinotes were promised indemnity for all their property. Indemnity to a whole people for being uprooted from their native soil! Are they to be told, using the words of Sir James Mackintosh, "you are to be paid for your olive-trees, you are to be paid for the stones, and bricks, and mortar of your houses, and consider yourselves then as sufficiently indemnified: you are to consider only as so much stone and mortar the houses which your fathers inhabited, the churches in which you and they performed worship, and which you have consecrated by shedding your blood in their defence." Even of this pitiful indemnity, however, they were tricked by the Pasha

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to a foreign shore.' He declares that he has the most indisputable assurances of the fact; and *he* likewise confidently appeals to the testimony of Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins, but not to Sir Frederick Adam, because 'he had left Parga before the transaction took place.' (See pp. 115, 116.) After all, where is the improbability? The Parguinotes, in a state of the highest excitement, indulged their emotions, and discharged what they considered to be those natural and filial duties which the circumstances of the case imposed on them.

and his associates. The property was estimated by the Parguinotes at about 500,000*l.*, and the compensation ultimately awarded was considerably less than 150,000*l.* It has been affirmed that the former estimate was *ex parte*, and highly exaggerated. That the calculation was too high is not unlikely: but it may with equal truth, though under a different sense of the phrase, be affirmed of the latter that it was an estimate *ex* parte; for the fact is that, in the valuation by which the Parguinotes were obliged to abide, they were not allowed to have even a voice,—were not only excluded from any share in making the assessments, but were even refused a knowlege of their amount. (Pages 108. 111, &c.) It was afterward ascertained that the valuation, comprizing the private property alone, by the British agents, was 276,075*l.*,; and that by the Ottoman agents the same property was valued at only 56,756*l.* The appraisers sent with Hamed Bey were Greeks; and, before their departure, they were called into the presence of Ali, who, having told them the purpose for which he had *selected them*, added with great solemnity that, as it was, his intention to do justice to every one, an olive-tree worth eight piastres should be valued at eight piastres, and another tree worth ten should scrupulously and *on their responsibility* be valued at ten. Now, the average price of an olive-tree, says Colonel de Bosset, who was commandant at the time, is about *sixty* piastres! These appraisers, therefore, aware of the drift of the Pasha's language, felt bound, *on their responsibility*, (that is to say, on the forfeiture of their lives,) to value the olive-trees at the prices intimated by the Pasha, and of course every other species of property at the same rate. There were upwards of 81,000 olive-trees.

The question of indemnity, however, is so subordinate that we are almost ashamed to refer to it, when considering the cession of an entire country, the tearing up of a whole people,—and such a people too,—from their territory, and consigning it to the hands of a barbarian; an act that is revolting to every honorable, humane, and generous feeling. In defence of the cession, it has been stated that the negotiations of 1815 were formed on the eighth article of the treaty of 1800, by which the authority of the Porte over the towns on the Albanian coast was acknowleged. True; Prevesa, Butrinto, Vonitza, and Parga were ceded to the Turks by the treaty of 1800, and all notice of them was intentionally omitted in the treaty of 1815: but, even if the former were binding, (to borrow the spirited language of Sir C. Monk,) the reply is unanswerable: "Granted; we did engage to give those places and you engaged to preserve their privileges inviolable.—But where now are Prevesa, Butrinto, and Vonitza? They are in desolation! Those places when delivered up to you enjoyed tranquillity, the Cross stood in their churches, Christianity flourished among them. They were over-run by you, you broke every stipulation in their favor, and you spared the lives of any Christians, only to do your menial offices. Restore those places to their former condition, and then we shall consider it our duty to consign Parga into your hands; but we never can give up to you the last European place that erects the Cross of Christ when we see Prevesa, Butrinto, and Vonitza in the greatest desolation." Well may it be asked, In what part of the law of nations is it discovered that a right exists to insist on the fulfilment of a treaty *against* a people, *towards* whom all its contracts had been broken? As the Turks had shamefully violated every duty to which they had bound themselves, how can it be argued that the treaty was binding only on the other party? One half is kept in favor of a Mohammedan tyrant, and the other half is broken in injury to a Christian people.

We do not wish, at this time, to revive an angry political discussion, which can now be of no use to the injured parties; and having detailed the historical facts relating to the cession, we close this article with referring such of our readers as are disposed still farther to pursue the subject, to the very ample documents in the work before us. The personal disappointments of Colonel De Bosset, and his hostile feelings against Sir Thomas Maitland, have betrayed him occasionally into the language of asperity: but, as he has made a judicial appeal for redress, we should now recommend him, for the sake of his own peace of mind, to compose those feelings, and forget his disappointments.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1822.

NATURAL HISTORY, HORTICULTURE, AND MINERALOGY.

Art. 14. *Conversations on Mineralogy.* With Plates, engraved by Mr. and Miss Lowry, from Original Drawings. 2 Vols. 12mo. 14*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

The plan of these Conversations is happily conceived, and, with the exception of some typographical errors, it is executed with ability and taste. The author has studiously avoided all unnecessary parade of technical diction, has rendered the doctrines of crystallography more familiar than heretofore to the tyro in mineralogy,

ralogy, and has included some account of most of the recently discovered substances. We may, therefore, unhesitatingly characterize his work as one of the most desirable text-books that have issued from the British press.

Art. 15. *The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom displayed.* In a Series of Letters. By the Author of "Select Female Biography." 12mo. pp. 252. 7*s.* Boards. Whittakers. 1822.

This title is somewhat more imposing than the tenor of the little volume to which it is prefixed will strictly warrant: but several of the interesting facts relative to the vegetable economy are brought together in an easy and familiar style, and the sentiments and reflections all savour of honorable intention and rational piety. The writer states that his 'aim is merely to profit and to please; to lead the youthful mind from the minor wonders of creation to the knowlege of their great Artificer; and the admirers of the elegant and captivating science of botany to consider how much it is capable of being heightened and improved by associations of the highest nature.' We may therefore recommend these pages to the young, or to such persons as may be desirous of studying the growth and structure of plants, without having it in their power to consult the more learned and elaborate works of Duhamel, Bonnet, Sennebier, Linné, &c.: but we certainly could have welcomed a more pointed regard to methodical arrangement, to the correct orthography of proper and technical names, and to the ordinary rules of English grammar. If the author belongs to the fair sex, some kind *cavaliere servente* might have easily obliterated such *peccadillos* as the following: *Duharmel* for *Duhamel*, *Ibitson* for *Ibbetson*, *Bonner* for *Bonnet*, *Dauphene* for *Dauphiny*, *Kerby* for *Kirby*, *Delicarlion* for *Dalecarlia*, *machineal* for *manchineel*, *dectamarus* for *dictamnus*, *helliborus* for *helleborus*, *vulgares* for *vulgaris*, *convololi* for *convolvuli*, *dellenie* for *Dillenia*, *Linne* for *Linnæi*, *cyneps* for *cynips*, *cocus illicus* for *coccus ilicis*, *Epidendrium flos æris* for *Epidendrum flos aëris*, *Vallesneria* for *Vallisneria*, *califolia* for *latifolia*, *tricola* for *tricolor*, *chironea* for *chironia*, *lamium* for *ledum*, *nigram* for *nigrum*, *teraxacum* for *taraxacum*, *Nymphæ* for *Nymphæa*, *atriplax* for *atriplex*, *œnothira* for *oenothera*, *hilam* for *hilum*, *corcilum* for *corculum*, and *Entymology* for *Entomology*. — At page 89. we find the word *assuming* where the sense obviously requires *unassuming*; *Nymphæa alba* is not the *yellow* but the *white* water-lily; and *Typhalatifolia* is not properly the *Bull-rush*, but the *great Cats' tail*, or *Reed-mace*. We are at a loss to know what *bird* is shadowed forth by the term *Lonicera*, though the context would lead us to suspect that it is a blunder for *Loxia curvirostra*. The writer, moreover, possesses the malicious talent of setting noun and verb very unnecessarily at variance; as, neither time nor labor *have* been spared, — an external ring of red arteries *were* seen, — the internal surface of the latter *are* said, — the great surface of the leaves *render* them, — the gradual unfolding of the leaves *resemble*, — a cargo of cocoa *are* the lading, — the periods of shutting *is* equally determined, — the ligneous parts *has* been discovered, — the descent and the ascent *has* been, &c The substitution of *laid* for *lain* is more prevalent than correct but *cloved* is more original, and really somewhat appalling.

Art. 16. *An Essay on the Soils and Composts,* indispensably necessary in the Propagation and Culture of the more rare and valuable ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Plants, and Flowers, of the Pleasure-Garden, Flower-Garden, and Green-house Collection. By Thomas Haynes, Propagator of Trees, Shrubs, and Plants, Oundle, Northamptonshire. 12mo. 5*s.* Boards. Harding.

Our botanical gardeners know the value and necessity of attending to the qualities of *soil,* in the care and propagation of rare and tender exotics: but we have often thought that this point is much less considered than it ought to be, in the culture of the more common productions of the garden, both esculent and ornamental. This may appear strange, when, as Mr. Haynes truly observes, 'it must be easy to conceive the necessity of due regard being paid to the natural soils of these almost innumerably various productions, natives as many of them are of the most opposite situations and climates of the world.' The fact, however, is that ordinary gardeners, and the majority of possessors of gardens, are too easily satisfied with these products in a state inferior to that which they might attain if more care, and more attention to the particular article of soil, were bestowed on them. Let any person observe, in the course of a few seasons, even the *chance-proofs* that will meet his eye of the superior beauty which various plants will exhibit, by their having *happened* to be placed or to have been self-sown in soils that they particularly liked, and which were not generally appropriated to them in preference to the ordinary soil of the garden: — he will then see ample reason for urging the importance of this consideration, and will derive clear instructions for his future guidance if he wishes for *excellence.*

The degree of moisture, also, with which different plants would thrive best, is another essential matter, but not at this moment included in our discussion.

In the brief volume before us, Mr. Haynes not only gives the result of his experience as to the kinds of soil which should be selected in the several cases, but very properly enables gardeners to *compound* that soil where they have it not in a natural state. His observations are comprized in sections, treating respectively of peat or bog-earth for hardy American and other plants; of a substitute for bog-earth; of bog-earth compounded for peculiar green-house plants, requiring a soft but not cool soil, and for others requiring also a cool soil; of heath-soil for the Erica, Diosma, &c. in the green-house collection, and all hardy heaths; of compounded earth for the Camellia, Protea, &c.; of rich loam, for each variety of Citrus; of rubbish-soil for succulent plants; of general compost, for common green-house plants; of saxatile soil, for alpine and other rock plants; of adhesive soils for aquatic plants; of ameliorated compost for bulbs; &c. &c. &c.

All these directions are stated to be the fruit of a long life of professional experience; and we may therefore recommend them to the *amateur* of horticulture and the young practical man, as tending to correct an indifference to superiority of cultivation which, we have already remarked, seems to be too prevalent. The institution of Horticultural Societies, which now flourish in various parts of England, and most particularly in the metropolis, will probably have a great effect in stimulating to the attainment of excellence, and to successful rivalry, in the wholesome, natural, and beneficial science of gardening.

At p. 10. Mr. H. says, in directing the formation of a substitute for bog-soil, 'On no account be prevailed on to sift over the heap, under the idea of better mixing the sand and decayed leaves; a process which has invariably proved hurtful to composts of every description:' yet in p. 21., and frequently afterward, he especially directs the use of a fine hair-sieve. This inconsistency should be obviated; and the work altogether, if ever reprinted, might be benefited by the revisal of some lettered friend. It wants a little *hoeing* and *raking*.

Art. 17. *Directions for cultivating the Crambe Maritima, or Sea-Kale*, for the use of the Table. By William Curtis, Author of the *Flora Londinensis*, &c. A new Edition, containing the Experience of Maher, Barton, Melross, Baldwin, and Others, who have written on the Culture or forcing of this Plant in the London and Edinburgh Horticultural Transactions, or in other Works. With Three Engravings on Wood. 12mo. pp. 41. Harding. 1822.

That very delicate and wholesome vegetable, the Sea-kale, has within these few years become so generally known, and so much sought at all tables, that most gardeners are now tolerably well acquainted with the cultivation of it; and its capability of supplying the place of that equally desirable food, Asparagus, by preceding its appearance from December till May or June, with very moderate forcing, will continue to render it an article of established culture. The directions in this little pamphlet will therefore still be acceptable to gardeners and gardening-gentlemen, as communicating various methods and opinions concerning its propagation. The small engravings represent two kinds of earthen pots employed in covering the kale, and the manner of forcing it under garden-lights. — The blanching-pot, with a movable top, is perhaps the best where glass is not used: but a common flower-pot, with the holes stopped, answers the purpose very well, without extra expence.

Not only are the tender stalks of this plant good for eating, which form the general crop, but, as Mr. Curtis observes, when they are exhausted, and the heads of flowers begin to form, we may uncover the plant entirely, and let it proceed to that state in which brocoli is commonly cut, and use it as such. This is an additional recommendation of the kale; as it will in this manner be an excellent substitute for brocoli when the latter has been destroyed by severe winters, which do not affect the former.

HISTORY.

Art. 18. *The History of the Town and County of the Town of Galway;* from the earliest Period to the present Time, &c. By James Hardiman, Esq. 4to. pp. 318. With Plates. Printed at Dublin.

Ireland, to use an often quoted phrase of one of her distinguished sons, now deceased, seems to have turned her back upon herself. While every city and town in Great Britain can boast of its own history, the cities and towns of Ireland have excited but little antiquarian research; and the enumeration of about a dozen works, which Mr. Hardiman has given in a note, constitutes the meagre catalogue of all the topographical histories of the sister kingdom; — exclusively, indeed, of the statistical or county agricultural surveys, which are of an entirely different nature from the publications to which we allude. The deficiency, as far as Galway is concerned, is very creditably supplied by the laborious compilation before us.

Though interesting to the inhabitants of the places described, and useful to the general historian as depositaries of local antiquities, local biography, and local information on matters of trade and commerce, yet topographical works very rarely excite much attention among the public at large. Their excessive minuteness of genealogical detail, or of corporation-history perhaps, and the petty annals of a few private families, are repulsive to the general reader. In the present volume, however, we meet with much anecdote and information which may have a wider interest; and Mr. Hardiman has narrated the history of Galway from the commencement of the Irish Rebellion in 1641 to the period of its surrender in 1691 to the forces of King William, with an amplitude to which its activity and vicissitudes of fortune fairly intitle it. The account is brought down to the present time: but the prosperity and opulence which Galway enjoyed at the commencement of the Rebellion of 1641 has been succeeded by adversity and decay. At the period of the restoration of Charles II. the work of destruction seemed to have been complete. The town had surrendered to the parliamentary forces under Sir Charles Coote, after a valorous defence; though plague raged within it, the licentiousness of the soldiery exceeded the ravages of that disease; and the antient inhabitants were turned out, their lands were valued and sold, and many of their houses destroyed. On the Restoration, many of the new settlers disappeared, and the old returned: but the hostility between Protestants and Catholics, and the severity of laws which the stronger party enacted and enforced against the weaker, have been a source of constant trouble, and one cause of the fallen prosperity of Galway. The inhabitants of that town were the first who took up arms in defence of their King, and the last that laid them down, either in Great Britain or Ireland; and Mr. Hardiman is justified in asserting that, at the present crisis, when so many of his Majesty's subjects are endeavoring by constitutional means to be emancipated from those civil inflictions under which they have so long and patiently labored, the pages of his history will demonstrate, by many examples, that the principles of the Catholics are not incompatible with the strictest observance of loyalty to monarchs of a different persuasion.

The appointment of Mr. H. as one of the sub-commissioners of the Public Records in Ireland threw open to him many valuable sources of national information, of which he availed himself with indefatigable industry. After having examined the archives of Trinity-College, the Record-Tower, the Rolls, and various other public offices in Dublin, he came over to England, and carefully explored the various repositories of antient records connected with the purpose of his inquiry in Oxford and London. To investigate such records, scattered as they are in various libraries, — to decypher the mutilated remains of old times, — to abstract, arrange, and correct historical events through the dark periods of antiquity, — is a work of no common toil and perseverance: but Mr. Hardiman has executed it in a manner which reflects great credit on his industry, impartiality, and liberality of sentiment.

POLITICS.

Art. 19. *Observations on the Appointment of the Right Honorable George Canning to the Foreign Department; &c. &c.* By Lewis Goldsmith, Author of the "Crimes of Cabinets," &c. 8vo. pp. 116. 5*s.* Hatchard. 1822.

This pamphlet consists principally of hints which the author considers himself as well qualified to give to the new Secretary, on the policy to be pursued in the Foreign Office. He is not very courteous to the memory of Lord Londonderry: but his own schemes seem to us at least as inconsistent and incompatible with one another as any measures ever attributed to that nobleman. He is so far a *Liberal*, however, that he would support the Greeks; and so far a friend of the *ancien regîme*, that he is very anxious to have the Bourbons in Spain restored to the inherent rights of legitimates. In his view, the Spanish people, while endeavoring to establish a constitution, are in a state of insurrection which ought to be suppressed by "the Holy Alliance:" but the Greeks are only contending for their rights, because, forsooth, 'they have never transferred their allegiance to their Ottoman tyrants;' and the Turks, we are assured, 'are merely in military occupation of their country, and all the principles of legitimacy are in favor of their expulsion from a soil, the possession of which they have usurped by the sword.' — It is also stated, we fear too truly, that the English character is not now highly respected on the Continent: but, in total forgetfulness (apparently) of our bombardment of Copenhagen, and of our participation in perfidy on more recent occasions, the author attributes this feeling to our connection with Austria, and to the uncourtly language in which the members of the Opposition sometimes indulge when speaking of the ministerial leaders.

Mr. G. animadverts with much severity on the *bashawry* that prevails among his old favorites the Royalists in France, now that they have emerged, by the means of others, into light and power; and he applies the same term to persons to whom [illegible] was not always so uncourteous, viz. the aristocracy of this country:—but then he is sure that Mr. Canning is a *bourgeois;* and he is positive 'that it cannot be denied, and that Mr. Canning himself will not deny, that he owes his elevation to his talents only.'—While, however, the author is somewhat disrespectful to the nobles, he is very dutiful to his Majesty George the Fourth; and though his Majesty preferred Lord Londonderry, and rejected Mr. Canning as long as he could, yet Mr. G. is very complimentary to the sagacity of his 'Gracious Sovereign;' first eulogizing him as Prince Regent of England, and then proceeding to laud 'the same royal and illustrious personage, his present Majesty George the Fourth,' for 'calling to his councils such a man as Mr. Canning.'

Whatever Mr. Canning may think, or we may think, of Mr. Goldsmith's praises, we shall be happy to find the Right Honorable Gentleman rendering himself intitled to them in the exercise of his new and important functions.

POETRY.

Art. 20. *Gems, principally from the Antique,* drawn and etched by Richard Dagley, Author of "Select Gems," &c. With Illustrations in Verse by the Rev. George Croly, A. M. Author of "Catiline, a Tragedy," &c. 12mo. 8*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Hurst and Co. 1822.

We have here an elegant little volume, which forms a very fit ornament for a drawing-room table. The engravings, though slight, are spirited and well executed; and this is very much the character of the illustrations accompanying them. We confess, however, judging from his former publications, that Mr. Croly does not appear to us to have written *his best* on this occasion; nor, perhaps, was it necessary that he should. A little effort is observable in some of the descriptions, which gives them a slight stiffness; and in one or two instances, we think, Mr. C. is not very successful in his attempts at wit.

The two prettiest poems in the volume are those on Cupid carrying Provisions, and Venus clipping the Wings of Cupid: but we cannot see the necessity of disfiguring these verses by using the old orthography; and therefore we shall quote the first of them in a modern dress, which becomes it much better.

'There was once a gentle time
When the world was in its prime;
And every day was holyday,
And every month was lovely May.—
Cupid then had but to go
With his purple wings and bow;
And in blossom'd vale and grove
Every shepherd knelt to love.

'Then a rosy dimpled cheek,
And a blue eye fond and meek;
And a ringlet-wreathen brow,
Like hyacinths on a bed of snow;

And a low voice silver-sweet
From a lip without deceit;
Only those the hearts could move
Of the simple swains to love.

'But that time is gone and past;
Can the summer always last!
And the swains are wiser grown,
And the heart is turn'd to stone,
And the maiden's rose may *wither*;
Cupid's fled, no man knows *whither*!

'But another Cupid's come,
With a brow of care and gloom;
Fix'd upon the earthly mould,
Thinking of the sullen gold;
In his hand the bow no more,
At his back the household store,
That the bridal cold must buy;
Useless now the smile and sigh:
But he wears the pinion still,
Flying at the sight of ill.
Oh, for the old true-love time,
When the world was in its prime!'

Art. 21. *Songs of Zion*; being Imitations of Psalms. By James Montgomery. 12mo. pp. 153. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

If the amiable author of this volume had been entirely defeated in his attempt, he might yet have consoled himself with the consideration that he failed in a design which no degree of talent or piety seems equal to accomplish; and that many of these imitations are very inadequate to represent the simplicity and grandeur of the originals may be confessed without any disparagement of Mr. Montgomery's poetical abilities: but in some, we think, he has retained and illustrated the beauties of his models more completely than any of his predecessors, and we would instance his imitations of Psalms xlvi. civ. cvii. and cxxxi. We extract the imitation of Psalm xlviii. as also executed with spirit and fidelity.

'Jehovah is great, and great be his praise;
In the city of God He is king;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays,
On the mount of his holiness sing.

'The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill;
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

'At the sight of her splendour, the kings of the earth
Grew pale with amazement and dread;
Fear seized them like pangs of a premature birth;
They came, they beheld her, and fled.

'Thou breakest the ships from the sea-circled climes,
When the storm of thy jealousy lowers;
As our fathers have told of thy deeds, in their times,
So, Lord, have we witness'd in ours.

'In the midst of thy temple, O God, hath our mind
Remember'd thy mercy of old;
Let thy name, like thy praise, to no realm be confined;
Thy power may all nations behold.

'Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
The mountain of Zion rejoice,
For Thou wilt establish her seat from above,
— Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

'Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks mark well;
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
Her towers and their pinnacles tell.

'Then say to your children: — Our strong hold is tried;
This God is our God to the end;
His people for ever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall for ever defend.'

Some of these expressions appear to us very happy; while they leave a pleasing impression of the zeal and earnestness with which the writer seems to have been animated, and which probably aided the fervor of composition.

NOVELS.

Art. 22. *Tales of the Manor.* By Mrs. Hofland. 12mo. 4 Vols. 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

Of these tales, which evince much power and variety of conception, 'The Partial Mother' contains the greatest number of natural touches; and affords the most instructive moral. 'The Divided Lovers' is an original story, and interesting, though somewhat too long: but the tale intitled 'A Stricken Conscience,' which we understand is founded on facts, reminds us of those wonderfully streaked and tinted skies which, though sometimes seen in our horizon, we are told by painters would look quite unnatural on canvas. Such an exhibition of disgusting wickedness as it presents can do no good, and we wish the ingenious writer to employ herself on themes better suited to her taste and feelings.

Art. 23. *The Three Perils of Man;* or, War, Woman, and Witchcraft. A Border Romance. By James Hogg, Author of "Winter Evening Tales," "Queen's Wake," &c. &c. 12mo. 3 Vols. 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

This title reminds us of a country gentleman's exclamation on reading a well known passage in the Latin grammar; '"Mars, Bacchus, Apollo," I know,' said he, 'but *who* was "*Virorum?*"' In like manner, though we acknowlege that war and women are apt to bring men into peril, yet we are not equally fearful of witchcraft; and least of all such witchcraft as Mr. Hogg would give us; for it is so clumsy and childish that we can scarcely believe it to proceed from the same pen to which we owe the graceful, airy, and fanciful description of "Kilmeny's" enchantment. Nor are the ladies, for whom these border-knights are made to adventure life and fortune, worthy of any comparison with our favorite, the "Bonnie Kilmeny." The scene in which the Princess of Scotland and the Lady Jane meet in disguise is one of the best; and the volumes contain some forcible descriptions of warlike encounters: but, on the whole, this romance, though it might pass muster from an unknown writer, cannot be said to exhibit the powers for which this author has already been distinguished. The language and manners of Scotchmen in the olden time are indeed well described: but this merit has now lost the charm of novelty; and on Mr. Hogg it can confer little more praise than we should attribute to a ship's log-book by saying that it gave a good idea of the vessel's course, and was evidently written by a person acquainted with nautical affairs.

Art. 24. *Roche Blanche;* or, The Hunters of the Pyrenees. A Romance. By Miss Anna Maria Porter, Author of "The Village of Mariendorpt," &c. 12mo. 3 Vols. 1*l*. 4*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

The character given of the Baron de Roche Blanche, in the commencement of this work, is so spirited, so natural, and, if we may say it, so *French*, that we should willingly have seen this happy and comical sketch filled up: — but, in the subsequent pages, our attention is called to nobler personages and graver scenes, and the interest excited is deep and pleasing. Yet the *denouement* is somewhat abruptly conducted: — the passion of Adhémar for an ideot, or, as Miss Porter might term her, an "*unidead*" person, is not only improbable, but would be revolting if depicted by a less gifted pen; — and the stale incident of his overhearing the plots of Catharine de Medicis from behind the arras could only be compensated by the finely touched scene of his death, which immediately follows it. The fair writer's occasional reflections are just and striking: but it would have been better to avoid the profane allusion in the first volume, p. 112., though it is properly so styled by Miss P. herself, where a courtier is made to employ in banter the words of penitence that were addressed to our Saviour, during the most awful hour of which we have a record.

A few faulty expressions may be noticed; as, vol. i. p. 34., 'he was not easily *got* to give up exercise;' p. 73., 'I should like to know *who* I am talking *with* — I should rather say, *who* I owe my life *to*?' p. 144., 'he saw that the latter had been used to the ceremonials of a court; *as such*, his own manners became,' &c.; p. 341., '*volant* movements.' Vol. ii. p. 314., 'Her good natured though *unidead* countenance,' &c. &c.

Art. 25. *The Refugees*, an Irish Tale. By the Author of "Decision," "Correction," &c. 12mo. 3 Vols. 1*l*. 1*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

Apparently, this tale was written with the laudable desire of inducing Irish absentees to reside in their native country: but, where the pen of Miss Edgeworth has proved not more than partially persuasive, that of an inferior writer can scarcely produce much effect. In the history of *Lady Constantia*, which is evidently borrowed from Madame de Stael's *Corinne*, we read (p. 124.) of the said Lady 'drinking into the poetical spirit of the country,' visiting the *Collesium*, (*Colliseum?*) &c. &c.; and all that was striking and attractive in the original becomes improbable and bombastic in the copy. The reiterated love-speeches are sufficient to weary even lovers themselves; and so little attention is paid to the probabilities and decorum of the characters, that in the third volume we find (p. 238.) a nobleman's daughter, only fifteen years old, making the following pretty speech: "Indeed, papa, you ought to worship my uncle — he has saved us both, I believe, but certainly Calista, from adding new beauties to the seraglio of the Dey of Algiers, or something still worse!" — and a few pages farther on, the young lady repeats the same delicate witticism. The best part of the book is the delineation of the lower orders of Irish, their manners, and phraseology: but a young Irish lady, who had passed her life in France, is here introduced speaking the most extraordinary jargon that we ever encountered. Although we have on former occasions recommended a study of the French and the English grammars to this writer, the following passages may shew how much our advice was needed, and how totally it has been neglected. Vol. i. p. 68., '*que monstre*' (*quel*); p. 106., '*la causerée*' (*causerie*); p. 115., '*quelle betesse*' (*bêtise*); p. 128., '*Cicesbei*' (*Cecisbei*); p. 221., '*si vulgarre*' (*vulgaire*); *tout au fait canaille*' (*tout à fait*); and p. 227. we hear of a young woman with *cheveaux blond*. — Vol. ii. p. 8., 'I am sorry you experienced any *ill convenience*;' p. 98., 'your children I find quite *eclartant*;' p. 375., 'I wish Calista saw that expressive face just now; she would no more complain of the *froiduer* of your *si grands yeux*.' 'Nor shall she ever *have cause to!*' &c. &c. We may add that the name of *Murat* is here always susbtituted for that of *Marat*, the atrocious colleague of Robespierre.

EDUCATION.

Art. 26. *Arithmetic for Children*. The Teacher's Book. By the Author of "Lessons for Young Persons in Humble Life." 12mo. 4*s*. bound. Longman and Co.

Art. 27. *Arithmetic for Children*. The Scholar's Book. 12mo. 2*s*. bound. Longman and Co. 1822.

We have had occasion in several instances to notice the productions of this anonymous author, and in more than one we have felt great pleasure in bestowing on them our approbation: but we cannot in the present case perceive that his endeavors have been crowned with peculiar success. The subject appears to us too much labored, and extended to too great a length; that is, too many pages are occupied with minor detail, no attempt being made to teach any rule beyond the first four in arithmetic. The Teacher's Book, for example, occupies 260 pages, and that of the Scholar 144 pages; and, after all, nothing is taught beyond Compound Division.

It will be understood that we do not object to the nature of the examples, but to the very great number of them; which has a tendency to tire a child. A sort of Chinese abacus, in a mahogany frame, accompanies these volumes, intended to illustrate the first principles of notation and numeration.

Art. 28. *A complete Course of Arithmetic*, Theoretical and Practical, in Three Parts, &c. &c., for the Use of public and private Schools. By W. H. White, Head-Master of the Commercial and Mathematical School, on the Foundation of Sir William Harpur, at Bedford. 12mo. 4*s.* bound. Longman and Co. 1822.

When either a new poem or a very different production, a new treatise of arithmetic, is sent to us for examination, we generally look first to the preface to see what apology the author has to make to the public for sending more goods to an already overstocked market; and, in five cases out of six, we find that he disclaims any original intention to publish, but that "*the importunities of friends*;" and a disinterested regard for the welfare and instruction of the rising generation, had overcome the scruples of modesty, and had prompted to a measure the most distant from the author's intentions. Mr. White is placed exactly in this situation, for he says in the first paragraph of his preface:

'There are already extant so many treatises on arithmetic, that I should not have augmented the number by TWO more (*the young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Arithmetic lately published, and the present work,*) had not pressing invitations on the one hand, the duty of my station as a tutor, and the real want of a work containing the SCIENCE of *Numbers*, on the other, required it.'

The author being thus brought before the public, wholly against his own inclination and better judgment, we should have been glad to find some point in the work on which we could speak in terms of commendation: but, after a careful perusal, we have really not been able to select a single example; that is, we have not been able to find any rule or demonstration which we have not seen as well contrived in fifty other treatises of a similar kind. The multiplication-table is made to occupy *five* pages, being extended from *two times two* to *twenty times twenty*, which is in our opinion extremely injudicious; and we would much rather see it reduced to *nine times nine*, its natural limit, than prolonged to a greater length. The rule of simple Multiplication alone in this work occupies *twenty-three* pages, and Division fills *seventeen*; and so on in like proportion. To compensate for this prolixity, however, the names of certain other rules are altered, and their places exchanged; Reduction, by name, is altogether excluded; the theory of Decimals is comprized within the compass of ten pages; and what has usually been called *Fellowship* is now denominated *Partnership*.

nership. This last is one of the most *important* alterations in the volume, and we copy the following example out of the rule:

Partnership, Exam. 16. — 'Gunpowder is composed of 76 parts of nitre, 14 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur: how much of these respective ingredients will be sufficient to make a ton weight of powder?'

The partners here in course are Messrs. Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal.

Art. 29. *Edwin and Henry*; or, the Week's Holidays. By Robert Huish, Esq. F.A.S., Author of "The Peruvians," "A Treatise on Bees," &c. Small 12mo. 2*s*. half-bound. Mackay.

The address to parents in the beginning of this little book is not very intelligible, but they need not hesitate in presenting the work to their children, as the morality is good and the narrative diversified; though perhaps the style is too flowery.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 30. *Memoranda illustrative of the Tombs and Sepulchral Decorations of the Egyptians*; with a Key to the Egyptian Tomb exhibiting in Piccadilly. Also, Remarks on Mummies, and Observations on the Process of embalming. 8vo. 4s. Boards. Boys. 1822.

We perfectly concur with the author of this tract, respecting the just debt of public gratitude which is due to the indefatigable labors and successful enterprize of M. Belzoni; and perhaps the rather because he has confined the elucidations of his discovery to those topics, which are the least controvertible or hypothetical. Yet every attempt to penetrate farther than the surface of so recondite an art as that of the Egyptians in embalming, to unfold the real meaning of the characters on their tombs, and to explain the forms of their symbols, must, in the comparatively slender amount of human knowlege concerning these subjects, be welcomed as a contribution towards the solution of this long hidden problem.

The newly discovered tomb of Psammis exhibits a numerous assemblage of the mystic forms and combinations so peculiar to the Egyptian mythology; and the coloring of these figures is a remarkable feature in this interesting relic, while the birds and other animals are well deserving of attention. The Ibis, which has furnished matter for long and learned disquisition, is here for the first time presented in its colored plumage; and the Taderna, or Sheldrake, appears in a variety of places. The sacred Bull, as if drawn from the description of Herodotus, is moreover one of the most conspicuous emblems in the sepulchral chambers which have lately been unveiled to the public eye. The writer before us professes not to offer explanations of the hieroglyphics: but, acknowleging that 'the power of *demonstrating* their true meaning is *wanting*, he submits his work only as an agreeable and probable companion to the exhibition,' and selects the most popular and generally used of those symbols for his exposition. From these, as a specimen of this useful guide to M. Belzoni's exhibition, we extract a part of the notice of the Scarabæus, or Beetle, one of the most revered objects of worship among the

> " *qualia demens*
> *Ægyptus portenta colat.*" (JUV.)

' The Scarabeus (Scarabæus) also claims our attention as connected with every stage of this sepulchral delineation. According to Plutarch, these insects casting the seed of generation into round balls of dung, as a genial nidus, and rolling them backward with their feet, while they themselves look directly forward, are considered solar emblems. As the sun appears to proceed through the heavens in a course contrary to the signs, thus these Scarabæe (Scarabæi) turn their balls towards the west, while they themselves continue creeping towards the east; by the first of these motions exhibiting the diurnal, by the second, the annual motion of the earth and planets. Dr. Clarke noticed it on the sands in the neighbourhood of Rosetta (as it is sculptured on the tomb) impelling the ball of dung in which it deposits its eggs.' (P. 9.)

For ourselves, we are strongly inclined to agree with Cicero concerning the origin of the Egyptian consecration of animals; who thinks that they worshipped no animal but for some known useful property; and who instances the Ibis, the Ichneumon, &c. &c. in support of his theory. We expected that the author of this tract would have adverted to this probable hypothesis. (*Vide Cic. de Nat. Deorum.*)

The entrance of the tomb is next described. In truth, the whole book seems to be a compilation for the express purpose of expounding more in detail the descriptions of M. Belzoni himself; and a farther attempt is made to deduce, from the various allegorical paintings of this extraordinary monument, the fact of the belief of the Egyptians in a future state. We quote the recapitulation in the author's own words:

' We enter the tomb with the great triad. We pass the threshold of the grave with the tutelary Ibis. Its bound is beautifully expressed by Time holding the mystic circle; as Time ended, Eternity began. The Scarabeus (Scarabæus), or subterranean Apollo, leads the mediating deities to the Hades or pit, where Osiris sits in judgment. The king adorned by eternal attributes is then conducted by Arueris to the throne of Osiris; and finally accepted by Isis, who by the touch of the charmed breast-plate of truth completes his initiation. The succeeding scenes mark his progress from glory to glory, until the magnificent display is finished in the splendid dome, the mystic type of the great universe.' (P. 35.)

The remarks on Mummies are a collection of the various *notitiæ* on this interesting subject which are to be found in Herodotus, Diodorus, Dr. Hunter, Denon, De Breves, Greaves, Pococke, &c. &c. &c. Although several interesting facts are assembled, the process and the materials of embalming still form a mystery which, after all that has been said of it, appears to be one of those arcana which it is not probable that Time, though said to be the revealer of all things, will reveal to us.

From certain peculiarities of phraseology, as well as other manifestations, we are inclined to conjecture that M. Belzoni is himself the author of this work, or has had some share in it; and we therefore abstain from all critical animadversion on its style and language.

Art. 31. *The Literary Character*, illustrated by the History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions. By I. D'Israeli. Third Edition, considerably enlarged and improved. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 16*s*. Boards. Murray. 1822.

Of the original edition of this amusing work, we spoke in our xviiith volume, p. 380.; where, in doing justice to its vivacity, and to its richness in literary anecdote, we ventured to blame the peremptory tone of its criticism, and the frequent affectation of its style. In each subsequent edition, considerable emendations have been made; and the author was not contented with expunging blemishes, but has attentively inserted many additional materials. The entire dissertation is now become an agreeable parlour-table book, which arranges and compares the principal phænomena of literary character. We need not repeat the titles of the chapters, which are twenty-five in number, and which abound with curious biographical incidents, elegantly classed and briefly told. — The aspirants to fame may hence learn this consolation; that, under circumstances the most various, high powers of mind have been formed or exerted; and that the heaviest stones which fortune can hurl have seldom weight enough to prevent or crush the vegetative force of genius, since its action is incessant, and at length irresistible.

Mr. D'Israeli has lately published a *new series* of his *Curiosities of Literature*, which is now on our table, and to which we shall have pleasure in attending at an early opportunity.

Art. 32. *The Remains of Henry Kirke White*, of Nottingham, late of St. John's College, Cambridge; with an Account of his Life, by Robert Southey. Vol. III. 8vo. 9*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

The appearance of the present volume has confirmed us in the opinion which, some years since, we expressed respecting the propriety of giving to the world the compositions of this unfortunate young scholar. The former volumes contained many pieces, both in prose and verse, which, though they uniformly displayed the sincerity and purity of the author's character, possessed very few other claims to public attention; and in the pages before us, we have a still more bald and meagre collection of juvenile poems and religious epistles. We object to this publication more especially from a regard to Mr. White's memory; for it is not fair that the world should be called to judge of his genius and capacity from such specimens as these. With the exception of one or two interesting letters, it may be called the *caput mortuum* of his MSS.; and we regret that the editor of his Remains has been persuaded, by the importunity of some partial friends, to print these

" gleanings of the original collection," which will not add any thing to the reputation of their author.

What can be the utility of preserving such juvenile attempts as the following; which, we are confident, the writer's own mature taste, as well as his increasing seriousness, would not have suffered to meet the public eye?

' SONG.

' Sweet Jessy! I would fain caress
  That lovely cheek divine;
Sweet Jessy, I'd give worlds to press
  That rising breast to mine.

' Sweet Jessy, I with passion burn
  Thy soft blue eyes to see;
Sweet Jessy, I would die to turn
  Those melting eyes on me!

' Yet Jessy, lovely as * * *
  Thy form and face appear,
I'd perish ere I would consent
  To buy them with a tear.'

The only view in which this miscellany can be considered as important, or valuable, is on account of the insight which it affords into the history of the author's mind: but then it must be remembered that his mind was not of so very superior an order as to make that history a matter of great general interest. We may remark that we have in the present volume a more correct account of his conversion, than that which appeared in the former parts of the work.

We have great pleasure in recording the following anecdote, and in transcribing Professor Smyth's appropriate and beautiful lines:

' A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, has been placed in All-Saint's Church, Cambridge, at the expense of a young American gentleman, Mr. Francis Boott, of Boston. During his travels in this country, he visited the grave of one whom he had learnt to love and regret in America; and finding no other memorial of him than the initials of his name upon the plain stone which covers his perishable remains, ordered this monument to be erected. It bears the following inscription by Professor Smyth, who, while Henry was living, treated him with characteristic kindness, and has consigned to posterity this durable expression of his friendship:

' Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquer'd powers the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decayed:
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retir'd,
The martyr-student faded, and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost, midst studies too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and show'd what White had been;

Nor told in vain. — Far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave:
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.'

33. *Elements of the Game of Chess*, or a new Method of In-
uction in that celebrated Game, founded on scientific Prin-
les: containing numerous General Rules, Remarks, and
amples, by means of which, considerable Skill in the Game
y be acquired, in a comparatively short Time. The whole
itten expressly for the Use of Beginners, by William Lewis,
eacher of Chess, and Author and Editor of several Publications
the Game. 12mo. pp. 240. Longman and Co. 1822.

e took notice of Mr. Sarratt's abstruse treatise on Chess in
lxxiid vol. p. 351. That work aspired to instruct the adept,
e the present intends to prepare the learner, and is altogether
lementary book. It begins by teaching simply the moves, and
ceeds to such combinations of moves between two or three
es as are of most frequent occurrence; and it is subdivided
fifty-eight chapters, each of which has a separate scope. In
preface, the author justly observes:

The great objection to the works hitherto published, as far as
rds the mere learner, is that they commence too soon with all
pieces, and the reader is expected to manœuvre all, before he
erstands the use of one or two; the powers of the pieces are
erfectly taught, and the numerous combinations and difficulties
ch so early present themselves to the reader confuse and
gue him, and he begins to fear that very considerable time must
se before he can become, with great study and patience, even
oderate player; hence we often hear of persons relinquishing
game because the difficulties they meet with are so great; of
rs who have been deterred from attempting it because they
been told "that it is extremely difficult," that it requires ex-
rdinary talent to play well, &c. &c. I am however inclined to
k that if the reader will peruse the following pages with atten-
, and not be too anxious to begin playing a whole game, he
be gradually learning what every chess-player ought to know,
without which it will be impossible for him ever to be a first-
player; and he will afterwards play games with more profit and
ght than if he had at once begun playing with all the pieces,
ably losing game after game, and as is usually the case with-
any real improvement.'

Ir. L. acknowleges some obligations to Nieveld's *La Supe-
ité aux Echecs mise à la Portée de tout le Monde*, printed at
pen in 1792; and certainly he could not have taken a better
lel for lucid instruction, for the analysis of intricacy, and for
gradual progress from simple to complex difficulty. Chess,
ond every other game, has continued to assert a diffusive and a
ing popularity in all nations and climes; it has defied the
rices of fashion, and converted the highest intellect to its
ship.

A former publication of this writer was noticed by us in vol. xciii. p. 218.

Art. 34. *Tracts.* By Sir Thomas Browne, Knight, M.D. 12mo. pp. 182. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1822.

We were much disappointed not to find in this re-impression our old favorite the *Religio Medici.* As to the *Quincunx,* curious as it is, we do not regret its absence: but the charity, the humanity, and the philosophy displayed in the *Religio Medici,* amply atone for all the paradoxes and whimsies that are mixed up in that delightful piece, and might well have procured for it a new edition. The present volume, however, is composed only of the Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial; the letter to a friend on the death of his intimate friend; and the Musæum Clausum, or catalogue of rarities. The last is merely quaint and singular; while the *Letter* is full of apophthegms and pointed remarks, not more strangely expressed than shrewdly conceived, and mingled with considerable feeling and kindness: — but the *Urn Burial* is the complete specimen of the author's manner, exhibiting his profound erudition, his multifarious knowlege, his vigorous and rich imagination, his pregnancy of expression, his fondness of mysterious and transcendental speculations, and, above all, that sanctitude of moral reflections which stamps a beauty and sublimity on all his happiest effusions.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Agricola will never find us inattentive to the interests and present sufferings of either the cultivators or the proprietors of English soil: but, as impartial judges, we must view both sides of the question, and *sum up* according to the evidence; not allowing compassion for one part of the community, however numerous and important, to outweigh a due consideration for the welfare of the whole.

The facetious Mr. *Jarvey* may ride or drive his hobby-horse as he pleases, but he must not expect to knock down our judgment and taste, and trample it under foot, because they may not exactly coincide with his fancies and partialities.

We shall be glad to hear farther occasionally from our respected correspondent *Observer;* whose acute remarks and extensive information render his communications always valuable and acceptable.

⁂ The APPENDIX to this volume of the Monthly Review will be published with the Number for January, on the 1st of February.

THE
APPENDIX
TO THE
NINETY-NINTH VOLUME
OF THE
MONTHLY REVIEW,
ENLARGED.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Art. I. *Voyage en Suisse*, &c.; *i. e.* Travels in Swisserland during the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819: with an Historical Essay on the Manners and Customs of Antient and Modern Helvetia, in which are delineated the Events of the present Time, and the Causes that led to them. By L. Simond. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 1150. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 1*s.*

When we alluded to the appearance of this work in an article in a former *Appendix*, we inadvertently mentioned it as the production of the well known writer on Political Economy, M. *Simonde de Sismondi*: but M. Simond is a different person, who has been already introduced to the British public as the author of a work intitled "*Voyage d'un Français en Angleterre.*" The favorable reception, which that narrative of his travels in this country experienced, we now find induced him to scale the rocks and thread the vallies of Swisserland; armed with pen and ink in front to seize on immediate incidents and observations, and with a *corps de reserve* of dusty chroniclers in rear, *Tschudi*, *Muller*, *Mállet*, &c. &c., with whose assistance he has achieved a history from the earliest times. This latter portion, fortunately, is put into a separate volume; so that the reader who feels no very intense interest in the victories of Julius Cæsar over the hardy mountaineers of Helvetia, nor any unquenchable curiosity as to the precise year in which certain learned and pious missionaries emigrated from the freezing climate of the Hebrides to preach Christianity among them at the sources of the Rhine, will not find himself taken by surprize and unexpectedly involved in the historical labyrinth of dark ages; though, if he wishes to explore it, he may borrow the taper which M. SIMOND has lighted from antient lamps, and now offers for the purpose of guiding his steps.

After having said farewell to Fontainebleau, which, like Versailles, presents the spectacle of fallen grandeur, the traveller proceeded southward towards Dijon, exclaiming; 'We have this day seen a few habitations sprinkled over the country, which announce the proprietors to be something above the rank of peasants: but the sight of them reminds us how rare they are! Less rare are the *chateaux*; that is, certain isolated groupes consisting of a small embattled edifice, flanked with turrets, lofty, narrow, dirtied with smoke, and shut up within a court; with some twenty miserable hovels clustered round the walls and resting against them, as if to secure the protection of the seigneur. Yet these little groupes in the midst of the country are connected with nothing, and such specimens of feudality are like plants preserved in a herbal. The poor country-squire had probably deserted his mournful mansion before the Revolution, and betaken himself to some neighbouring town, where he was dignified with the title of *Monsieur le Comte*, or *Monsieur le Marquis*, decorated with the cross of St. Louis, deriving a scanty income from his fines and quit-rents, passing away his time in old-fashioned gallantry with the dowagers of the place, patched and painted, wearing large sleeves three rows deep, hoop-petticoats, pointed heels four inches high, and making a party every evening for *Monsieur le Marquis*. None of this set believed that a single invention or discovery had been made since the age of Louis XIV.; for not a single book approached this provincial circle. The utmost that was read in these southern provinces was *Le Courier d'Avignon*; and when the Revolution broke in and dissolved the society, like Attila and the Huns emerging from the depths of their forests in the fifth century, it was a phænomenon of destruction incomprehensible, and unforeseen; coming no one knew whence; a barbarous enemy speaking another tongue, and to whom it had had no means of making itself understood.' — Such sketches of the state of society in the provinces, before the Revolution, are not without interest: but the Bœotian fog of ignorance was dissipated by that event, books are no longer excluded, and the *Courier d'Avignon* is not the only journal that is now read.

The establishment of M. *Fellenberg* for practical education in agriculture, mechanics, and physical philosophy, at Hofwyl, near Berne, has been justly celebrated throughout Europe. This institution, and those which have grown out of it, are scions from the parent-stock originally planted by M. *Pestalozzi,* a name which must ever be held in veneration. When France endeavored to *regenerate* the Swiss cantons, and impose on them a new constitution, the opposition which it encountered in the Valais instigated the Directory to send an army to enforce submission, under General *Schauenburg;* and Sion, its capital, was taken by assault. After having experienced all the horrors of war with an enemy of vast superiority, resistance was found to be useless; and the whole of Swisserland, except one little spot, was at last united under a single representative government. The people of Nidwalden alone, the lower section of the canton of Underwalden, refused to submit; resisted the authority of the Helvetic Directory; took arms against the constituted functionaries of the new government; and adopted every measure to render more difficult the entrance of an enemy into their sacred little territory. *Schauenburg* advanced on the 3d of September, 1798, with a division of between fifteen and sixteen thousand troops, against the small district of Nidwalden; which did not contain more than two thousand individuals capable of defending themselves, including young and old, male and female, and a corps of two hundred and eighty volunteers from the neighborhood. The unequal struggle, however, could not last long, and this band of heroes fought their last battle at Stantz; where sixty-three persons, consisting of old men, children, and women, having taken refuge in the church, were all massacred at the foot of the altar! Five hundred and eighty-four houses were first pillaged, and then burnt to the ground; and a mural inscription in the adjacent chapel informs the reader that four hundred and forty inhabitants of the town of Stantz, slain on that dreadful day, there lie buried, among whom are one hundred and two women and twenty-five children! Except in the town itself, not one single house was left standing throughout the whole canton; and Stantz would have shared the same fate, but for the energy and intrepidity of an Alsatian officer, named *Muller,* who prevented the intended conflagration from being carried into effect.

Several of the French officers exerted themselves to put an end to this horrible butchery. Yet, after his success in nearly exterminating the inhabitants, *Schauenburg* inflicted a contribution of 60,000 livres on the country: but it was already a desert; and when the fury of the moment had passed away, the French army itself was so ashamed of this assessment on a most brave and unhappy foe, that it refused the offer made by the Helvetic Directory to pay the sum. The loss of the French on this occasion is supposed to have been not less than three thousand men: "*Nous avons perdu beaucoup de monde,*" was the expression of *Shauenburg*, in his despatch, "*par la résistance incroyable de ces gens-là; c'est le jour le plus chaud que j'aie jamais vu.*" All Swisserland sent assistance to those who survived the carnage, or they must have perished in the winter: subscriptions were raised in England and Germany; and *Schauenburg* himself furnished the inhabitants with twelve hundred rations *per* day for a considerable time.

Pestalozzi appeared at this time like a protecting angel sent from heaven. He collected about eighty children of various ages, at Stantz, whose parents and relatives had fallen on the fatal day of the 9th of September, became a father to them from that period, served them with his own hands, and resolved to devote himself to their education. Being soon deprived, however, of the asylum in which he first assembled them, and which was converted into a military hospital, he wandered about for some time with his troop of orphans; when Berne offered to him the facilities which he so much wanted, placing at his disposal in the first instance the *chateau* of Burgdoff, situated near that city, and afterward that of Buchsee. He finally established himself at Yverdun, in an antient *chateau* furnished to him by the commune, and which his establishment has occupied ever since the year 1804. M. SIMOND had a letter of introduction to this celebrated man, of whose apostolic simplicity of manners and benevolence of character he speaks in the highest terms: but *Pestalozzi* is now grown old; and the admirable education, which thrived under his immediate and personal superintendence, is represented as having degenerated into the ordinary routine of common schools. This circumstance has not escaped the observation of the venerable founder himself, who deeply regrets it, and has established a small school at Cleudy, near Yverdun, where he instructs a certain number of young persons of both sexes, bringing them up expressly as teachers of his own principles. When the author was there, he saw four youths who had been sent from England for that purpose: — but how much to be lamented is it that the first observation forced on their attention is that the system, which they are learning, has been practically abandoned in the very school of its founder! His primary object was to consider his seminary as a large family, and the scholars as his children: it was an experiment to extend

tend on a large scale a system of domestic education. Like our countryman, the poet Cowper, (in the *Tyrocinium,*) he considers emulation as the germ of the most dangerous passions and the worst feelings: accordingly, instead of exciting he represses it, and rejects it as a stimulus to improvement, sarcastically calling it "*La queue de Bonaparte.*"

Emulation, however, is a stimulus implanted by nature: it is allotted in different proportions to different dispositions throughout the animal creation; and the largest portion is invariably given to the noblest and most generous of the species. Like the war-horse and the racer, champing impatiently the bit that restrains them under the excitement of that feeling, it requires guidance and a certain degree of coercion: but, could we succeed in extinguishing this living fire in man or in beast, no longer should we have the war-horse and the racer swiftly scouring the plains, excepting as the lash goaded the sluggish and unwilling animal; — no longer must we expect the "storied urn and animated bust" from the sculptor's chisel, or the painter's glowing canvas, or the "breathing thoughts and burning words" of the poet. Where no emulation exists, there can be no excellence, as the very term seems to imply; and the boy who is not eager to get before his school-fellows must be whipped to make him keep up with them. Thus it appears that *Pestalozzi* wished to inspire his pupils with the same confidence and affection towards their instructors that is felt by children towards their parents; and they were to be incited to their studies by love, not by fear. Nothing can be more delightful than to contemplate the progress of such scholars: but he rejected the spur of emulation, and what has been the consequence? — that there was absolutely nothing *paternal* in the conduct of the masters when M. Simond was there; some of whom, not excepting the divinity-tutor, found it more easy to drive on his pupils by the force of his arm, than to allure them to study by the eloquence of his tongue. — We are told, however, that M. *Pestalozzi* has given an impulse to education which is of infinite utility; that many schools, all professing his principles, have sprung up; and that the present generation of children in Swisserland is incontestably much better educated than it would have been without the zeal, the self-devotion through a series of years, and the admirable qualifications of this gentleman.

The most celebrated of these establishments is that of M. *Fellenberg*, at Hofwyl, about a league and a half from Berne; and M. Simond has given a full and interesting account of it from his own personal inspection and inquiries. (Vol. i. p. 276—280., and 491—533.) — M. *Fellenberg* had long been known as an eminent agriculturist, respected for his ardent patriotism, and beloved for his beneficence, when the French armies invaded Swisserland; and soon after that event, he was attached to a delegation from the Provisional Government of his own country to Paris. In the course of an official conference with the Director *Rewbel*, at his country-house at Arcueil, he represented to the latter the dreadful state to which Swisserland was then reduced, and the imminent danger then apparent that a Vendean war would soon be lighted up in its vallies. The silence of the Director during this representation made M. *Fellenberg* fancy, for a moment, that it had made an adequate impression on his mind, and had even awakened some unextinguished sentiment of humanity and justice; when suddenly *Rewbel*, seeing one of his servants pass at the moment, called out and desired him to bring a favorite little spaniel bitch which was suckling a litter of whelps. The dog was accordingly brought in a basket, was kissed and caressed, and not another word could be said about Swisserland! —Disgusted with diplomacy, M. *Fellenberg* said to M. Simond, in recounting to him this anecdote, "I took leave of a place and of a course of life so little suited to my taste, and for which I was so little qualified; resolved to attempt the long and laborious task of elementary reform by an improved system of education, and to devote the whole of my life to the effort."

The institution at Hofwyl is on the most extensive scale; not indeed as to the numerical amount of children taught, but as furnishing a course of education classical, scientific, and polite: so well suited to the highest orders of the aristocracy, that several of the German princes and nobility, several Russian nobles, and youths of the first families of Swisserland, have been educated in that branch of it called the "Academy;" and at the same time so peculiarly adapted in its other branches, namely, the "School of Industry," the "Farm," &c. to the poorest classes of society, that the institution was founded with the design of redeeming from the extremest ignorance and profligacy those unhappy children who, from their very infancy, had been either neglected by their parents, or had even been initiated by them into every thing that is licentious and criminal. Of such pitiable outcasts was the school almost exclusively composed at first: when M. *Fellenberg* succeeded in improving their morals by making them more comfortable than they had been under the dominion of their vicious habits; and by accustoming them to industrious pursuits, and extending a greater degree of intellectual cultivation to them than had ever been allotted to the laboring classes of the community, or been imagined to be compatible with their humble pursuits.* The scholars of this latter division of the establishment are taught to believe that their future livelihood will depend on their own manual exertion in cultivating the earth; to this, therefore, every other consideration is subordinate; and about two hundred and fifty acres of land, attached to the establishment, constitute the farm on which they work. Their hours of relaxation as well as those of labor, and their very amusements, have an instructive tendency. Besides writing and cyphering, they apply themselves to geography, history, music, drawing, mineralogy, gardening, botany, and to all the various branches of natural history. "You may see many of them," said Mr. Brougham, "every now and then stepping aside from the furrow where they are working, to deposit a specimen or a plant for his little hortus siccus or his cabinet: and M. *Fellenberg* rarely goes into the field without being called upon to decide some controversy that has arisen on matters relating to mineralogy, botany, or the parts of chemical science which have most immediate relation to agriculture." The scholars, according to M. Simond's account, are divided into three classes, corresponding to their age and degree of strength; and the labor of each class is registered every evening in a book, stating the nature of the work done in the day: thus each separate crop, each new building, the live-stock, the cost of implements, &c. &c. are regularly debited with the amount of labor bestowed on them, estimated at so much *per* hour. In winter, sedentary employments take place of the operations of the field; such as plaiting straw for chair-bottoms, basket-making, sawing wood, threshing corn, grinding colors, assisting the wheel-wright, carpenter, &c.

In the "Academy," the higher branches of science and literature are taught. Without entering into the minutiæ of the course of reading, it may suffice to say that the pupils are usually engaged for nine years at Hofwyl, which are divided into three periods of three years each. In the first, they are taught Greek, antient history, and natural history: in the second, Latin, the Roman history, and antient geography; and, in the third, modern languages and history. Physics, mechanics, and mathematics are the objects of study throughout the whole course. Perhaps it may excite some surprize that Greek should be taught before Latin: but M. *Fellenberg* considers that a grammatical analogy subsists between the German language, which is spoken at Hofwyl, and the Greek, which makes the study of the latter more easy for young people than the Latin; while the stories in the Odyssey are of such exquisite beauty, that they never fail to inspire an interest and anxiety to overcome any difficulties of language in which they may be clothed.

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* The reader will do well to refer to Mr. Brougham's evidence before the Education-Committee, (see Report, p. 195, &c.) where he has expatiated on the principles and practical management of M. *Fellenberg's* establishment; to the excellence of which he bears testimony founded on ocular observation.

Thus we see that, as in the "School of Industry," the course of education is suited to the humble destination of those who compose it, so likewise is the course pursued in the "Academy" adapted to the higher destinies of patrician youths. Military and gymnastic exercises are common to both; and, although the poor children live apart from the rich, no dark and sullen line of demarcation is drawn to keep them asunder, and excite the contempt of the one or the envy of the other: on the contrary, they are always in contact; and each class, among other lessons, is daily taught the importance of its relative duties in society towards the other. Those who leave the "Academy" have become personally acquainted with the virtues and talents cultivated by others in a humble sphere of life; while those who quit the "School of Industry" carry with them the favorable impression on their minds of an aristocracy not engaged in frivolous pursuits and licentious pleasures, not haughty and domineering, but bred up like themselves under the control of moral and intellectual discipline, habituated to exertion both of body and mind, and affable and obliging.

It seems rather whimsical that, while reading and writing are taught in the "School of Industry," scarcely a book is to be seen, and not a public journal is admitted. Almost every thing is taught *vivâ voce*; and moral instruction is chiefly instilled by the *example* of frugality, industry, veracity, docility, and reciprocal beneficence. M. *Fellenberg* observes that newspapers, and works of the day, are often made the vehicles of injustice and abuse; and that many young people read them not for information but for scandal, or to confirm political prejudices, which are inflamed and exasperated by fearless and designing editors. Accordingly, although he teaches reading, he almost prohibits books! He invests his scholars with a mighty power, but withholds from them the opportunity of employing it till their reason shall have become mature, and they shall know how to employ it discreetly. — An observation is made on this subject by M. SIMOND, which marks the man of reflection:

'Whatever plausibility may attend the ordinary objections which are urged against instructing the lower classes,' says he, 'they can only apply to those large masses of people, who, being assembled in manufacturing towns, are exposed to sudden alternations of penury and abundance; who are sometimes overwhelmed with work, and sometimes have nothing to do; and who, when soured by these vicissitudes, are easily excited to any acts of extremity and violence. The race of peasants, on the contrary, is naturally patient and free from irritability; and the solitary labor in which they are engaged is not favorable either to the developement or the communication of ideas. In all antient republics, they have, accordingly, been held in subjection by the natives of cities. Providence regulates the seasons for them, and sends them good or bad harvests: under such a master, they must learn docility and obedience. This order of men requires to be excited, therefore, as much as the other wants to be coerced or appeased; and the cultivation of the mind, considered simply as a stimulant, is much more essential to the class of peasants than to that of citizens. Consequently, to make the labor of the field subservient to education was one of the happiest thoughts which the genius of utility ever suggested. Manufactories encourage population beyond the permanent means of subsistence, by remunerating the labor of children; and the institution at Hofwyl might also have this evil tendency, if it encouraged parents to expect that by its means they would entirely relieve themselves from the burden of maintaining their offspring.* But experience shews that institutions of this nature do not, at present, entirely defray the expence of supporting them. Population is making an alarming progress in Berne; where, unhappily, certain customs exist that are too well calculated to increase it. From time immemorial it has been the custom in this canton for young unmarried females, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to admit into their bed-rooms, and to retain, from Saturday evening till Sunday morning, any of those young men who aspire to the happiness of being received into their favor. These night-visits are said to have been perfectly innocent *formerly*, but the increasing number of illegitimate births leaves no doubt as to their nature at present; and the disposal of these children, at the charge sometimes of their mother, sometimes of the father, sometimes of the commune, has become an object of rather complex legislation. The young couple often marry on the first appearance of pregnancy: but, at any rate, it is certain that, married or unmarried, almost all the young female peasants become mothers; and the canton of Berne, though reduced to half of its antient territory, has at this time as large a population, namely, 350,000, as it had in the year 1764.'

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* We give this as we find it in the original, vol. i. p. 503.; it is M. SIMOND's doctrine, not ours. Manufactories do *not* encourage population beyond the permanent means of sustaining it, except where the freedom of foreign commerce is restrained by legislative interference; and what can be more preposterous than the author's illustration? If the children of the School of Industry at Hofwyl, instead of being able to maintain themselves in part only, as they do now, could maintain themselves *entirely* by their labor, the evil of over-population would be more aggravated than it is! In other words, the more industrious the children become, the more valuable their labor is made; and the more economically the school is conducted, the worse for society! Then destroy it at once, if the nearer it approaches to perfection the more mischievous it becomes. We may address it in the words of Satan to the Sun:

"All good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good!" *Rev.*

M. Simond adds that, in consequence of the 'alarming' rapidity with which peasant-population has increased, it has been found necessary to introduce a poor's rate; which, in some places, amounts to five per cent. on income. We have already noticed, more than once, that it was in this canton of Berne that the doctrines of Mr. Malthus many years ago created very *lively* fears among the aristocratic classes. The physical preventatives recommended by the modern anti-conceptionist, Mr. Place, have probably not yet been whispered on the banks of the Rhine or the Rhone; and may the inhabitants long enjoy the bliss of ignorance, and be spared the folly of his wisdom! Population, indeed, goes on merrily, in spite of the denunciations of Mr. Malthus, and the obstacles thrown in the way of pauper-marriages by the venerable senators of Berne.* M. Simond says that illegitimate births are not so frequent as precocious marriages between young people who have not the means of maintaining a family: so that the *kilten*, or custom just mentioned, has more blame laid on it as causing bastardy than it deserves: — but the fact is that the most direct encouragement was offered to population some years ago, by the division of a large extent of land belonging to the commune into small farms, and the distribution of them among those who applied for them. The immediate consequence was a vast number of marriages between young people scarcely out of leading-strings, who before the age of thirty saw themselves surrounded by eight or ten children, to be supported from the produce of a few acres of land. The system yet continues: but, in order to obtain one of these farms, the parties applying must now have completed twenty-eight years of age. Many swarms from this hive have taken flight to the Brazils, and others to the United States of America. — Much has been said in favor of the manners of the people of Berne and much against them: their property is moderate, and they have few means to augment it and relieve the expences of a family. In consequence, *celibacy is very common in both sexes.* The marriage-bond however is sacred, and adultery is unknown: but houses of debauch and ill fame are shamefully numerous. Government is said to tolerate them, as being better than clubs.

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* "*Un homme qui reçoit des secours, ou qui dans son enfance a été mis en apprentisage par la Commune, ne peut se marier sans le consentement du Consistoire: c'est encore le Consistoire qui décide les cas de bâtardise.*" Lest we should spoil this precious specimen of Bernese legislation, we give the passage in the original. (See vol. i. p. 478.)

The women, mild, modest, (notwithstanding the kilten,) and sensible, have their *volée* *, and their *société de jeunesse* *, as they have at Geneva. The spirit of *coterie* is still more concentrated at Berne than at the latter city, and political jealousies are more violent, while their object is different. At Geneva, people divide about opinions; at Berne, about places; that is, honorary distinctions, for in general they serve without emolument. Their object is neither to persuade nor to refute, but to supplant. Political adversaries every where hate one another: but here their hatred is sullen and silent, while at Geneva it is argumentative and loquacious. Here, politics divide the members of each family as much as they separate families from each other. In other places, brothers embracing the same political principles are in agreement together, but not so here: for as only a certain number of individuals from each family can be admitted into the great council, they are rivals in aiming at the distinction, and conformity of opinion by no means secures an harmonious co-operation. This political rivalry, moreover, produces another; for brothers seek to supplant each other in the good graces of that fair one who can present her husband with the *chapeau*, or right of entrance to the council, as her dower. The maxim of *La Rochefoucauld*, that we should so live among our friends as if they were one day to become our enemies, is not unknown, even practically, among the Bernese. Society there is less numerous than at Geneva, but more simple and unpretending; strangers, well recommended, are received with great hospitality and kindness; and people of the first rank, instead of making any ostentatious display of wealth, seem rather to be vain of the poverty to which they have been reduced by political events. Their annual expences rarely exceed five or six hundred pounds, and they have no places of public amusement except a miserable German theatre. Although the language of the country is a German *patois*, German literature is but little cultivated, and French literature chiefly as it existed in the age of Louis XIV. The evening-parties at Berne usually break up at nine or ten o'clock. French is the language spoken in cultivated society. Among the patrician families, a liberality of thinking and talking on political subjects has gradually crept in, which was unknown some years ago.

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* These terms will be explained when we speak of the society at Geneva.

The following is a lively account of the environs of Berne, and of the town itself:

'A person is surprized to see a country so redundant of inhabitants yet covered with forests. A vast number of trees, oak, beech, and fir, more antient than the Helvetic Confederacy, have long since passed the time when they were of any use to the carpenter. Yet they are picturesque in the highest degree, and in the name of taste I could oppose the destruction of one of them; but in the name of political economy, and almost of humanity, I would clear away those forests which occupy a fertile soil, and plant the mountains, which, by some singular caprice or absurdity, are left entirely naked. These noble woods reach to the very gates of Berne, which the traveller approaches through an avenue of limes of most beautiful and stately growth. Foot-passengers and market-women are accommodated at short distances with benches on which they may rest, and over them are placed horizontal planks, at a convenient height, to receive the burdens which they carry on their heads. Currents of spring-water trickle beside the road; and throughout the canton, the main roads, wider than those of England, are equally compact and firm. They pass over the loftiest mountains, are constructed without the imposition of duties, and are kept in repair without tolls. The whole country has the appearance of an English garden.

'The town stands on an elevated *plateau*, a high peninsular ridge formed by the windings of the Aar, from which the Rhine receives half of its waters. Its declivities are clothed with turf; and in some places they are formed into terraces, several of which are very lofty, well planted, and all of them commanding the loveliest views.' — 'The open galleries, which are disposed along the streets of Berne, are the prototype of the *Palais Royal* and of many other modern buildings in Paris and London: they were themselves copied from Bologna, and other cities of Lombardy, except that there the arcades are lower, and the pillars so massy as to darken the shops. The use of these covered galleries, during the long and rigorous winters of a town standing two hundred and eighty-five toises above the level of the sea, and in the vicinity of the High Alps, is sufficiently obvious; and they are not found less serviceable in the hot summers of the southern countries.

'It is difficult to describe the first impression which a stranger receives on entering Berne: he fancies himself in a large city, although it does not contain more than ten thousand persons; in an antient one, although it is among the most modern in Europe, dating its foundations no farther back than the twelfth century; in an opulent one, although there are no magnificent houses, nor is a single carriage to be seen rolling along the streets; and in a city of Romans — but here he is not deceived, for the same causes have produced the same effects in the centre of the Alps and on the plains of Latium, at an interval of almost twenty centuries. Luxury at Berne is of a public nature, and is manifested in roads, avenues, public gardens, gigantic terraces, built with a solidity which is proof against all trial, and beautiful fountains sprinkling the streets with their clear waters. Add to these, houses of an uniform and simple structure; manners, grave and reserved; wealth, entirely agricultural, for the activity and bustle of commerce are unknown, and the stillness of the streets is only disturbed by carts coming from the country, with provisions for the market: *few paupers, and no beggars.* The pride of aristocracy, they say, is here carried to its very utmost height; and the truth of the remark is not invalidated by the air of antient simplicity, ease, and complacency which the magistrates display in their intercourse with the inferior classes; for it is the character of a patrician government to conceal its authority wherever that authority is undisputed. In the other aristocracies of Swisserland, we fancy that we contemplate citizens who have become nobles: — here, we behold nobles who have become citizens.' (Vol. i. p. 219—223.)

Whoever has been at Geneva must have been struck with the gloominess of its appearance, the irregularity of its buildings, and the dirtiness of its streets. Of twelve hundred houses which stand within the town, M. Simond says truly that a great proportion are dark caves, whose vast and ponderous solidity of wall is only an additional grievance. Want of space has reduced most of the courts to the size of huge wells, over which look some melancholy windows, whence an air is breathed that is too often tainted with exhalations from the common sewers. The streets in general are wide, and the loftiness of the free-stone houses would have a stately effect, if it were not for the odious deformity produced by the arcades, very inferior to those of Berne, which stand before the houses, and throw a gloom over the whole street. These arcades are constructed of wood, and sometimes rise to a level with their roofs: they project several feet, and thus reduce a spacious street to the dimensions of a narrow mean-looking lane. They give foot-passengers, however, a shelter from rain and a shade from sun, and are convenient for drying linen, &c. The town is well situated, and embosomed in the Alps, which seem to form a circumvallation for its defence. It stands on the brink of the Lake; on that narrow neck of it where it loses both its character and its name, and is identified with the Rhone, whose dark-blue waters flow with a deep and impetuous current through the town. It has been sometimes said that this mighty river holds its majestic course through the Lake, from one extremity to the other, disdaining to mingle with its waves: but the fact is that, in summer-time, from the melting of the snows, the Rhone, when it enters into the Lake, brings with it a prodigious body of water, which by its great force preserves a distinguishable current for a quarter or half a mile; it then becomes so completely mixed, that no stream is discoverable till within about the same distance from Geneva. A similar but much more striking effect is produced by the junction of the Arve and the Rhone. The Arve falls into the Rhone at the distance of about a quarter of a league below the town, and the two rivers run for more than half a league before their waters are blended: the stream which they constitute is broad; and on one side is the brown and muddy Arve, while on the other is to be seen the clear untainted waters of the Rhone: but they no longer preserve their limpidness after the Arve, which descends from the High Alps in the vicinity of Mont Blanc, has impetuously joined itself, and deposited the slime and mud with which it is charged.*

In the republic of letters, Geneva has long enjoyed an honorable pre-eminence; and the works of *Bonnet, De Saussure, Mallet, De Luc, J. J. Rousseau, Neckar,* Mad. *de Staël,* &c. &c., have imparted celebrity to the place which gave them birth, or which they had selected for residence. That city has not only produced a large proportion of men of letters, but it has often been remarked that the bulk of its inhabitants have a strong natural understanding, and are endowed with a more than average share of information; and this is a fact for which we may easily account, since no place in Europe can be mentioned where education has been more cheaply, extensively, and assiduously carried on for a multitude of years. Society there is of the most agreeable and best sort, notwithstanding that a taste for science and literature prevails among the female sex, and a severity of morals which awes and abashes the licentious intruder or the frivolous coxcomb. The ladies are of very domestic habits; they have their evening-parties in the winter, and occupy themselves during the morning in music, drawing, reading, in domestic affairs, and instructing their children. 'When conversing with them,' says the author, 'we were struck with the plaintive sweetness of their voice, while the general modesty of their deportment confirms the reputation which they have so justly acquired. No female is received whose character is in the least degree equivocal. They are all devout, well informed, sensible, economical; and the charge against them of prudery and pedantry is altogether unfounded. When knowlege actually *runs about the streets*, there can be no pedantry, and a real severity of morals belies the charge of prudery: for people only affect to have what they have not, and no one plumes himself on the possession of that which is common to every body.'

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* The Arve is subject to sudden and considerable swellings; and it has four times risen to such a height that, being unable to run with sufficient rapidity between the hills which confine it below its junction with the Rhone, the waters of the torrent have flowed back in the bed of the river, and caused to turn, in their inverted course, the mills constructed on its banks. This phænomenon was observed on December 3. 1570; on November 21. 1651; on February 10. 1711; and on September 14. 1733. The particulars of that which took place in 1711 are related in M. *Fatio's* "*Remarques sur l'Histoire Naturelle des Environs du Lac de Genève,*" tome ii. p. 464. For a philosophical explanation of the occurrence, see "*Voyages dans les Alpes, par M. de Saussure,*" tome i. § 15. *et seq.* — Rev.

The following anecdote is much too creditable to be omitted. M. *de Candolle*, a very eminent professor of botany, availed himself, in one of his lectures, of a splendid collection of more than two thousand drawings of plants, indigenous in Spanish America, which had been lent to him by his friend, M. *Mosino*, a celebrated Spanish botanist. This latter gentleman, however, having occasion to recall them unexpectedly, M. *de Candolle* acquainted his auditory with the circumstance, and expressed his regret. Some ladies who were present immediately volunteered their services to copy, or to get copied among their female friends, the greater part of this collection, *in the course of a week*. He thankfully accepted the offer so handsomely made, and selected those plants which were least known. The work was accomplished within the given time, and M. SIMOND saw the drawings bound up in thirteen volumes folio! The principal parts of each plant are coloured, the rest merely outlined, and the execution of the whole is exceedingly good. There were eight hundred and sixty drawings, executed by one hundred and fourteen amateur-artists. One of the ladies completed forty of them. Geneva contains about twenty-three thousand inhabitants: is there another town of equal population in which such a task would have been undertaken, and could have been performed? Notwithstanding the rapid dispersion of the originals, not a single drawing was lost: but one of them was dropt in the street, and picked up by a child ten years old, who would not return it till she had taken a copy of it herself, which is preserved in the collection, and is so well executed as not to discredit its company. In the hurry of the moment, it happened that some of the originals were taken to a wrong house: but here also they found artists, and were successfully copied.

Mr. Gibbon, in the Memoirs of his Life, or in one of his letters, mentions a female society at Geneva which existed in his time, "*La Société du Printems,*" so denominated from the vernal ages of its members. This elegant assembly consisted exclusively of unmarried ladies, who, without the restraint of a matron or a sage, received visits from foreign gentlemen, and displayed their accomplishments in drawing, music, and conversation, with so constant and acute a sense of propriety, that their characters were never sullied by the breath of suspicion or of slander. Indeed, there is something very peculiar in the construction of society at Geneva. From their earliest infancy, it is the custom for boys and girls to associate with a certain number of other children of the same age and sex, meeting at the houses of their parents on Sunday evenings; whence these are called *Les Sociétés du Dimanche* for the girls, and *Les Volées* for the boys. The associations thus early instituted last for life, and so strict is the exclusion of all who do not belong to them, that neither father nor mother, nor even brothers and sisters, intrude on them: but the young people are left entirely to themselves, and to their own prudence, which sooner or later is sure to preside. The *Société du Dimanche* continues entirely female till one of of the party marries, when the husband of the bride is admitted; and the restraint which it had before been deemed proper to impose now becoming unnecessary, the exclusion of gentlemen is no longer a sacrifice at the shrine of decorum. From the nature of these societies, it not unfrequently occurs that three, four, or five of them assemble in the same house: very valuable attachments are thus formed; and it has occasionally happened that orphan-children have been educated by the "Society" to which they belong, or that others have received from it a corrective of the bad example and want of discipline which they may have experienced at home. These associations, however, do not present advantages unalloyed: the old and the young can mix but little together; and, as they are composed of children whose ages are very nearly the same, a sort of barrier is thus almost necessarily formed, which must in a great measure prevent that frequent and familiar intercourse between persons of unequal ages, which, by relaxing the strictness and softening the severity of one party, as well as by checking the youthful petulance and shaming the presumption of the other, has an obvious tendency to improve the character of both. It happens accordingly that men and women always make a great distinction between those of their own *volée*, or their own *coterie*, and others who do not belong to it. We may also remark, says the author, that a foreigner may be naturalized by a residence of twenty or thirty years at Geneva, and yet never feel himself on terms of intimacy with any of its inhabitants; because, not belonging to any *volée*, he will not be treated by any body with that affectionate familiarity which arises from habits of intercourse from the earliest years of life: — but he may enjoy just as much intimacy as one Genevan enjoys with another Genevan who was not born on the same day, or in the same month, and in the same class; that is to say, who has not been brought up in the same *volée*. The husband of the first female who marries becomes, as we have just said, a member of her *coterie* immediately, and as a matter of course; and, from that time, unmarried men are introduced at the invitation of any of the rest, provided that there be no objection against the individuals. A most important change, therefore, takes place in this little society: for the young people of both sexes meet together, and acquire an intimate knowlege of each other's disposition and character. Thus originate half the marriages which take place at Geneva, and which are very seldom the result of any family interest and arrangement. Inequalities of fortune are frequent, but discrepancies of character or temper are rare. As a young man abandons his own *coterie* when he marries a female belonging to another, it follows that the wife determines the *caste* of her husband; and many instances occur of men who formerly moved in the higher circles at Geneva but who are no longer to be seen among them, in consequence of their mis-alliance. No formal and abrupt exclusion takes place; for, indeed, it is not, properly speaking, an exclusion on the part of the society, but a voluntary retirement of the individual.

The Genevans are naturally partial to the English: a free government, the same religion, and a similitude of manners, being so many bonds of sympathy and friendship. We can ourselves attest, with feelings of personal obligation, the warm and open-hearted welcome which the *first party of English* experienced who arrived there after the preliminaries of the peace of Amiens were signed in the year 1801: but it is difficult to conceive, and still more to express, the delight which every one seemed to feel. The English party was received with the cordiality of old friends, whose intimacy by some untoward accident had been suspended, rather than with the shyness of strangers and aliens. In former times, a great many young Englishmen obtained a part of their education at Geneva, and made connections of friendship which remained unbroken during the rest of their lives; a still greater number of Genevans were accustomed to come over to England, either for instruction or to improve their fortunes; and most of the well-educated of both sexes speak our language. *Bonaparte*, who disliked the Genevans, once said when talking of them, "They speak too good English for me." We are sorry to be informed that, from some circumstances, a degree of coolness has now taken place: the English who cluster at Geneva delighting but little in the society of the inhabitants; and the latter declaring that they no longer recognize their old friends the English.

> 'Formerly, they say, we found them grave and reasonable men, in whom a certain roughness of exterior set off to advantage that chivalrous generosity and cultivated sense which were the foundation of their character. Their young men, indeed, were occasionally hot-brained, and indulged in excesses, but before they reached to years of maturity they had become steady and wise, like their fathers. At present we have a countless and increasing multitude pouring on us, like crusaders going to Rome instead of the Holy Land; and the former roughness of their character is converted into disdain, or sometimes degenerates into grossness. If these modern English are invited to our houses, they get into a corner, speak little or nothing, and make us the object of their jokes and ridicule. Nay, whether from jealousy or contempt, they shun even one another, as if infected with the plague. It is no easy matter to know how to conduct ourselves towards them. If we invite many, we give offence; for this is forcing them to recognize some whom they are shocked to see placed beside them. If we invite them singly, they are wearied to death! Speak to them of the English of former times — *Ah! antediluvians!* Talk of literature, — it is mere pedantry, and they begin to yawn! Of politics, — they burst forth into an ecstacy about *Bonaparte!* The dance is their only source of amusement: at the sound of the fiddle, this "thinking nation" is roused from its slumber, and begins to jump about. Their young people frisk with wondrous activity, and spare no pains to learn, for they pass half their time with the dancing-master. We may know the houses where they lodge by the scraping of the kit and the shaking of the floors. Their neighbours every where complain of them. The major part bring no letters of recommendation, and yet are angry that they are neglected by good company. They find fault with the innkeepers for extortion; while the latter, once accustomed to *Milords Anglais*, now find only *Les Anglais pour rire*, who bargain at the very door, and before they enter, for the price of an omelet or the leg of mutton which they want for dinner. — Situated as I am, between the two parties, I hear the young English repeating what they have

been told in France, that the Genevans are cunning, cold, and self-interested, and their wives *precious quizzes:* that, even down to mantua-makers and milliners, they give themselves airs of wisdom and learning; that they have no Opera, no *Théâtre des Variétés*, no girls; and that they (the English) are half dead of *ennui*. The *Radicals* assert that Geneva is only a spurious edition of England; that the people mimic its manners, its solidity, and its instruction; and that this little Republic is a mere quack in politics as it is in philosophy. In short, the number of those among English travellers who are friends of Geneva is very small, but it is very reputable and excellent. *They have distinguished themselves by their humanity and generosity towards the poor during the present season of scarcity; not indeed so much towards the poor of the city itself, who were sufficiently assisted by their fellow-citizens, as towards those of the neighborhood, and particularly of Savoy, where almost an absolute famine has prevailed.* If the English appear to be different now from what they were formerly, it is because those who travel are not confined to the same class, but, on the contrary, are composed of all classes, and by no means of the best specimens of those classes. The English are aware of this fact, and acknowlege it themselves; their numbers excite a smile; they are often ashamed and vexed at their own conduct, and relate many appropriate anecdotes with the most bitter irony. I am sufficiently acquainted with the English character, to know that there is at least as much timidity as pride in the reluctance which they manifest to make the first advances towards each other; for the ice is no sooner broken between two travellers, than they become inseparable. Instances occur of some who have met every day for six months together without speaking, and yet at the moment of departure know not how to break away from each other! In former times, the English travellers were composed of young men of family; who, on leaving the University, ran over Europe during two or three years, accompanied by their tutors, who were generally men of distinguished learning. These young people, become parents in their turn after a number of years devoted to the duties of their respective stations in society, often returned to visit once more the friends of their youth, accompanied probably by a respectable family, whose education shed a lustre on their rank and fortune. At a time *when no Englishman left his country for refuge or concealment*, and we saw them only immensely rich, and generous as well as rich, — an English nobility, intelligent and liberal, — surely their nation enjoyed a high pre-eminence of character over others; and a great pity it is that such a character should ever have been compromised. Were I an Englishman, I would defer my travels till the rage for "seeing foreign parts" had somewhat subsided.' (Vol. i. p. 363—367.)

It is amusing, and far from uninstructive, to read the observations of intelligent foreigners on the English character, and to learn what opinion is formed of us abroad from our conduct and manners. Our countrymen commit abundant

fooleries,

fooleries, no doubt, and are sometimes sulky, sometimes proud; our national roughness occasionally wearing the similitude of disdain, and at other times degenerating into grossness. Let foreigners, however, look at those sterling virtues of humanity and generosity which the English extended, in the season of dearth and famine, to the poor in the vicinity of Geneva and in Savoy! Of these virtues, which are never dormant in British bosoms when an object of distress is pleading for their exertion, they may not boast indeed, but they must have a satisfaction in the nurture of them "which passeth all understanding;" and they may feel that their generosity covers a multitude of venial sins. As to their disliking the Genevans, the fact is disproved by their residence among them in such great numbers. There must always be a proportion of *fait-néants* and *vaut-riens* every where: but if any of our countrymen who belong to either of these denominations have gone to Geneva to take up their abode, they have committed an egregious blunder; and we advise them to quit its territory as soon as possible, and look out for some society more congenial to their taste and habits. The Genevans are too industrious for idlers, too moral for reprobates, and too literary and scientific to look with complacency on fops and fools.

These amusing volumes present us with a multitude of other topics, on which we are tempted to expatiate: but the uncut leaves of a newly imported parcel from our foreign booksellers exclaim "Desist, desist," and demand attention to their fresh and varied claims.

Art. II. *Elémens de la Grammaire Chinoise,* &c.; *i. e.* Elements of Chinese Grammar; or General Principles of the Kou-wen, or Antique Style; and of the Kouan-hoa, or Vulgar Tongue in general Use throughout the Empire. By M. Abel-Rémusat, Professor of the Languages and Literature of China and Tartary in the Royal College of France. 8vo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 10*s.* sewed.

The oldest and scarcest Chinese Grammar, of which we possess notices, is the *Arte de la Lengua Mandarina,* printed at Canton in 1703, and composed by the Spanish missionary, Father *Francisco Varo.* It teaches the vernacular and familiar style of the Chinese, but is deficient in its directions for acquiring the literary style. In the public library of Paris are preserved Father *Prémare's Notitia Linguæ Sinicæ,* which have not yet been edited, but which supply the deficiency of *Varo's* Grammar, and treat separately and neatly of the two styles, which it is necessary to acquire for the complete understanding of Chinese literature. These styles are called the *kouan-hoa*, or vernacular, and the *kou-wen*, or historic, dialect.

In the *Museum Sinicum* of *Bayer*, printed at Petersburgh in 1730, are about 180 pages of grammatical matter: but, as the characters, which supply the examples, are separately engraven on copper-plates, and not printed with the text, of which they ought to form a running portion, the learner finds great inconvenience in consulting this writer's directions. *Bayer* was recondite rather than profound in his researches, and wrote for the sake of patronage, not for the sake of science, aiming at admiration rather than utility.

Father *Horace de Casterano* gave an improved edition of *Varo*'s Grammar, the manuscript of which appears to have passed into the hands of *Fourmont*, and to have been of essential use to him in publishing the *Meditationes Sinicæ*, 1737, and the *Linguæ Sinarum Mandarinicæ Hieroglyphicæ Grammatica duplex*, 1742. These works obtained reputation at a time when Europe possessed few judges of Chinese studies: but they are found to be vague, inexact, erroneous, servilely attentive to the method of Latin grammarians, and to contain nothing trustworthy but the author's plagiarisms.

Dr. *Hager*, who was a second *Bayer*, at once recondite and superficial, published at London in 1801 an *Explanation of the Elementary Characters of the Chinese*, accompanied by a strange analysis of their pretended symbols. His book, however, seems to have awakened in England some attention to Chinese literature, asseveral works have since appeared in English in this deparment; and the names of Barrow, Staunton, Manning, Davis, Marshman, and others, continue to attest a growing interest for the hidden treasures of Chinese language. Still, a good Chinese grammar remained a desideratum among us. Dr. Marshman, indeed, printed at Serampore in 1814 a *Clavis Sinica*: but this is rather a special introduction to the style of Confucius, than a general guide to the Chinese tongue; and it has been followed up by an edition of the works of Confucius, containing the original text, with Dr. Marshman's interpretation of the same. Mr. Morrison, also, a missionary zealously industrious, undertook to publish at Serampore in 1815 a *Grammar of the Chinese Language*. He appears to have trusted to his master, a native of China, for the correct translation into Chinese of our English auxiliaries and tensual inflections, and has perhaps done something to help an English beginner: but his work is rather a record of the imperfection than of the completeness of his own progress.

His *Dictionary*, printed at Canton in 1819, is a much more valuable production, and announces greater proficiency in a language so peculiarly difficult to Europeans.

M. ABEL-RÉMUSAT, however, has at last supplied the long deficiency of a good elementary book on the Chinese language. He professes to have been more indebted to his countryman Father *Prémare* than to any other of his predecessors, for the method adopted and the examples adduced: but he has also undertaken an extensive personal examination of such Chinese books as were within his command; and now, after the study of many years, he avails himself of this mass of acquirement to facilitate a like progress to others. It is a task every way worthy of an official professor of the Chinese language. The Grammar is divided into paragraphs, and each paragraph is numbered separately; so that a reference to any preceding explanation of a given word, phrase, or sentence, is rendered easy, and repetitions are avoided. The examples are all derived from written authorities, and mostly from such as are classical: but it has often been found necessary to employ citations from novels, such as the *Ju-kiao-li*, the *Hao-kieou-tchouan*, the celebrated *Kin-phing-mei*, and others.

To the magnificence of the French government M. RÉMUSAT has been indebted, for having engraved at the public expence the various Chinese types wanted for this publication. He had already superintended in 1817 a Chinese edition of the *Tchoung-young*, which is the earliest European specimen of Chinese typography, and which occasioned the cutting of many characters. These wood-cuts have been used again, while others have been newly carved by M. *Delafond*, and now the number of moveable types amounts to fourteen hundred. A catalogue of them occurs at the end of the volume, arranged according to the two hundred and fourteen elementary characters of the Chinese: so that this index serves as a vocabulary. — The author estimates at about two thousand the number of characters which it is necessary to know well, in order to read without embarrassment a Chinese book; and however singular their forms may at first appear, this oddity of shape is found to facilitate the recollection of them, when once the habit of decomposing them is acquired. They paint objects, not sounds, and appear to be the decayed remains of hieroglyphic or picture writing.

Although the Chinese books in general are printed in excellent order, aided by indexes, notes, and explanations, and have their pages, sections, and subdivisions always numbered, yet the prefaces are usually printed in running hand, which forms an increase of difficulty for those who are unaccustomed to Chinese manuscript. The grammatical system of the language is not very complex: but its effect on the ear has been compared with the twanging of a Jew's harp. The multiplicity of characters constitutes the great difficulty: but the dictionaries are regular and methodical, and the arts of analysis soon become a routine. The best Chinese and Latin Dictionary is that which is compiled by Father *Basil* of Glemona, and republished with a supplement by *Klaproth.* The Chinese language has some analogies with the English: particles frequently supply the place of inflections: the position of a word in the sentence often decides its part of speech; and both have an elliptical tendency. A book of phrases and dialogues was published at Macao in 1816, which is useful to learners.

M. Rémusat's Grammar appears to us as concise and compendious as so new a topic would allow, and yet to contain every necessary information. It is a key, he observes, to about five thousand volumes of Chinese books preserved in the Royal Library of Paris. To the Prolegomena, which consist of fifty-nine sections, succeed ten on general grammar; and then a dissertation on the antique or historic style, in two hundred and fourteen sections, as if allusive to the number of primary characters. A second part refers to the modern or mandarinic style, in one hundred and thirty sections; and an appendix is allotted to punctuation and prosody. Various indexes close the book.

Art. III. *Essai Bibliographique sur les Editions des Elzevirs,* &c.; *i. e.* A Bibliographical Essay on the most curious and rare of the Editions of the *Elzevirs,* preceded by some Account of those eminent Printers. 8vo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 9*s.*

Several bibliographical works of the French have been noticed with approbation in our pages; such as those of *Delandine,* vol. lxxiii. p. 463.; of *Peignot,* vol. lxxiii. p. 526.; and of *Brunet,* vol. lxxvii. p. 513.; and the essay before us also displays that command of library which is the privilege of the resident in Paris, and that neatness of compilation which knows how to comprize the appropriate, and to reject the superfluous. The *Elzevirs* have well deserved a separate illustration. This dynasty of printers flourished in the seventeenth century, at Leyden, between the years 1600 and 1680, and were principally occupied in printing Greek and Latin: a circumstance that has given a classical character to the provincial press which they superintended, and renders interesting the history of its triumphs over manuscript. The contiguity of a learned University enabled them to obtain good editors and correctors, and contributed to preserve the reputation of their numerous publications, which are still in great request for the libraries of scholars.

The utility of bibliography cannot be contested, and even a degree of bibliomania may, in many respects, be justified. We are not speaking of that book-gluttony (*helluo librorum*) which lays its hands without method or selection on every thing that has the reputation of rarity: but of that enlightened taste which directs its possessor to aim at uniting in a book the fair and the good, and to collect fine copies of standard works. Bibliomania is in this point of view an honourable passion, which to explain is to justify.

The merit of a book depends chiefly on its *matter*; — that is, on the importance or interest of its subject, and on the talent or learning with which it is executed; — and partly on its *form*, that is, on the elegance or correctness of the edition, on the beauty of the paper, or the luxury of the binding. In general, a good book is to be prized even when its form is disagreeable; sometimes the form causes an insignificant or middling book to be valued, but all such attachments are suspicious and precarious. Perfection in this pursuit consists in appreciating aright both these qualities; and then the merit of a book is great in proportion as the subject is well treated, and the edition well chosen. To these qualities may be added rarity; which, though founded on a less positive sort of merit, has a certain piquancy among the rich and the idle, and frequently gives occasion to an extravagant rage for exclusively possessing that which is uncommon. A good copy of a good book, however, ought to derive additional value from its scarcity.

Although we contend for proscribing mostly the taste for those books which are only beautiful, and for those which are only rare, occasional exceptions to this rule must be conceded. In forming a collection, some works must be admitted from motives of connection and completeness, which in their singleness would be despised. Thus, in assembling the Delphin classics, the Statius should be included; although that book, on account of the imperfection of its execution, was speedily expelled from the libraries of the original purchasers, became in consequence cheap, was extensively destroyed by vulgar use, and is now of high price, though not highly prized.

" He possesses the famous edition, that which has the blunder at such a page," is one of the ironical compliments which witlings fling at the book-fancier. Yet still this indication may serve to point out and to engrave in the memory the most convenient designation of the very volume to be sought. Large paper and large margins have offered themes for ridicule: but such copies have often been preferred by the learned, for the sake of making written annotations; and certain large-paper-copies have thus acquired, in consequence, the value of manuscripts. — Uncut copies have the merit of neatness, and of laying no restraint on the binder. Copies ruled round the margin with red ink cost more from an idea that the old printers conferred this distinction on such as were the completest, in order to vend them at a higher price; and if our printers now would employ an inspector of sheets, whose office were to rule with red ink those which are free from blurs and flaws, such bordered copies would resume an extra value. The *Elzevirs* appear to have followed this practice, and to have sold warranted copies at a separate charge.

The genealogy of the *Elzevirs* is thus given. (See p. 56.)

Louis, 1st *Elzevir*, appears first on the Eutropius of 1592, and last on the *Satyræ duæ* of 1617, printed at Leyden. He married in 1564, and had two sons; viz.

Matthias, who appears on the *Stevin* of 1618, at Leyden, and

Giles, who appears on the Linschot of 1599, at the Hague. Matthias married in 1591, and had five sons; viz.

1. *Isaac*, who printed from 1617 to 1626, at Leyden.
2. *Arnold*, who probably assisted him, but his name does not appear.
3. *Abraham*, born 1592, married 1621, died 1652, at Leyden: this we take to have been the elder son, though otherwise arranged by the present author.
4. *Bonaventure*, who became a partner of his father in 1618, or of Abraham in 1626.
5. *Jacob*, who married in 1620, and settled in 1626, at the Hague, in the office, then probably vacant by the decease of his uncle Giles.

Isaac left a son,

Louis, 2d *Elzevir*, who married in 1639, and then settled in Amsterdam, where he died in 1662. This founding of a new establishment is not characteristic of the elder branch of the family.

Peter 1st, a son of Arnold, was probably of some learned profession.

Peter 2d, a grandson of Arnold, became counsellor at Utrecht, but began to print in 1669.

John, a son of Abraham, (and therefore, as we think, the lineal representative or chief of the family,) was born in 1662, married in 1647, took his younger brother (Daniel the first) into partnership in 1652, but removed him in 1655 to Amsterdam, where he joined Louis 2d, and died in 1680.

Daniel 2d, a son of John, was a vice-admiral of Holland. His mother, *Eva van Alphen*, on the death of her husband in 1661, became mistress of the original printing-office at Leyden, which she superintended until 1674, and then consigned to *Anna Bacrning*, the widow of Daniel 1st, under whom the concern seems to have expired in 1681. She left two sons, Daniel and Louis, who did not print.

To the biographical notices succeeds a critical catalogue of the various books which have been issued from the *Elzevir* presses. The articles are chronologically arranged, and accompanied by curious particulars of the works named; such as the editor's designation, the number of faults, the value obtained at sales, the size of the edition, and similar particulars. We translate one of these pieces of information as a specimen.

'C. CORNELIUS TACITUS, *ex J. Lipsii accuratissima editione. Lugduni Batavorum, ex officina Elzeviriana.* 1634. 12mo.
C. CORNELIUS TACITUS, *ex J. Lipsii editione, cum notis et emend. H. Grotii.* — *Lugduni Batavorum, ex off. Elzeviriana.* 1640. 2 Vols. 12mo.

'As early as 1621, the *Elzevirs* had printed à Tacitus: but at that time their work was but moderately executed, however skilful and celebrated they afterward became; and the edition is not worthy of being dragged out of the obscurity into which it has fallen. The edition of 1634, however, is very beautiful, and in great request; yet that of 1640 is to be preferred, being equally correct, and enriched at the end of the second volume with the notes of Grotius. It is important to examine whether the first volume contains a table intitled *Stemma Augustæ domus*, which is often wanting. The edition of 1640 is somewhat larger than that of 1634; the first measuring 4¾ inches, and the second 5 inches. A copy of the 1640 edition was lately sold at *Didot*'s auction for 80 francs: but this is an excessive price: the edition of 1634 is worth but half of that sum.' (P. 65.)

Five sections class separately the editions in small duodecimo, — collections of the entire productions of a given author, or of various works on a given subject, — works relative to politics, history, or religion, — editions in large octavo, — and editions in oriental languages. An alphabetical index of the names of the authors mentioned in this volume refers to the page in which they are enumerated; and a list of the titles of books inserted in the volume refers also to the page in which they occur. A supplement is announced, which will contain any particulars that may hereafter come to the editor's knowlege, concerning the bibliographical history of the several *Elzevir* presses.

On the whole, this essay is executed with meritorious care and learned skill; and, though not absolutely complete, it well deserves to be considered as a plan and model for continuing the history of printing from the annals of *Maittaire*, and others, down to modern times, by separating the several leading offices and printing establishments from the confused mass, and detailing and specifying their respective services to the commonwealth of letters. A great difficulty arises from certain books which have fictitious localities: thus *Boccalini's Pietra del Paragone* is dated *Cosmopoli*, but is supposed, from resemblance of type, to have been printed by the *Elzevirs*. So, again, the life of Cæsar Borgia, which is dated *Montechiaro*, and announced as sold by *Giambattista Veri*, is probably another work of which the *Elzevirs* wished to shun the responsibility. They have also dated at Cologne a Bible edited by a Catholic, but which seems to have been printed at Leyden.

ART. IV. *Voyage en Sicile*, &c.; *i. e.* Travels in Sicily. By AUGUSTUS DE SAYVE.

[*Article concluded from the last Appendix.*]

WE have now shortly to advert to the general topics which supply the materials of the remaining half of this work.

From the antient records of the island, it appears that the form of its government has been subjected to various changes and modifications: it was originally patriarchal; subsequently, the authority was parcelled out among petty chiefs, who presided over small districts; and the sway exercised by the Greek republics was occasionally despotical, monarchical, or democratical. The domination of the Vandals and of the Arabs was that of absolute masters: but the Normans revived the monarchy, which assumed, though more tardily than in some of the other states of Europe, the features that had been impressed on the feodal system. The political arrangements of Count *Roger*, who flourished about the middle of the eleventh century, are distinctly detailed in this work; and it is properly remarked that the parliament was virtually permanent, because, during the intervals of its functions, a committee of its members was invested with the full powers of the parliament itself. This body, in 1812, was divided into two houses, or chambers; that of the peers, or seigneurs, and that of the commons. The articles of the constitution adopted at the same period are of too recent a date, and too much assimilated to the spirit of our own, to require commemoration in this place. As they were framed in wisdom, so they have been violated in folly; for, as few of our readers require to be informed, they were cancelled by the court of Naples in 1816, and the attempt of the inhabitants to obtain a constitution on the model of that of the Spanish Cortes was speedily frustrated in 1820.

'It is impossible,' observes the present writer, 'to pronounce which form of government is the best: for that which is adapted to one country may be useless for another: but one thing we may always know with certainty, and that is, whether a people have been or are well governed. As often as the population is reduced, as commerce is unprotected, as languishing agriculture leaves extensive portions of fertile soil unreclaimed, as the administration of justice is not prompt and easy, (and such, evidently, is the situation of Sicily); I maintain that the government is not what it ought to be for the well-being of the inhabitants. It is well known that all governments, and those particularly of which the springs have become old and worn, have a natural tendency to relaxation and debility: but, when to these inevitable causes of disorder and dissolution are superadded both the blindness of the sovereign, who resigns the power into unfit or impure hands, and the multiplied irregularities of a vicious administration, then the urgency of the crisis necessarily induces a revolution, as we have seen to occur in Sicily in 1820.

'It would doubtless be unfair to allege that, at that period, the King of Naples voluntarily tyrannized over the Sicilians: but his ministers, invested with unlimited authority, exercised it with an ill-judged partiality and rigor, which exasperated the public mind against the legitimate government. When the administration is venal, when its decisions are arbitrary, and when even religion is often employed to sanction its injustice, the people who do not revolt ultimately lose nerve to remonstrate, and gradually become habituated to the individual tyranny of their rulers, as to an unavoidable evil; and then all sorts of injustice accumulate with impunity on the head of the oppressed man who has parted with the right of being heard.

'The distance which separates Sicily from the habitual residence of its sovereign, the national antipathy ever subsisting between the two descriptions of people subjected to his government, and the system of deception assiduously prosecuted by the agents of power for the purpose of banishing truth from the throne, — a system so organized, that the court of Naples has scarcely any other documents by which it can judge of what is passing in Sicily than the meanly fulsome reports of some subordinate functionaries, interested in lauding the good administration of their principals, and the prosperity of the Sicilian people, — these causes combined have prevented, and will for a long time prevent, the adoption of any measures for the extirpation of abuses which perpetuate oppression and misery in a country that is highly favored by nature.

'So prevalent is this abuse of rule in Sicily, that the offices are there conferred by favor alone, and the right performance of them is a matter of merely secondary import. Hence a person will hold a situation for which he was never qualified by previous study: but he asks how his predecessors acted, is apprized of the ordinary routine, and, after some time, falls into the train of the practice of the office; which is observed, year after year, without one idea of improvement ever intruding on this mechanical uniformity. The public suffer, but this is of little consequence; the nominal rulers keep their places; and matters proceed just as they could wish, since they find the means of gratifying both their covetousness and their ambition.'

This painful theme is pursued through several additional pages: but such melancholy truisms require neither illustration nor commentary.

The Greek colonies in Sicily gave birth to some distinguished lawgivers, and among others to Charondas of Catania: but the Romans, Saracens, and Normans, all abrogated or modified the code which they found existing; and, at the present day, the collection of ordonnances and statutes is considerable, but so confused and obscure as to contribute not a little to the multiplication and protraction of legal procedure. Even the fundamental institutions of Count *Roger*, as they have been called, though suited to the state of the times in which they were framed, no longer harmonize with the spirit and fabric of modern society. The more recent code, however, compiled between 1816 and 1820, is less defective than that which, in the lapse of ages, had been carelessly allowed to accumulate from the decrees of parliament and the decisions of viceroys; and it has helped to improve the practice of the criminal tribunals: — but what avail the very best laws if they are not duly administered, or if they are momentarily liable to be counteracted by the caprice of some arbitrary minion? The same remark obviously applies to the tribunals, which in Sicily are sufficiently numerous, and some of which might be advantageously reformed. In every case, the Judges should be appointed for life, instead of the short term of two years. The magistrates are represented as venal, and the barristers as encouraging "the law's delays," to increase their gains. Besides, the fury of litigation appears to be endemical among these ill-starred islanders; insomuch that the number of individuals connected with the bar, in Palermo alone, is said to exceed fifteen thousand!

'Honest men,' says M. DE SAYVE, 'are every where to be found: but I do not hesitate to aver that the application of this adage to the gownsmen of Sicily would be very problematical. Here you must pay every body, president, judge, recorder, advocate, &c. in the first instance, to ascertain whether they will lend attention to your business, and, in the second, to know whether they will seriously engage in it: without reckoning the piastre, or demi-piastre, which the servant of each of these gentlemen expects for procuring you admission, at every visit or consultation. As this practice is general, we may easily conceive that the person who cannot comply with it, pay his judges, and intrigue with diligence, is sure of losing the best cause. I may, perhaps, be thought to exaggerate, and to darken with too deep a shade the picture which I exhibit: but I appeal to all those who have lived in this country, and who have been involved in legal discussions.

'The two following examples, which occurred during my residence in Sicily, may serve to shew in what manner justice is administered. Two men happening to quarrel in a street, one of them killed his adversary, and took to flight. Three persons, who were passing at the moment, went to inform the magistrates; who, without any previous examination, ordered them to be confined in prison: but, having subsequently ascertained their innocence, they enlarged them in the course of two days, exacting from each, as the price of his liberty, four piastres, or twenty francs. — The second example is not less curious. A Greek captain having had some little difference with a merchant of the country, the latter brought an action against him. The captain, after three months of pleadings and debates, gained his cause: but it cost him so much money, in spite of the justice of his claim, that he was under the necessity of expending the value of his vessel and cargo, and found himself reduced to engage as a common sailor on board another ship.

'I have already mentioned that, since 1816, a more regular code of procedure has been established; and it even contains a provision for limiting the duration of suits: but venality prevails, and the code is forgotten. Another precious institution, namely, the trial by jury, should powerfully contribute to revive the reign of justice: but the government has never permitted this institution to be put in practice.'

The island abounds with men in the rank of nobles, but many of them are destitute both of fortune and titles: about 370, however, retain their appropriate designations of baron, count, marquis, duke, or prince. The barons, once so formidable, are now little more than titled subjects. The Viceroy, who is head of the government, resides at Palermo, is commander-in-chief of all the forces, legate *à latere*, president of the tribunals, and keeper of the royal treasury. His salary amounts to nearly 200,000 francs, not including presents; 'for in Sicily all is so venal among men in office, that, from the highest functionary to the lowest scribe, nobody can be above the suspicion of receiving, and they to whom nothing is offered will make a demand.' The office of viceroy, and that of his assessor, are never conferred on a Sicilian, from an apprehension that he might have a leaning to his own countrymen. — The military peace-establishment should consist of ten thousand infantry, and two thousand cavalry: but this complement is seldom realized, as the men engage in the service with extreme reluctance. The navy is represented by a few zebecs, which are usually incorporated with the naval force of Naples.

A chapter on the antient mythology of Sicily ushers in the author's view of the present state of religious sentiments and establishments; and we are told that the inhabitants have whimsically preserved the recollection of some of the fabled deities, by such expressions as the mount and well of *St. Venus* and the chapel of *St. Mercury*. Independently of the doubtful but popular traditions relative to the early introduction of Christianity into the island, we learn from the Acts of the Apostles that Saint Paul passed three days in Syracuse; and we may collect from subsequent records that not a few of the inhabitants became, from that period, zealous converts to the faith of the Gospel. Under some of the Roman emperors, particularly Diocletian and Maximian, the Christians of Sicily suffered violent persecution. At present, the religion of the populace is debased by the grossest superstition, and an inordinate passion for foolish festivities and processions, which seem to have little influence in checking some of the most odious propensities of our nature. The Inquisition, which was introduced in 1215, by Pope *Innocent* III., was suppressed in 1781, under the virtuous administration of the Marquis *Caraccioli*.

The manners of the people are here very cursorily portrayed; and though they are stated to be more pure than those of the Italians, the few traits which are particularized would scarcely lead us to form such a conclusion. The features of their national character, however, are delineated with a more deliberate pencil; and they present us with a singular contrast of great activity, or great indolence, according as they happen to be influenced by circumstances congenial with, or indifferent to, their favorite sentiments and pursuits. The inhabitants of the great towns are assimilated to those of the other cities of the south of Europe: but more honesty is to be found in the country, and in the villages. In general, the Sicilians are temperate, and fond of novelties that are calculated to amuse them; while their conversation betrays the workings of a lively fancy, is invariably accompanied with much expressive gesture, and is usually seasoned with delicate humor or raillery. They are very distrustful of strangers, less given than heretofore to the exercise of hospitality, and much addicted to exaggerate every thing relative to their native country. If stimulated by love, jealousy, or revenge, they are little scrupulous as to the means of gratifying the predominant feeling; and still, as in former times, they bequeath their unrequited wrongs to their posterity. The men are personally brave, habituated to the chace, and make excellent soldiers. Individuals of the higher ranks are reported to be courteous and hospitable to strangers.

M. de Sayve feelingly deplores the want of education among those of the middle and poorer classes of society, who cannot conveniently repair to the Universities of Palermo and Catania; and he lifts up his indignant voice against the degrading notion, that even the elements of instruction are unfriendly to the purposes of good government A few of the princes and barons are men of literary acquirements: but the generality even of the more wealthy orders have occasion to regret on their own account, and on that of their dependents, the dearth of educational resources in the country, and the consequent ignorance which overshadows the island.

The cultivation of the soil is not more cherished than that of the human mind, large tracts of excellent land lying quite waste, or parched for want of due attention to irrigation. Here, in short, as in some other quarters of the world, where nature has done much to render the territory fruitful, man has refused to exert his energies, and has forfeited important advantages within his grasp. Yet, when the occupation of the husbandman was respected by the antients, Sicily was the granary of Italy, and was denominated by Cato the *nurse of Rome.* Its native fertility has been generally attributed to the salts contained in the regions of volcanos: but considerable portions of the island are decidedly chalky. Little attention has been paid to the amelioration of the native breeds of cattle and horses. The oxen are small, low in the body, and remarkable for their slender-shaped head and the enormous dimensions of their horns, which are almost vertical: but in the neighbourhood of Catania they are very plump, and much in request. Neglected as the interests of agriculture certainly are, grain is still the staple of trade: yet even in the limited traffic of corn, the dealers are trammelled by the system of public granaries, intended to provide against cases of scarcity or famine, but which prove a source of petty and vexatious jobbing among the local agents of government. Besides corn, the articles of export are silk, oil, wine, coral, salt, sulphur, soda, alum, rice, liquorice, fruits of various descriptions, cheese, tunnies, anchovies, pilchards, rabbits' skins, cork, &c.: but the author, after all his researches, was unable to ascertain the annual amount of exports and imports. From the previous statements, however, and from the want of internal communications by land and water, the reader will readily perceive that commerce must be transacted on a comparatively contracted scale. The manufacture of silk has made little progressive improvement since its first establishment, in 1148. Among the silk stuffs produced on the island, the most finished are damasks, and a sort of waving taffeta, termed *tabi ondati*, or watered tabby. — The attempt made in 1810, to equalize the very various weights and measures used over the island, has unfortunately proved abortive.

In the list of celebrated Sicilians, Archimedes justly takes the lead, although the author is little disposed to give him credit for burning the Roman galleys. 'M. de Buffon, indeed, has made experiments and discoveries relative to this subject, which have demonstrated the possibility of such a conflagration: but, as no antient author has spoken of the pretended mirrors invented by Archimedes, it is probable that they never existed. We know that, of all his discoveries, the ratio of the sphere to the cylinder (a proportion which had not been determined before his time) was that which flattered him the most; and that, accordingly, he entreated his friends to cause to be sculptured on his tomb a cylinder circumscribed by a sphere, with an inscription denoting the ratio of these two solids. His desire was accomplished; for Cicero informs us that, by these indications, he discovered the sepulchre of this great man, overrun with briars, and in the midst of ruins.' — Diodorus Siculus is noticed as the safest guide in matters relative to the antient history of his native island. Zeno, a distinguished partisan of the Pythagorean philosophy, Empedocles of Agrigentum, whom Aristotle considered as the inventor of the first principles of the art of oratory, Theocritus and Moschus, who excelled in pastoral poetry, and various other writers and artists, most of whose productions have perished, adorned the early periods of Sicilian history.

Though the language of the present inhabitants is copious and expressive, it is very remote from pure Italian; having partaken of the political vicissitudes of the country, and being blended with numerous terms of Greek, Latin, Moorish, German, or Spanish origin. As enunciated, especially by the peasantry, it sounds much harsher to the ear than the Tuscan dialect; owing to the more frequent combination of consonants, and the repetition of the vowels *i* and *u*; particularly of the latter, on which a great stress of voice is laid, and which often replaces the *a*, *e*, and *o*, and sometimes even *d*, of the

Italian.

Italian. The Italian *b*, in like manner, is often converted into *k* or *c*, *c* into *z*, *f* into *x*, *l* into *d*, *n* into *r*, *p* into *ch*, &c.

With regard to the existing state of literature, now that controversial theology and scholastic philosophy have lost their charms, a more natural and enlightened spirit of discussion prevails in the Universities, which are no longer strangers to the doctrines of Newton, Leibnitz, and Condillac. Under the auspices of the Prince of *Torremuza*, a celebrated antiquary, the Academy of Palermo was founded in 1779. Three distinguished individuals, in conjunction with Prince *Biscari*, gave a new and active impulse to the literary taste, and to the cultivation of the liberal arts. *Vintimiglia* even imposed on ecclesiastics the obligation of prosecuting a regular course of study, and bestowed prebendal stalls only on the most accomplished scholars. He had, moreover, the rare merit of instituting libraries, and promoting the importation of standard works which the blind zeal of the court of Rome had proscribed. Till that time, the booksellers would not undertake the publication of any work on general science or the arts; and, 'as their correspondence did not extend beyond Venice, or Naples, it was with the utmost difficulty that a foreign book could be procured, or, as it was termed in the small towns, *un libro oltremontano*.' A taste for poetry, or rather for versification, is very generally diffused over the island; and the practice of *improvisation* still prevails, as in various districts of Italy. The pastorals of *Meli*, in the vulgar dialect, which are airy and graceful, are circulated even among the populace. The Sicilians are likewise partial to music; though they excel in singing rather than in playing on stringed instruments. As to sculpture and architecture, they have fallen greatly below the models bequeathed to them by the Greek colonists; and, although they boast of many painters, only a few of them can be allowed to rank high in the annals of their profession, the most eminent being *Pietro Novelli*, *Vitto d'Anna*, *Trevisi*, and *Tancredi*.

The distinguished professors of mathematics and astronomy are not numerous: but *Piazzi*, who discovered the planet Ceres, was observer at Palermo; and, on his translation to Naples, his place was ably supplied by his pupil, *Cacciatore*. *Mironi*, who lately occupied the chair of chemistry in Catania, was among the first of his countrymen who publicly unfolded the modern principles of that interesting and useful department of knowlege. The physicians, and even the apothecaries, are generally well informed: but most of the *savans* are said to be jealous of one another, and aliens to that free and unreserved intercourse which so essentially contributes to the dissemination of science. In the province of natural history, zoology and comparative anatomy have been very imperfectly studied: but the labors of *Rafinesque Smaltz* are advantageously known by his publications; and the ichthyology of the circumjacent seas has of late received considerable extension by the addition of several species which were formerly supposed to be limited to remote latitudes. — Of the various botanists who have flourished in Sicily, *Bivona Bernardi* has treated of the plants indigenous to his country with the greatest care and accuracy: while the geology of the island has been expounded with ability by the Abbate *Ferrara,* who has also indicated the principal sources of its mineral riches: as gypsum, salt, sulphur, aluminous slate, fine varieties of marble and jasper, and different descriptions of metallic veins, the working of which has been abandoned chiefly in consequence of inconsiderate management, and of the baleful influence of a corrupt government. Mineral and thermal waters, also, have been discovered in so many places that their enumeration would prove tedious: but we may mention that the temperature of the hepatic springs near Alcamo indicates 59° of Réaumur's scale. According to the author's general notices, most of the island is calcareous; with the exception of the Pelorian mountains, which are partly granitic. Gypsum frequently occurs under chalk, or marl, which generally composes the plains, and the hills which are subordinate to the calcareous mountains. These strata often contain layers of flint, sometimes a little blended with clay. The volcanic territory occupies only the eastern tracts included between Cape Passero and the Pelorian range.

In the chapters on volcanos, and on Etna in particular, M. DE S. throws no new light on the origin of subterraneous conflagration. They frequently recall to our minds the more ample details of *Spallanzani, Ferrara, Cordier,* &c.: but they also sufficiently refute some of the more popular hypotheses which have been advanced on this mysterious subject; and several of the statements, which are obviously the fruit of personal observation, being conveyed in a few perspicuous sentences, may put the uninstructed reader in easy possession of some of the most important results connected with volcanic agency. That no regular flames issue from the craters of Etna, or of Vesuvius, may to some appear more than paradoxical: but the deception proceeds, we are assured, from the luminous aspect of solid and light bodies thrown out in the night-time, and the frequency of lightnings, which escape along with the gas, and which have been ascribed to hydrogen, or to electrical matter. As a proof of the apparent diversity of temperature usually exhibited by lava, the author mentions that at Vesuvius, in 1794, many metallic and stony substances were fused; whereas wood, and other articles of easy combustion, having been enveloped in the lava, and consequently deprived of air, were not completely burned, circumstances thus modifying the contained caloric. 'Lavas, in all the currents of volcanos, retain their internal heat for many years.'

It should seem that the visible presence of prismatic basalt, in the island of Sicily, is more rare than it is commonly supposed to be: but, as basaltic lava prevails in the more antient streams, large tracts of the columnar modification may lie buried beneath the currents of more recent eruptions. Meanwhile, the striking similarity between the antient lavas and the basalts and amygdaloids of Auvergne, the north of Europe, &c. (or rather, the perfect identity of composition observable in these bodies,) furnishes a powerful argument in favor of their igneous formation in general. The circumstance of their reposing on or alternating with lime-stone, as in Sicily and Ireland, would moreover induce the belief that they were generated under the sea. M. DE S. observes that 'certain portions of the base of Etna exhibit pieces of charred wood in the volcanic breccias, or tufas, somewhat corresponding to the strata of trass at Andernach, on the Rhine. This fact is easily explained; for, when trees occur in the middle of a current of lava, and are not dragged along by it, they instantly blacken and inflame, which sometimes happens at Mount Vesuvius. In this case, the upper part is reduced to ashes, while the lower passes to the state of charcoal; which, being deprived of air, is preserved untouched.'

'It was for a long time believed that the volcanos of Europe, as Vesuvius and Etna, were liable to aqueous eruptions; because, at different periods, and at the moment when these volcanos were in a state of activity, a great quantity of water descended from their sides, and inundated the regions situated at their base: but it had not then been remarked that most of the great eruptions are accompanied by considerable falls of rain, all round the volcanos, proceeding, no doubt, from the hydrogen contained in the aqueous vapors that issue from the crater, and mingle with the oxygen of the air. With regard to Etna, whose summit is almost always covered with snow, it is nearly certain, notwithstanding the declarations of some of the magistrates of Catania relative to the *Nilo d'Aqua*, that the torrents of water which rolled down from its summit, in 1755, were caused by the melting of the snow, induced by the heat of the currents of lava, or of the scoriæ projected from the crater. This solution is moreover increased by the abundant rains originating from the clouds which often circulate at the top of volcanos, during their eruptions, and of which Vesuvius has afforded so many examples. Such clouds are principally formed by the ascent of aqueous vapours in the column of air which issues from the crater; and, when they attain to an elevation at which the strata of air are too cold, they condense, and fall directly down again in rain. These copious rains intermingle with the ashes rejected by the volcano, and then form torrents of mud.'

The foregoing explanation, conjoined with the remarks of *Humboldt* and others, furnish us with something of a connecting link between burning and mud volcanos.

Of the abridged view of the history of Sicily which occupies the greater portion of the third volume, we may truly say that it is little else than an unvarying tale of warfare and perfidy, seldom relieved by the cheering rays of virtue, or diversified by the salutary lessons of wisdom.

Art. V. *Histoire Naturelle des Animaux sans Vertèbres,* &c.; *i. e.* The Natural History of Invertebral Animals. By the Chevalier de Lamarck, &c. Vol. VI. Part II. and Vol. VII. 8vo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co.

It is with pleasure that we announce the completion of this laborious work, which ably sustains the reputation of the preceding volumes. (See Appendix to M. R. vols. xc. and xci.)

The remaining divisions of the Gasteropoda, included in Part II. of Vol. VI., are denominated *Calyptracians, Bulleans, Laplysians,* and *Limacians.* The first includes the genera *Parmopborus, Emarginula, Fissurella, Pileopsis, Calyptræa, Crepidula,* and *Ancylus;* the second, *Acera, Bullœa,* and *Bulla;* the third, *Laplysia* and *Dolabella;* and the fourth, *Onchidium, Parmacella, Limax, Testacella,* and *Vitrina.* The divisions and subdivisions of the Trachelipoda, or third order of *Mollusca,* are necessarily more complex: but the subordinate titles are ranged under one of two sections, the first of which comprizes the *Phytophagous,* and the second the *Zoophagous* sorts. To the former belong *Helex, Carocolla, Anostoma, Helicina, Pupa, Clausilia, Bulimus, Achatina, Succinea, Auricula, Cyclostoma, Planorbis, Physa, Lymnæa, Melania, Melanopsis, Pirena, Valvata, Paludina, Ampullaria, Navicella, Neritina, Nerita, Natica, Ianthina, Sigaretus, Stomatella, Stomatia, Haliotis, Tornatella, Pyramidella, Vermetus, Scalaria,* and *Delphinula,* which is the last genus particularized in this continuation of Vol. VI. The number of rare or non-descript species is very considerable; and due attention has been paid to the more recent discoveries and observations of *Cuvier, de Blainville, Beudant, Draparnaud, Férussac,* &c.

A large portion of the seventh volume is devoted to the exposition of the remaining families of Trachelipoda, and consequently comprizes various rare and interesting species.

The *Turbinacea* constitute the last tribe of the *Phytophagous* sorts, including the genera *Solarium*, *Rotella*, *Trochus*, *Monodonta*, *Turbo*, *Planaxis*, *Phasianella*, and *Turritella*; and their shells are characterized by being turriculated, or conoidal, with a rounded, or oblong, but not expanded opening; having the margins separate. Their respective animals generally want a proboscis, but are furnished with a snout and two mandibles, are apparently herbivorous, and inhabit the sea.

Solarium has been detached from *Trochus*, Lin., to which it offers many points of resemblance, but from which it may be always distinguished by the notched or denticulated inner margin of the spires. Not many recent species have been recognized, nor have the prototypes of the fossil kinds been detected in the living state. *Rotella* comprehends *Trochus vestiarius*, Lin., and a few others, all distinguished by the very callous nature of the inferior surface of the shell. In spite of these detachments, the fine genus *Trochus*, remarkable for the depression of the opening and the brilliant mother-of-pearl observable in most of them, is still very numerous, the author's illustrative catalogue including sixty-nine species. To the *Monodonta*, again, is assigned a middle station between *Trochus* and *Turbo*; it being discriminated from the former principally by a more rounded opening, and from the latter by a tooth-like projection at the base of the columella. The shells are all marine; and several of them belong to *Gmelin's Trochus* and *Turbo*. *Planaxis* has, perhaps, somewhat needlessly been instituted, to include, as distinct species, *Bruguières's* two varieties of *Buccinum sulcatum*. The *Phasianellæ*, nearly allied in their relations to the *Turbines*, have been often confounded either with the *Helices* or the *Bulimi*. The shell has ovo-conical spires, of which the last turn is much larger than the others; and the opening is directed obliquely towards the base of the columella. Only ten species are particularized, but most of them are rare. *Turritella* has been separated from *Turbo*, &c., on account of the presence of a channel on the right margin; and the animal is furnished with an orbicular and corneous opercule.

The second section of the TRACHELIPODA is intitled *Zoophagous*, intimating that the animals belonging to it subsist on animal food; though, in many instances, this circumstance can only be presumed. They are all marine, destitute of jaws, and furnished with a retractile proboscis. Without regard to the five families into which the Chevalier has distributed them, we shall be contented shortly to advert to his subordinate distinctions. Under this department of the arrangement, the important genus *Cerithium* passes first in review. Its character racters were established by *Bruguières*, who properly determined that shells conspicuously terniculated, and provided with a short canal at their base, should be disjoined from the *Murices* of Lin., forming, as they do, a natural groupe, and being very numerous both in recent and fossil species. Of those here enumerated, thirty-six are recent, and sixty fossil: but the first and last in the list, *C. giganteum*, are avowedly identical, except that the specimen brought from the South Seas is recent, and the other extracted from the organic remains of Grignon; thus attesting the striking fact that a molluscous animal, which is at present indigenous to the shores of New Holland, formerly existed in a widely different quarter of the globe. The length of the shell is about one foot two inches. The curious in geology will not fail to study this interesting tribe of shells, to which they will find repeated references.

Pleurotoma is detached both from *Murex* and *Fusus*, and distinguished by a straight and elongated canal at the base: but several of the species have hitherto been found only in a fossil state. *Turbinella* coincides with several of the *Volutæ*, and with some of the *Murices:* but a separate station has been allotted to it, on account of its presenting from three to five compressed and transverse folds. The extreme shortness of the basal channel constitutes the distinctive mark of *Cancellaria*, which was formerly included under *Voluta*, and is very closely allied to *Turbinella*. Another detachment from the overgrown *Murex* of the Linnéan school, and which, were it not for the oblique direction of the plaits on the columella, would deserve to rank with *Turbinella*, is here designed *Fasciolaria:* but its known species are far from numerous. M. DE LAMARCK also circumscribes the *Fusus* of *Bruguières* within the limits of the following definition: ' Shell pisiform, or sub-fusiform, channelled at the base, gibbous in its middle or inferior portion, without external protuberance, and having the spires elevated and elongated. Margin straight, without notch. Columella smooth. A corneous operculum.' The *Colosseus*, of which a specimen exists in the author's cabinet, is eleven inches four lines in length, and is (we presume) of rare occurrence. Thirty-six other recent and thirteen fossil species are described. *Pyrula* is well characterized by the shortness of the spire, and the protuberance of the last turn on the upper part of the shell. One of the recent species, the *Candelabrum*, is in the Chevalier's possession. *Struthiolaria*, besides the absence of a notch at the base of the channel, exhibits a protuberance on the right margin. *Ranella*, which is intermediate between this genus and *Murex*, is thus defined: ' Shell oval, or oblong, sub-compressed, channelled at the base, with external protuberances disposed on the opposite sides. Opening rounded, or inclined to oval. Protuberances straight, or oblique, at intervals of half a turn, forming a longitudinal range on each side.'

Notwithstanding the foregoing and subsequent reductions, the *Murices* of the present writer are still far from inconsiderable in point of number, for he specifies no fewer than sixty-eight; not including others formerly noticed by him in the second volume of the *Annales du Muséum*. Various subtractions have also been made from *Buccinum*, &c., and grounded on legitimate technical distinctions, which we could not detail without proving irksome to many of our readers.

In his delineation of the splendid tribe of *Cones*, the Chevalier was so far anticipated by *Bruguières* that, in most cases, he is contented to refer to that ingenious and laborious naturalist, with occasional modifications of his descriptive catalogue. After having particularized nine varieties of *Conus cedo-nulli*, he thus proceeds:

> 'The true *Cedonulli* [shell a.] is the most rare and the most precious of all known shells. Only three or four specimens of it occur in collections; and, among these, that which has fallen into my possession is one of the most beautiful, best preserved, and freshest, — in a word, the most perfect in the purity and symmetry of its colours. It exhibits, about the middle of its last turn, two transverse bands, composed of irregular spots, of a light bluish white, bordered with brown; some of which are a little extended in a longitudinal direction: but, besides its dotted lines, it has four pearly listings, elegantly expressed; namely, one above the two bands, and the other three below them. The angle of the last turn, and the base of the shell, are also spotted with white. With regard to the spire, it is variegated with white and orange. The length of this fine individual is nineteen lines and a half.
>
> 'I likewise possess *Favanne*'s specimen, [Encyclop. pl. 16. fig. D. 5.] which, though larger than the one just described, is less beautiful, less fresh, and less perfectly coloured. Its length is twenty-two lines and three quarters.'

The recent species of Cones set forth in the present work amount to 187; and the fossil only to nine.

The fourth order is composed of the CEPHALOPODA of *Cuvier*, which are distributed into three divisions; namely, 1. the *Testaceous*, *polythalamous*, which are immersed in the water, and are furnished with a multilocular and sub-interior shell; 2. the *Testaceous*, *monothalamous*, which sail on the surface of the water, and have an unilocular and perfectly exterior shell; and, 3. the *Non-testaceous*, [*Sepiariæ*,] which are destitute of every appearance of shell.

In the *Polythalamous* Cephalopoda, the shell is multilocular, completely or partially enveloped, and inserted in the posterior point of the animal's body, frequently with adherence. These particulars of their conformation result from the discovery of the animal of the *Spirula* by Messrs. *Le Sueur* and *Peron*. Under this catalogue are now ranked several genera, as *Belemnites, Orthocera, Hippurites, Spirula, Nummulites*, &c. &c. The known species appertaining to each genus are in general far from numerous, and most of them occur in a fossil state. We cannot here enumerate all their minute discriminations, of which the geologist will nevertheless appreciate the value.

The *Belemnite*, which is found only fossil, and most frequently insulated and empty, is a case or sheath, of an elongated conical mass; not adherent, chambered, and furnished with a syphon, like the *Orthocerites* and *Hippurites*.

'These singular cases are lengthened conical bodies, more or less pointed at the apex, often provided with a lateral shallow gutter, solid and full in their upper part, and having in their other part a conical cavity, which is usually found empty. In this state, the *Belemnite* is incomplete; for it originally contained in its cavity an elongated conical mass, multilocular, having partitions slightly concave on one side and convex on the other, and a central syphon. The detached case was long taken for the *Belemnite*, and the chambered mass which belonged to it, and which was found separately, for particular independent bodies:—but complete *Belemnites* have at last been found, that is to say, the sheath, including its chambered mass; and then the veil which concealed the nature of these shells was removed. * We must not confound with the *Belemnites* certain spines of the sea-urchins, which, when sawn in two, lengthways, present appearances of concameration, resulting from the different stages of growth of these spines: but they contain no particular chambered and separable mass, distinct from the sheath which incloses it.'

The *Miliolites* are deserving of notice on account of their minuteness and their multitudes; for, though not exceeding the size of millet-seed, and in some cases invisible to the naked eye, they are distinctly chambered shells, and occasionally constitute the mass of certain rocks and quarries.—*Nautilus pompilius* occurs fossil at Courtagnon, Grignon, Chaumont, in the environs of Dar, and various other parts of France, still retaining its nacre and beautiful iridescent hues. This is precisely the same species which exists recent in the Indian seas, and which has been long known to naturalists.

In the *Monothalamous* division the shell is wholly external, and envelopes the animal.

'* See, in the *Journal de Physique*, [Brumaire, year 9,] a Memoir on the Belemnites, by M. *Sage*.'

'The Cephalopoda of this division present to us in their shell, and in the faculties which they seem to us to possess, circumstances so extraordinary that, at first, we could not presume to believe them; and even now, when in great measure constrained to acknowlege their existence, we do it with some degree of hesitation. How can an animal, whose body is not in the least spiral, form a shell which is evidently so? How, moreover, in an order in which we meet with so many testaceous animals, and which all have a multilocular shell, more or less completely incased in their posterior extremity, do we find others which are furnished with a shell wholly exterior and unilocular?—Notwithstanding the difficulty of answering these inquiries, we are guided respecting them by the suggestions of observation. In fact, besides that the animals in question have been seen in their shell, that we ourselves have seen them, and that we have remarked the impressions which their parts have left in the shell, it should seem that the curvature of the latter is regulated by the manner in which the animal doubles and folds some of its arms, when it is quiescent within. We are at least warranted to assert of these two divisions, so marked in their character, that, in the *polythalamous Cephalopoda*, the portion of the animal's body which the shell includes is contained in its last chamber; whereas, in the *monothalamous Cephalopoda*, the entire body of the animal is contained in the shell. Thus the *monothalamous Cephalopoda* have a univalve, unilocular shell, quite exterior, by means of which they support themselves, and sail on the surface of the waters. This shell, which is thin and fragile, seems to be related to the Carinaria: but the animal of the latter is not a Cephalopode.—I know, as yet, only one genus in this division, namely, the *Argonaut;* to which, perhaps, may be added the genus *Ocythoe* of Mr. *Leach*.'

The third division, or *Sepiarian Cephalopoda*, includes those which are quite destitute of a shell; and most of which have a solid, detached, and cretaceous or horny substance contained within them. These constitute the genus *Sepia*, of Linné: but they are here more accurately distributed into *Octopus*, *Loligopsis*, *Loligo*, and *Sepia.*—*Sepia tuberculata* is thus described:

'Inhabits the Indian seas. Collect. of the Muséum, and procured from that of the Stadtholder. This species, hitherto undescribed, is much smaller than the preceding, [*Sepia officinalis,*] and very remarkable with respect to form, the proportion of its parts, the surface of its skin, its dorsal bone, &c. Its total length, including that of its two pedunculated arms, is about one decimeter. Its body is elliptical, a little flattened, nearly five centimeters broad, slightly wrinkled lengthwise on the belly, and sprinkled all over the back and head, as well as on the dorsal surface of the short arms, with a quantity of conoidal, serrated, and unequal tubercles. Its eight conical arms are scarcely two centimeters in length, and are furnished from the origin to the termination of their internal surface with four rows of sessile suckers, like those of the common cuttle-fish, but smaller. Its pedunculated arms somewhat exceed four centimeters in length; that is to say, they do not quite equal that of the half of the body: they are smooth, almost cylindrical, and provided with sessile suckers on the internal surface of the dilated part of their apex. The two wings, on each side of the sac, are very narrow. The whole colour of the animal, in the state in which I observed it in the liquor, is a grey brown. Its dorsal bone presents remarkable characters; being thickened and dilated, like a spatula, in its anterior portion; contracted to a point, in its posterior part; and having its external surface invested with a coriaceous, thin, and almost membranous demi-tunic, which projects posteriorly beyond the sides. This sort of bone is composed of about forty crescent-like plates, undulated on their internal edge, imbricated on one another, and gradually diminishing from the most forward to that which forms the posterior termination.'

HETEROPODA, the fifth and concluding order, has been constructed for the admission of those hitherto little observed families, of which the individuals have a free elongated body, swimming horizontally, a distinct head, two eyes, no circle of feelers round the head or foot under the belly, but one or more fins, disposed in no regular series; and thus approaching, in some respects, to the class of FISHES. The genera are, *Carinaria*, *Pterotrachea*, and *Phylliroe*: but the known species are very limited in numbers. The combined observations of *Bory de St. Vincent* and *Le Sueur* have made us acquainted with the *Carinariæ*; whose lengthened gelatinous body bristles with very minute asperities, and is provided with one or more unequal fins. On the head are two tentacula, with an eye at the base of each, and terminating in a sort of retractile proboscis: but the most remarkable circumstance in their organization is the singular position of the heart and gills, which are suspended out of the animal's body, and included in a very slender shell, also suspended.

The *Pterotracheæ* have been observed swimming in great numbers, in calm weather. They are elongated, somewhat cylindrical, gelatinous, transparent bodies, adorned with the most lively hues, and having the gills and heart placed out of the belly, near the origin of the tail, and unprotected by a shell.

The animals belonging to *Phylliroe* were first noticed by Messrs. *Péron* and *Le Sueur*, and agree with the preceding in various respects: but the head projects, like a snout, and is surmounted by two tentacula, which have the semblance of horns: they have no swimming organ but the tail, and their heart and gills are situated within the body. *P. bucephalum*, a native of the Mediterranean, and the only known species, is described in the fifteenth volume of the *Annales du Muséum.*

We have thus endeavoured, as opportunity offered, to report the progress of a work which will long attest the uncommon acuteness and perseverance of research that have characterized the professional labours of its illustrious author. In the execution of a design of such extent and complication of detail, we are not to suppose that every deviation from the nomenclature and arrangement of preceding systematical writers must invariably be regarded as an improvement; and we are free to confess that some of the neological phraseology, and several of the divisions and subdivisions which have been adopted, seem not to have been required by any considerations of expediency or philosophy. At the same time, it will not be denied that in the Chevalier DE LAMARCK the class of invertebral animals has found an original, ingenious, and able expositor; that many of his definitions and references will in future be cited as classical authority; and that his review of the department of testaceous animals has cast a strong and steady light on that inviting province of zoology.—We have heard that age, infirmity, and blindness, press hard on his closing career: but we are happy to remark that the volume now on our table bespeaks no approach of mental decay, and that it will in no respect detract from his well-earned literary and scientific reputation.

ART. VI. *La Morale appliquée à la Politique,* &c.; *i. e.* Morality applied to Politics; intended as introductory to Observations on French Manners in the Nineteenth Century. By E. JOUY, Member of the Institute. 2 Vols. 12mo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 11*s.*

MANY works of M. JOUY have been noticed in our pages, (see vol. lxxvii. p. 475. and vol. lxxix. p. 110, &c.) and we have always found him an agreeable writer, a good painter of manners, an industrious collector of information, and a liberal thinker: but argument is not his *forte* so much as exposition, and he would do better to avoid than to undertake abstruse inquiries. The volumes before us are entertaining, though superficial, and may be characterized as a political manual for the ladies, in which the statesman is advised to obey the morality of the domestic preceptor, and to conduct the affairs of nations with the gentle and amiable scrupulosity of a religious family. Goodness of heart silvers every page, but the iron hand of power must be made of tougher metal. It is such a book as Addison might have written; and, were it t to be followed by a promotion similar to that which *he* experienced, M. Jouy would in like manner be dropped by the complaisant indifference of his colleagues.

In a preliminary discourse, the author states, as his fundamental principle, that societies ought to be just towards their component individuals, and also towards neighbouring societies; and that such justice, if scrupulously adopted, will always succeed "in the long run," even in this world; the laws of nature having attached a strict retribution to all possible human conduct. Although virtue, however, in the mass of instances, is the safest and wisest course, and is therefore by the common consent of mankind denominated virtue, yet surely many cases occur of successful fraud, violence, and injustice, for which the eventual punishment is not apparent in this world. Indeed, retribution seems to be gaining ground progressively with the advance of civilization, and to result from the increased knowlege of mankind about their real interests; for the combined will of society can punish any individual, however exalted; and, by simply withdrawing their countenance, men can render despotic power precarious, and immense wealth useless. Reciprocity is the instinctive morality of man. The savage begins by taking every advantage of his neighbour, which he attributes to that neighbour the inclination to take of him: but by degrees the nobler forms of action are found more conducive to the safety and comfort of all, and no man is suffered to descend to the lower forms of conduct; these are coerced by a settled criminal justice. As yet, no criminal justice is arranged between nations: but the suppression of piracy, and of privateering, which gives rise to piracy, is speedily becoming a common interest, and will prepare an executive power bound to obey the courts of international law. — 'The work which I publish,' says the author, 'is but the corollary of this proposition: there exists an universal morality, which has its seat in the conscience of man: consequently, it governs by the same laws both individuals and societies.'

The first volume is divided into seven books, treating of Morality in general; of Religion, as viewed in Connection with Morality; of Social Institutions, as viewed in the like Relation; of Policy as dependent on Morality; of Morality in Public Individuals; of Morality in Diplomatic Relations; and of War, considered with relation to the Principles of Morals. In the second of these books, the author thus passes in review his principal predecessors in this career:

> '*Buchanan*, in his treatise on the Rights of Royalty in Scotland, is the first writer who seriously occupied himself with politics.

Full of genius, of barbarism, of pedantry, of energy, and of reason, he wanted to build without a plan, without a foundation, on a soil not broken up, and with materials collected by chance. His work is a singular monument of the spirit of his age, of the incoherence of his principles, and of the nobleness of his opinions.

'*Bacon*, whose prophetic genius makes him the contemporary of the eighteenth century, and who had unlocked in his writings an inexhaustible treasury of truths, committed the fault of soaring too high, and of hovering so much above the men and ideas of his age, that he exerted no influence over them.

'*Grotius*, the oracle of schools and the pensioner of princes, in spite of the falsehood of his doctrines, and of their sophistical props, concurred more efficaciously than Bacon in the work of political regeneration. His principles are false; his method is confusion itself; and his quotations of Ovid and Saint Augustin, of Aristotle, Suarez, and the Book of Genesis, in the same page, pass the limits of the ridiculous: but gratitude is due to him for the efforts made to prove the existence of a natural law, whence all others are corollaries. Bacon had proclaimed this truth in three words of his book on the progress of science: *Leges legum sunt;* laws have their laws. This oracular maxim was too deep, too subtle, too concise, to be understood; and the verbose exposition, which Grotius gave of it, has not rendered it much clearer.

'*Puffendorff* only applied to the incoherent system of the Dutch publicist the methodical turn of his own mind, and the conciseness of his own style.

'To please a court in danger, *Hobbes* thought that he could do no better than represent mankind as a troop of animals, malevolent by instinct, and requiring the chains of tyranny. Ought we to enumerate among political writers him who says to man, "You are a ferocious animal; the just and the unjust, vice and virtue, are chimæras, of which the will of your chieftains alone must fix the limits; the only happiness to which you can aspire is to be sought in a blind submission to the will of your masters?"

'I shall be silent about *Macchiavel*, as long as I am permitted to think that his *Prince* was intended as a bitter satire on the tyrants of his time; and that the author of the discourses on the first Decad of Livy intended, like Sylla, to bring men back to the love of liberty, by terrifying them with the spectacle of despotism. However, it must be acknowleged that Macchiavel found disciples on many thrones. Charles V. carried this book always about him; it was called the Bible of Catharine dei Medici; and those men of purple and of blood, the Cardinals, Witnessers, Advisers, and Apologists of the Saint-Bartholomew massacre, swore by the *Prince* of *Macchiavel*.

'At the period in which we live, an English publicist, who calls himself *Gould Francis Leckie*, and whose pernicious maxims I hold up to public indignation, has not scrupled to say, "Morality and justice have nothing to do with policy: they were never seen to preside in a congress: these virtues have no more concern with the interests of nations than with questions of medicine,

cine, chemistry, or architecture." Thus has this audacious Englishman revealed to us the mystery of iniquity, which he offers to his country as a political system. To treat nations like the materials of any experiment, to divide and pound and bruise in a mortar the individual atoms which compose them, this is what he calls diplomacy. By adopting his definition, we might as well invoke the laws of morality and justice in favor of an oppressed people, as exert an unwise pity in behalf of a bird expiring under the air-pump of a philosopher.

'Be it allowed to a disciple of *Voltaire*, of *Rousseau*, and of *Montesquieu*, humbly to represent to Mr. Gould Leckie, that it is unreasonable for the hundred crowned heads on the globe, who are mostly governed by their ministers, their mistresses, or their flatterers, to ravage the earth at their pleasure. This English publicist would perhaps reply by the logic of antecedents, that what has been should be; and he may shew that the diplomatic annals of Europe offer but one eternal combat of cunning, violence, perfidy, and atrocity; that, from the earliest times, men *told by the head* have been sometimes exterminated by those who were disputing the right to govern them, and sometimes sold by auction to the highest bidder; he may define diplomacy, as the experience of eighteen centuries exhibits it, to be a chaos of imposture and injustice; he may shew on the map provinces conquered and reconquered becoming the property of a prince, or mortgaged for the expence of a war, or others taken in pledge and kept in perpetuity, to the exclusion alike of a legitimate or of an elective ruler.' (P. 107.)

A paragraph in p. 178. bitterly satirizes the politics of Great Britain relative to the Greeks; and, as it may be useful to point out to our statesmen how far they succeed in conciliating the public opinion of Europe, we translate it.

'Religion and humanity exclaim to the princes of Europe, "Hasten to the aid of the Greeks; among whom not merely those who have caught up defensive weapons are slaughtered, but the most inoffensive beings, children, women, and old men, are smitten with the sword, or burnt alive in the temples where they sought a shelter."—Wait, replies, or would formerly have replied, the diplomatist: if we wish to be able to retain these provinces when we have conquered them, we must let them consume the elements of resistance before-hand: Greece may revive from its ashes: but it must first be so far exhausted as to retain no will of its own, no tendency to thwart the drift of our ambition.—"But meanwhile the cities are reeking with the blood of their inhabitants; flames devour the cottages; and even the caverns and forests which could protect their wild beasts are not allowed to lend an asylum to Christians: run to their aid, therefore, you who can."—Stop, exclaim, or would like to exclaim, other diplomatists: we must reckon first what share we are to have of the ashes of the provinces in conflagration.—Stop, stop, would formerly have exclaimed the merchants of the Thames: these Greeks were busy traders: let their flag disappear;

and let the Egean as well as the Ionian sea view only the British colours. The Greeks are impoverished; the Turks have something; is there nothing to be gained by fighting for Mohammed rather than for Christ? — Do such shameful calculations appear wholly foreign to the enlightened period in which we live?'

From such declamatory passages, a sufficient idea may be formed of the favourite style of this writer, which is continually aiming at elegance, but is often deficient in precision. We meet with another anti-Anglican diatribe at p. 250. 'England and Turkey make war before they declare it. The English seize at sea on vessels sailing under the faith of treaties; and the Turks imprison in the Seven Towers the ambassadors of Christian princes; while Corsairs at all times attack Christian navigators, and reduce their crews to slavery.' This bad custom of the British government, to begin war practically before it had been declared, exposed to a long imprisonment all the English travellers who were scattered over France during the late contest. We should deeply lament if M. Jouy, or any other writer, foreign or domestic, could justifiably assert that the motive for such violation, on our part, of the law of nations, may be found in the circumstance that all captures made at sea previously to a declaration of war become the property of the crown, a droit of Admiralty; and that the royal family is not eager to correct an abuse by which it profits.

Volume II. is divided into nine books: on the Application of Morality to interior Policy; on Morality in general; (this section is strangely out of place;) on Morality in Tribunals and Magistracies; on Morality in Public Institutions and Establishments; on Morality in Taxation and in Public Expenditure; on Morality in Literature, Philosophy, and Political Eloquence; on Morality in Education, and in Public Instruction; Moral Relations of the different Classes of Society; the Influence of Women on the Manners and Happiness of Nations. — A good chapter is the fourth, which treats of the style of legislation, and points out the importance of clearness and precision in wording the laws. No nation is more negligent than the British in the expression of its public regulations: an Act of Parliament being usually drawn up with a slovenly technicality, which seems to aim at rendering its provisions disputable, and its protection unsafe.

At p. 69. the author asserts that legal torture yet exists in England; supposing, probably, that the old punishment for standing mute still subsists: but we believe that it was abolished in the twelfth year of the late king.

We translate chap. 21. of book ix.

(Vol. ii. p. 95.) 'I dwelt for some years in the island of Ceylon,

" *Où dom Calmet, rêveur benedictin,*
Met le berceau du triste genre humain."

'I am not sure that this island was the antient Taprobana, and still less that it was the seat of Paradise: but I know that it is inhabited by three distinct classes of men, in whom more fully than elsewhere three different degrees of civilization may be observed: — the Europeans established on the coast, the Cingalees, who have become masters of the interior by conquest, and the Bedas, who appear to have been the aboriginal inhabitants. These last have retired, in the neighbourhood of Trincomale, to an inaccessible fastness of mountains and forests; where they live independent of every yoke, without laws, without chieftains, without religion, — in a word, with no other social tie than that innate sentiment of justice which suffices for their preservation.

'A journey which I undertook into the interior of Ceylon brought me into the district inhabited by the Bedas. One morning, on quitting my tent, I found a zagay (a missile spear) stuck at my door, to which were hung various sorts of game. My Cingalese servant, when I asked to whom I was indebted for this present, pointed out, all in a tremble, the footsteps of a party of Bedas, who had come during the night to my dwelling, and wanted to take away in exchange for the game certain iron implements which they had seen in my possession, and which formed the only sort of property that they coveted. They will come again, he added, to-morrow night; and if they do not find where they left the game those instruments for which they have thus applied, they will most likely set fire to the house, and kill us both.

'However irregular I thought this system of barter was, yet, under all the circumstances of the case, I considered it as better to bend to necessity, and determined to part with an old sabre which I could spare, and to hang it upon the zagay. The people came at night, in greater numbers than before; and, when they found that their principal wish was granted, they began to dance round me, and to express the highest transports of joy. My gratitude for their hospitable care had apparently passed their expectation, and I found them so well affected to me, that I applied to them for guides to conduct me about the mountainous district which they inhabited: to which circumstance I owe the advantage of having penetrated into a part of Ceylon that, I think, no European had ever before visited.

'Now, who does not perceive, in the conduct of these savages, an instinctive tendency towards that natural justice which I place among the innate virtues? Does it not prove that these rude creatures reason thus: Men owe to each other mutual help: he who has property is debtor to him who has not: you have iron, which I want, says the savage to the civilized man, and I have provisions, which you want; let us barter: but, if you refuse to share your superfluities with me, when I let you partake of mine, you are an unjust man, and I become intitled to seize by force that which I would fain owe merely to your justice.'

Chap. i. of the thirteenth book merits distinction: it treats of the moral effects of the printing press, and recommends to governments a greater tolerance of its boldness. Seditious language cannot easily bring into disrepute or contempt a well-conducted administration; and, if men of talent manage the public affairs with a view to the public good, they will always be able to explain satisfactorily both their motives and their forms of proceeding. Intolerance usually results from conscious incapacity, or conscious profligacy; and, as time soon evaporates the pungency and obliterates the recollection of satire, to punish it is only to refresh the irritation and preserve the impression.

In the sixteenth book, the author contends, on strong grounds, that democratic institutions are favorable to the epuration of manners; and that, where all the situations of authority are elective, from the magistrate and priest to the peer and the prince, a severer regard to purity of domestic character will necessarily overspread all the aspiring classes, which are the exemplary classes, and consequently will be diffused over the whole community.

> 'In every age, the sceptre of thought is seized by some superior intellect. *Descartes*, *Corneille*, *Voltaire*, were successively the ruling minds of France. To whom does this glorious empire now belong? I hardly dare to pronounce between so many competitors of nearly equal merit; yet, were I compelled to make a choice, I do not hesitate to say I should name a woman. Madame *de Stael*, whose recent loss we deplore, seems to me to have been, *par excellence*, the genius of the century. I am not blind to her errors, or to the paradoxy of some of her opinions in morals, politics, and literature: but I think that no French writer of our time has left traces so luminous and so profound.' (P. 377.)

An Appendix of illustrative notes is attached to each volume. The whole work deserves to be read, and *rifled*: but perhaps not to be translated entire.

Art. VII. *Le Çoran*, &c.; *i. e.* The Koran, and an Exposition of Mussulman Faith: translated from the Turkish of Mohammed Ben Pir-Ali Elberkevi, with Notes, by M. Garcin de Tassy, &c. &c. 8vo. 3 Vols. Paris. Imported by Treuttel and Co.

The Mohammedan religion still perhaps prevails over a larger portion of the globe than any other; half of Asia, almost all Africa, and a fine part of Europe, recognizing the doctrines of the Koran. Its ascendancy, however, is on the decline; in Spain, and in Hindostan, the governing classes are no longer disciples of Islamism; and a sort of liberalism, akin to the philosophy of southern Europe, is gaining ground in Persia, and preparing a spirit of tolerance there which has hitherto been wanting in rulers of this persuasion. Still, the sacred books of these Orientals will leave lasting traces in the opinions of all the countries in which they have been received, even if the sovereignty should pass into infidel hands; and therefore it behoves both the philosopher and the statesman to study them with impartiality, in order that the one may know what to remedy, and the other what to indulge. As the British empire includes many districts in which Mohammedism was formerly professed by the prince, and is likely to comprehend more, the administrating class is bound thoroughly to understand that system of belief, and may then perhaps devise the means of amalgamating it with some analogous extant sect.

The Koran has long circulated in various languages. Father *Maracci* printed in 1698 at Padua a Latin translation of the Arabic text, to which he appended useless refutations of the doctrine of the Prophet: his version passes for exact, but imitates too anxiously the Arabic idiom to be easily understood. *Sale* published at London, in 1734, a still more learned and more elegant interpretation, which has not hitherto been surpassed. The French have a translation of the Koran by *Du Ryer*, which was printed by the *Elzevirs* in 1649, but which is neither complete nor trustworthy. It was therefore not superfluous in M. GARCIN DE TASSY to undertake to superintend a new one. Some false opinions, he observes, are entertained of the Mohammedans in Europe, which he aspires to remove, by laying before his readers a Translation of the entire Koran, — an Exposition of the Moslem Faith, — a Version of the Pend-nameh of Saadi, — the Borda, a Poem in Praise of the Prophet, — and some Oriental Apologues characteristic of the Practical Morality of Eastern Nations. To the Koran is allotted two entire volumes, and the other illustrative pieces fill the third. To these documents, which are closely translated from the Arabic, Turkish, and Persian originals, are attached various explanatory notes, which form a learned and instructive commentary.

Volumes one and two of this publication being occupied by the Koran, of which the contents are well known here through the excellent translation of *Sale*, and the introductory dissertations which accompany his book, we shall prefer to dwell on the third volume; which is intitled an Appendix to the Koran, and begins with *Risalei Berkevi*. This is in fact a

catechism

catechism for the use of Turks, the title of which may be rendered *the Treatise of Berkevi;* which has repeatedly been printed at Scutari, and which called forth a commentary in 352 pages from Cadi Zade Islambouli Ahmed ben Mohammed Amin. Berkevi, in this treatise, disserts extensively on points of doctrine, to which he allots the first six chapters of his work: but not so extensively on the ritual of worship, concerning which the translator supplies in his notes many directions, having abridged in this way a tedious and minute portion of the author's text.

The Arabians have a catechism called *Birghilu risale*, which has been translated into German under the designation *Elementarbuch der Muhammedanischen Glanbenslehren, i. e.* Elements of Mohammedan Doctrine; consisting of fifty-eight articles, which, with the commentary of Sad-Uddin Teftazani, answers the same purpose as this work of Berkevi.

We translate the second chapter concerning angels.

'Secondly, it must be confessed and acknowleged that God has created angels, who act by his order, and who are not rebellious to his will, as many men are; and that they neither eat nor drink, nor are given in marriage. Among them are to be distinguished those who have access to the throne of God, and who are his messengers. Each of them has a peculiar office: some on earth, some in heaven, some upright, some kneeling; these lying prostrate while those sing the praises of God. Others have the charge of mankind, and record their actions; they are called guardian angels, and kind penmen.

'Some angels are endued with a lofty stature, and with great strength, like Gabriel, to whom be peace: in one hour, he descends from heaven to earth, and with the flapping of his wings can remove mountains: he is the minister of heavenly vengeance.

'Azrael, on whom be peace, has to receive the souls of men at their last moments, and he will receive the souls of all men.

'Israfil, on whom be peace, is to sound the trumpet, which he always holds in his hand ready to blow when the command of God shall be given;—and when that command *is* given, the sound thereof shall be heard through all heavens and all earths. Twice shall he sound it. At the first time, all the living shall die, which is the beginning of the last day, and the world shall remain forty years in this state of death. Afterward, the most high God shall raise up Israfil from death, who shall sound the trumpet a second time, and all the dead shall arise.' (P. 8.)

To this chapter the translator attaches the following three notes:

'All the Moslem doctors agree with the Koran, xxxvii. 150., that angels are of no sex: it is a mistake to charge the Mohammedans with making them female.

'The most eminent class of angels consists of four archangels, of whom more hereafter.

'The Turkisk commentary of Ahmed ben Mohammed Amin says, The Jews detest Gabriel, on whom be peace. The red heads (meaning the Persians, whose soldiers wear red caps,) detest him also, and pretend that God ordered Gabriel to carry the gift of prophecy to Ali, but that Gabriel mistook, and carried it to Mohammed. God forbid that we should believe such blasphemy.'

P. 87. The author observes that, by the Mohammedan religion, it is severely prohibited to make eunuchs, and even to employ them: so that if sovereigns and grandees, out of pomp, adopt a different usage, it is not the fault of the Prophet.

To the Catechism and Commentary, translated from the Turkish, succeeds the Pend-nameh, or Book of Counsels, translated from the Persian of Saadi. We transcribe a few paragraphs.

'1. Forty years of thy precious life, O my soul, have passed away; and thy disposition remains what it was in thy youth. Thou hast done nothing but obey thy vanity and thy passions. Thou has not adorned thy days by serious occupations. My soul, trust not in this transient life, nor think thyself secure from reverses of fortune.

'2. He who spreads the table of generosity shall become celebrated in the beneficent world. Generosity shall make thee known to the universe, and procure for thee perfect safety. Nothing else can be compared to this virtue; it is the crowded and favorite bazar; it is the metropolis of joy, and the harvest of life. Refresh by means of it the hearts of men. Fill the globe with the fame of thy munificence. At every instant of thy life exert generosity, since he who gave being to thy soul claims this as the first of his attributes.

'3. Whoever is well inspired will choose liberality for his favorite virtue, for it renders man happy. By mildness and munificence, man may make a conquest of the world. Be a prince in the region of affability and generosity. Liberality is the occupation of sages, and the title of the elect. Neglect not to practise this virtue, and you will strike to the goal the ball of bounty. Liberality is the philosopher's stone, which transforms into gold the copper of vice, and is the elixir for diseases of the soul.

'4. If the globe revolved at the pleasure of the miser; if he held the chain of fortune, and grasped the treasures of Karoon; if a quarter of the world was his own; his name would not deserve to be mentioned. If fortune were his slave, pay no attention to his possessions, speak not of his riches, mention not his property. Even if by sea and land the miser were continually suffering privation, the tradition says that there shall be no paradise for him. The miser, rich as he may be, frets like another whose purse contains only the smallest coin. Generous men feel delight in dispensing the income of their wealth, but the miser reaps from his gold only a harvest of solicitude.' (P. 106.)

Of the *Borda*, a poem in praise of Mohammed, the translation here given originates with the celebrated *Silvestre de Sacy*; whose admirable Arabic grammar, and whose extensive services to oriental literature, are highly prized throughout Europe.

The Tales, which succeed, are derived from Bidpai, or Pilpay's Fables. As they are already known in our language, we do not offer any specimens.

These volumes cannot but be welcome to the student of oriental manners and opinions. The liberal tone of commentary records every thing with candor, and holds up no feature of the Mohammedan system to unnecessary odium. Polygamy is stated to be a rare practice; and in no other respect do the permissions of the Koran appear incompatible with sound legislation. If the Turkish empire should ever be partitioned by the Christian powers of Europe, this publication will perhaps have led the way to a spirit of toleration conducive to its future tranquillity under the sovereignty of *Giaours*.

Art. VIII. *Osservazioni intorno allo Stato antico e presente dell' agro Trojano, &c.*; *i. e.* Observations concerning the antient and the present State of the Troad. By Philip Barker Webb, Esq., Member of the University of Oxford, Fellow of the Linnéan, Geological, and Horticultural Societies, &c. 8vo. pp. 111. Milan. 1821. Sold by Harding, St. James's Street, London.

This elegant and ingenious disquisition was expressly written, we are told by the Italian editor, for a foreign journal of some celebrity, the "*Biblioteca Italiana*," having been translated for that work from the manuscript and under the inspection of the English author. It is a revival of an almost forgotten controversy, raised some years ago concerning the historical authenticity of the Iliad, and the existence of Troy itself, by the learned scepticism of Bryant. The paradox had few supporters, but called forth the ablest heads and the most powerful pens in defence of Homer, both as a poet and an historian: yet it left no small portion of doubt and ambiguity concerning many minor points of the dispute, such as the precise situation of the city of Priam, and the topography of the Troad in general. Every attempt, therefore, to dispel these doubts, must be received with respect and attention by the genuine admirers of the father of poetry; and this description comprehends, we presume, the whole of the literary community of Europe. Mr. Webb's treatise is one of the best, in our opinion, that has appeared on the subject: — the fruit of personal observation and of learned research, animated by the zeal and the ardor which a scholar must instinctively feel concerning all that pertains to the Grecian bard.

Perhaps the existence of Troy would never have been called in question, had not the admirers of Homer furnished his assailants with many reasonable doubts, by contending in terms too general and unqualified for the historical accuracy of the Iliad. That this noble monument of the bard's genius is grounded on fact, we presume, is not fairly to be disputed: but to require in such a poem an exact chronicle, or to expect that all its geographical descriptions should rigidly conform to the precise features of the local scenery, is trying his merits both as a poet and as an historian by too strict a standard. Aristotle justly remarks that a poet is not bound down by facts, but by probabilities only. It is sufficient, surely, that the general features of his local delineations are correct; and it would seem preposterous to deny, with Bryant, that the Greeks ever landed in the Troad, merely because the plain, the fountains, and the rivers of Ilium have not been described with all the minuteness of detail which might be demanded of a modern topographer.

Having made this remark, we shall proceed to the excellent dissertation of Mr. Webb, and cite from it such topics as we think are most illustrative of a question which is as important as any investigation of a purely antiquarian nature; observing that the opinions and the discoveries of this enlightened traveller, added to those of Dr. Clarke, who explored the same ground, form a body of clear and almost conclusive evidence on this obscure and disputed matter. We entirely concur in the present author's opening observations.

'The question relative to the exact position of Troy, and the antient geography of the Troad, has for half a century occupied the attention of the learned, and exercised the acuteness of modern criticism. After the works of so many eminent travellers, who have visited these uninhabited regions for the exclusive purpose of exploring the spot *ubi Troja fuit*,—after so many plans, and maps, and drafts, of the places which they visited, — it may seem extraordinary to assert that the question is still undecided: — but so it is. The spirit of party, too, which infuses itself into every question, has mixed itself with this. Most of the travellers, who have examined the Troad, have arrived there with prepossessions in favor of some particular system, which they themselves have previously framed, or which they have read and approved in some preceding author. Hence the Grecian plain has been converted into a modern field of battle by the Hellenists of different nations, who have carried on their disputes with every weapon that came to their hands, and which *fors atque ira ministrat.* Even the actual topography of the country was made to bend to the various passions of the conflict; the ponds and ditches were called rivers; and the rivers were maliciously degraded to rivulets.'

Mr. W. then proceeds to state that, anxious to visit every province of the Ottoman empire, he set out on that expedition in the year 1819 with Signor *Parolini di Bassano*, a celebrated Italian naturalist. In the month of September they journeyed towards the Troad, where they were joined by Messrs. Edmonstone and Curteis, two of the author's fellow-students at Oxford; and Mr. W. acknowleges that his discoveries and investigations in this classic soil were considerably aided by their erudition and sagacity. He then represents with much accuracy the present state of the controversy; noticing the theories and errors of former travellers, from Pocock and Wood to Wheler and *Le Chevalier.* Of the last, and his celebrated hypothesis, he thus speaks:

'The subject fell into better hands, when *Le Chevalier* set out on his romantic pilgrimage in search of ancient Ilium.

Ὤχετ' ἐποψόμενος κακοΐλιον ἐκ ὀνομαστήν. Od. l. 19. v. 260.

He accompanied Signor *Zuliani* to Constantinople in 1785; and, having touched at the Troad in the course of his journey, he framed his new system on the spot, and matured it afterward at Constantinople, where he entered into the service of the Duke *de Choiseul Gouffier*, the French ambassador. He began his mission by converting the other persons who were attached to the embassy; and at last, on a second visit to the Troad, he suceeeded in making the Duke himself a convert. Having propagated his doctrine in the south of Europe, he set off to preach it in the north; and he met with so much success as to gain the ear and faith of all who listened to him. Wood had observed, after Strabo, that the poetry of Homer did not always agree mathematically with the locality of the Iliad: but the French writer was determined to establish the contrary position. "It is," says he, "this accusation against the poet of the Iliad, which has stimulated and directed my researches." We must not, then, be surprized, if he discovered so quickly, and as it were by inspiration, objects of which all antiquity were ignorant;—the city, Pergamus, the Scæan gate, the two springs, and the

—— *arentem Zanthi cognomine rivum.*

The place, according to him, where all these were found, was the village of Bonar-Baschi, which is always pointed out to travellers as the true scite of antient Troy. This new system, appearing plausible on a first inspection, made no slight impression on scholars, and was adopted without deliberation by the many. If, however, the theory rests on the interpretation of a single passage in Homer, which is also contradicted by the context, and if the Greeks themselves interpreted that passage differently, it follows that we ought to pause before we erect on so narrow a base a system that was unknown to the antient geographers, and is in direct contradiction to their notices; which were deduced from the traditions and monuments of the country, whose authority was in those times never called into dispute. Of this, however, we will speak more fully in its place. The subject being thus brought into general notice, Bryant published his Dissertation on the Trojan War, to demonstrate that such an expedition was never undertaken, and that such a city never existed in Phrygia. Morritt, in his reply to Bryant, adopted the system of *Chevalier*, and adduced more ingenious arguments in its defence than those on which it was first ushered into the world. The learned scepticism of Bryant needed no refutation, but the visionary hypothesis of *Chevalier* derived from such a support a powerful confirmation; and thus the supposed discovery triumphed, down to a very recent period, having been adopted by Gell, and followed by the successive travellers of the Troad; so that to call in question the identity of Bonar-Baschi and Ilium, or even to look for Troy in any other direction, was deemed a heresy by the guides and *Ciceroni* of the district.'

Dr. Clarke, who visited the Troad in 1807, soon perceived that *Le Chevalier*'s system did not accord either with the antient geographers or with Homer himself. He discovered that the Mender was the antient Scamander; and, with Homer in his hand, but disregarding the authority of Strabo, he looked towards the north-east for the Simois, and unluckily stumbled on the Califatli Osmack, which he took for it. This is now a mere ditch, containing little or no water, and has its source in the plain. Mr. Webb surveyed it in every direction, to see whether it was fed by any communication from Mount Ida, but found it to be merely a sink, in which the waters of the lesser hills stagnated; while Homer always represents both the Simois and the Scamander as furious torrents, springing from Idæan Jove. Mr. W. agrees with Dr. Clarke that the Palaio Califatli is the true scite of Ilium: but Ilium having been described by Strabo to be on a tongue of land between the Simois and the Scamander, while the Palaio Califatli is neither between Califatli Osmack and the Mender nor has any tongue of land ever intervened between them, he concludes that Califatli Osmack is not the Simois. Mr. Hobhouse took the Gheumbrek for the Simois, and the little river of the village of Atcikevi for the Thymbrius, and placed the Troy of the poet not far northward of Alexandria Troas; which hypothesis Mr. W. satisfactorily refutes. He then examines Dr. Hunt's hypothesis in the first volume of Mr. Walpole's collection; and, from an elaborate review of the labors of these authors, he justly infers that our topographical knowlege of the plain of Troy has heretofore been very imperfect. He accounts for this imperfection, also, from the inconveniences of travelling along so unfrequented a coast; those who visited it having been obliged, by the want of all accommodation on shore, to pass the night in boats anchored at Tenedos or in the Dardanelles, and being therefore unable to penetrate above ten or twelve miles into the country. Some persons also examined the Troad in the rainy and others in the dry season; a circumstance sufficient to create considerable discordance in their observations. Mr. W, therefore, felt the necessity of looking for the sources of the rivers among the mountains, and resolved to trace the course of every brook which watered the plain. His party accommodated themselves at night in the best asylum that they could procure; and they were assured by the hospitable mountaineers of the district, that no *Frank* had ever been there before them.

The following comments on Homer, as himself an evidence on this interesting question, are too valuable to be omitted:

'It is really singular that, up to a certain period, no one had compared Homer, not with the present aspect of Phrygia, or with the antient historians and geographers, but with himself; or had inquired whether, in his descriptions of this country, the poet has been uniformly consistent. This, however, has at length been done in the laborious treatise of *Spon*. We must not be surprized at the result of such an examination, for we are not to expect from a poet the exactness of a geometrician. It is the province of his art to paint every object in captivating and beautiful colours; for the same apparent credibility is alike bestowed by his pencil on all his descriptions, whether of the inaccessible caves of ocean, the ætherial palaces of Olympus, the plain of Troy, or the perilous rocks of Ithaca.

'A poet has the licence to feign that which never happened: πάρεστι μέν γάρ τῶ ποιητῆ καὶ πλαττειν τά μή οντα *; and, as to the geographical faith which is to be conceded to the poesy of Homer, and the propensity natural to poetry of magnifying and embellishing its subjects, Thucydides remarks, τη Ομήρȣ ποιησει ει χρη καὶ ἐνταῦθα πιστέυειν, ἢν ἑικος ἐπί το μεῖζον μεν ποιητήν κοσμῆσαι. † In another place, Strabo adds that it was an assumption of Homer that no Phrygians came "from afar" to Troy, τηλ' εξ Ασκανίης ‡; and the word τηλ', in this passage, ought to be taken as a mere superfluous and expletive phrase, as when he speaks of the *venerable* mother of Io, or of the *large* hand of the beautiful Penelope.

'Moreover, when he speaks of the Troad in the thirteenth book, he remarks that his principal difficulty arose from the discrepancies and obscurities of writers who had already treated the subject, and particularly those of Homer himself: whence it may be inferred that the antients did not receive Homer's authority as indisputable and conclusive. The moderns have brought still more serious accusations against him. *Wolfe*, in his Prolegomena, shews that the identical Pylæmenes, who was killed by Menelaus in the fifth book, re-appears in the thirteenth, accompanying the corse of his son; and numerous discrepancies of this kind were collected by the indefatigable *Spon*. Diomed, for instance, is said to have been covered with armour made by Vulcan: but, in the sixth book, he changes all his arms, as being of little value, for the golden mail of Glaucus.

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* Strab. p. 345. † Thucyd. l. i. ‡ Il. l. 2. v. 863.

Χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατομβοι' εννεαβοίων.

' In his geography, which more particularly concerns the argument, we shall find still greater confusion. Troy, for example, is generally described as placed on an eminence: 'Ιλία αιπεινῆς: but in the twentieth book, v. 216.,

——— επει ουπω ῎Ιλιος ἱρὴ
'Εν πεδιω πεπολιστο, πόλις μεροπων ανθρώπων,
Αλλ' εθ' ὑπωρείας ὤκεον πολυπιδάκου ῎Ιδης,

it appears to have been built upon a plain. How are we to find the hill of fig-trees, ἐρινεός? In the sixth book, v. 433., and in other passages, it is placed near the wall of the city; and in the eleventh book, it is situated in the midst of the plain, μεσσου καππεδιον παρ' ἐρινεον εσσευοντο, and the Trojan fugitives could not for a considerable time regain from it the Scæan gate and the beech-tree.' (P. 18—21.)

The author then enters into an elaborate topographical inquiry respecting the site of the tomb of Ilus; completely overturns the pretensions of Bonar-Baschi to be the place of " the sacred city;" and shews the labyrinth of absurdity into which the hypothesis of *Le Chevalier* conducts us. He observes that this fanciful writer, whose system has been so readily adopted, marks the springs of Bonar-Baschi on his chart as being one hot and the other cold, in order to make them correspond with the Homeric description; whereas, in point of fact, those springs were found to be of the same temperature by Clarke and Hobhouse: while a little contemptible pool about fifteen feet wide, creeping ingloriously among bushes, and flowing from these springs, is converted into the Scamander itself, — the great, the terrible, the deep, the rushing, the immortal Scamander;—and, to complete the picture, this insignificant puddle pours its waters into the Mender, a mighty stream, almost the second river in Asia! Mr. WEBB satisfactorily exposes the other absurdities of M. *Le Chevalier*'s theory, and then refers to the traditional notices still extant concerning Troy; arguing that they contain every species of evidence that can be rationally expected on such a question. He asserts that Homer availed himself of the existing traditions of the country; that his episodes celebrate the actions of the chiefs of the race of Pelops, and those of Eolian descent; and that he seems to have collected all the traditions respecting the colony which peopled this part of the coast. Many bards, before Homer, had sung the war of Troy, and it was from their rhapsodies that he gathered the materials of his poem. Mr. W. regrets with *Heyne* the loss of the "Cyclic poems," and of the Homerides, from which Thucydides takes much of his narrative of the Trojan war: but time has spared many precious relics of antient art in gems and vases, representing events of the Trojan war which Homer has not recorded. The traditions, in which all antiquity believed, coming in aid of the Homeric geography, formed the basis on which the antients raised their system, combined with the testimonies of the poet himself. Comparing antient authorities with existing localities, the author attempts, we think, successfully, (and the excellent map annexed to his dissertation confirms the truth of his reasoning,) to frame a solid and coherent system.

The ensuing remarks contain several useful and valuable hints.

> 'We require new facts, new observations, new discoveries of historical localities, exact distances, &c. &c. We want, moreover, a good map of Asia. There are few tolerable roads in Turkey; and the natives in their journeys express the distance of places by hours, having no other rule of admeasurement. Every hour may be generally reckoned as three miles; and travellers must adopt the same mode of computation: observing also that the reckoning of the natives denotes the time which the caravans take, and which is so uniform through the Turkish empire as to constitute a steady rule of computation, whereas that of foreign travellers varies individually. Many new scites of antient cities are still to be discovered; and the word *Eski*, or *Palaio*, added to the name of a place, ought invariably to induce a traveller to deviate from his route and visit it, as he will in all probability find something to repay his trouble. It is also of great use to note the locality of coins; that is, the places where they are found in great abundance. The course of rivers and the bearings of mountains are too generally neglected, though they are the most durable testimonies. Astronomical instruments, however, though absolutely necessary, cannot be carried without injury. A common chronometer will not bear the motion of a horse or a camel: but pocket-watches are made in London so strongly constructed as to answer the purpose.' (P. 31.)

Mr. W. then proceeds to establish the site of Troy by another course of reasoning. The chain of mountains, of which the modern Kasdagh is the summit and the *nucleus*, (the Garganus of the antients,) he shews to be the Ida of Homer. Here, then, is a fixed point to determine the situation of the city; — and another fixed Homeric point is the Hellespont, which no one has ever doubted to be the streights of the Dardanelles, " separating," as Homer himself says, " Thrace from Asia." (Il. l. ii. v. 844.) This streight terminates at Sigæum, or near Rhætium. We have thus a plain defended by mountains, and " girt by the wide Hellespont." He next goes on to fix the coast and its boundaries; and, as we cannot pursue him into this elaborate and learned inquiry, we can only pronounce it to be our sincere opinion that his argument is clear, satisfactory, and convincing. *In Tepe* he shews to have been the Aianteum; and Rhætium being also demonstrated to be about thirty stadia southward of it, he proves that the Sigæan and Achillæan promontories must be nearly at the same distance. The exact site of the city of Sigæum he also makes out very satisfactorily, and fixes the tombs of Achilles, Patroclus, and Antilochus. This, however, is but vague and hazardous conjecture; at variance, indeed, with Homer, who tells us that Achilles hastily erected a tumulus over Patroclus, having deposited his remains in an urn, and intimating his wish that his own ashes were to be placed in the same sepulchre:

> " There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
> Till I shall follow to the infernal shade.
> Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
> A common structure on the humble sands.
> Hereafter, Greece some nobler work may raise,
> And late posterity record our praise;"

that afterward the remains of Antilochus were mixed in the same urn; and that the sons of the Greeks, as it appears from a passage in the Odyssey, raised a vast tumulus over them. The separate tumulus of Antilochus is therefore a superfluous conjecture.

The result of Mr. W.'s investigations is that the *Achilleum*, or the hill usually called the tomb of Achilles, was constructed by the antients, and actually was the place where that hero was buried. He is also of opinion that the new Ilium, which the Æolian colonists erected on the coast after the fall of Troy, was not built on the ruins of the antient city, but at some distance from it; in consequence, as Strabo asserts, of the sinister augury inherent to a place renowned for its disasters. The ruins discovered at Palaio Califatli, by Dr. Clarke, were with good reason considered by that traveller to be those of New Ilium, and Mr. W. strongly concurs with him. It stood in a commanding station immediately above the Grecian camp, two miles and a half from the *embouchure* of the Scamander, and a mile and a half from the sea. It was fortified by Lysimachus, and was afterward a Roman colony. Forty stadia or five miles eastward of New Ilium, was a remarkable hill; which even in the time of Strabo retained the Homeric appellation of Callicone, and the base of which was watered by the Simois. It was between these two points, according to Dr. Clarke *, ten stadia from the Callicone, and thirty from New Ilium, that the village stood which was supposed to mark the site of the antient capital of Priam. This village, which was also believed by Strabo to be its real site, was in his days called Ilia; (*Iliensium pagus*;) and it is to Dr. Clarke that we are indebted for pointing out *Tchiblak* as the probable place where it stood. However this may be, we perfectly agree with the present author that the New Ilium was not the city of Troy; a conclusion to which both he and Dr. Clarke were led by the correct guidance of Strabo. If nothing farther be established, then, by these reasonings, the errors of *Le Chevalier*, and of the tourists who successively acquiesced in his hypothesis, are fully demonstrated. That author having unfortunately stumbled on Bonar-Baschi, both he and his followers occupied themselves in the vain attempt to reconcile contradictions on the *western* bank of the Meander, instead of pointing their researches *eastward*; a direction to which Strabo expressly points.

An important addition, which Mr. Webb has made to our very imperfect knowlege of the Troad, is to be found in his researches concerning the rivers of the plain:

> ' A tongue of earth divided *Simoisia* (the plain in the midst of which ran the Simois) from the Scamandrian plain: the last being properly the Ilian or Trojan plain, and the largest of the two. The Scamander, adjacently to the Sigean promontory, and the Simois to that of Rhætium, united their streams in front of Ilium; forming a marsh, which flows afterward into the sea by the Sigæan promontory. This exact description of Strabo corresponds with the present state of the country. The reader has only to cast his eyes over our map, to be convinced that the *Ghumbrek-dere-su*, viz. the river of the vale of *Ghumbrek*, is the Simois; and that the *Mendere-su* is the Xanthus, or Scamander of the antients. The account given by Pliny is this: " *Dein portus Achivorum in quem influit Xanthus Simoenti junctus stagnum prius faciens Palæ-Scamander.*"

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* We have collected these rational conjectures from the second part of this lamented writer's Travels in Greece, Egypt, &c. &c.

mander." (Hist. Nat. v. c. 30.) It seems also that their junction was then as it is now, viz. that during the rainy season they flowed into the Palœ Scamander; and that in the dry season their union was hardly visible, leaving the ground only swampy. It is to be assumed, then, that the union of these rivers was formerly more evident than it is now, on account of posterior accumulations of sand: but that a branch of the Simois, when that river was swoln by the rains, ran directly to the sea, is deducible from Ptolemy; who names successively Δάρβανον, Σιμόεντος ποταμȣ̃ ἐκβολαι. Σκαμάνδρȣ ποταμȣ̃ εκβολαι. Σιγειον ἄκρον.

'To speak correctly, the Scamander is never dry, owing to the iquefaction of the snows of Ida: but the Simois, of which the ource is found in a less elevated part of the Idean chain, is, towards the end of the summer, almost absorbed by artificial irrigations and natural filtrations, before it reaches the lower part of the plain; a change incidental to most of the rivers of Asia Minor and European Greece. The marsh of the plain, in which the Gheumbrek-dere-su loses itself, is certainly indicated by Strabo, when he says that the Astipalæi built a city near the Simois in a swampy place, which they were afterward obliged to abandon; and this is an additional proof of the identity of the river. The Gheumbrek also corresponds exactly with the Simois of Homer, inasmuch as its course is short and rapid, and it runs like a torrent after the least fall of rain, carrying with it as in former days whole masses of rock, and trunks of trees.—

'The Mender was the Scamander in the time of Herodotus, because he computed it to be the first river at which Xerxes arrived when he had left Sardis. It was also the Scamander of Strabo and the other geographers. Its source is in the Kasdagh, the Gargams and Cotylus of the antients. Many of the common streamlets, swelled by mutual combinations, constitute a river, which issues from an excavation in the side of the mountain, and falls into the valley below in a magnificent perpendicular cascade, about fifty or sixty feet high. The valley is formed by a vast aperture in the mountain, whose vertical sides are covered with a dark forest of savage pines; while in the valley, and all round the mouth of the cavern, vast and melancholy oaks mixed with oriental plane-trees ascend majestically from the rock, and present themselves in a hundred fantastic groupes to the eye. A river flowing from the bosom of the mountain through a mysterious cavern, the termination of which no human being had explored, became, to a people enthusiastic like the Greeks, an appropriate object of superstition: they resorted thither from all parts, to worship at the consecrated fountain; and it is one of the remnants of the antient religion which the Greek church has preserved. Should Christianity one day prevail in this district, we should not be surprized if divine honours are again paid to the mysterious sources of the Scamander. The surrounding scenery, the venerable forests of Ida, and the silence which reigns, interrupted only by the fall of the cataract, exalt the imagination, and speak loudly in behalf of the antient superstitions of the place.' (P. 44—46.)

It is almost needless to remark that, if the map prefixed to this treatise be correct, and the reasons contained in it be unanswerable, then the plans and drawings of *Chevalier* and *his sect*, Bonar-Baschi, and its fabled springs, must all "vanish into thin air." Setting aside, however, the other objections to the hypothesis of *Le Chevalier*, the very circumstance of its tepid spring is sufficient to negative the claims of Bonar-Baschi to be the place of the "divine city of Troy."

We regret that we cannot follow the author into the various circumstantial arguments of his elaborate and erudite treatise: but we congratulate him on the general result of his labors. He does not, indeed, pretend to discover the ruins of Priam's palace, nor the secret apartments of Helen: but, in conjunction with other travellers, he has brought a considerable accession to the amount of our topographical knowlege of the Troad. He has found the antient name of almost every remarkable site, with Homer in his hand, and aided by the lights of the old geographers and of the early traditions. By means of a series of negative propositions, which, we think, he has successfully established, having first disencumbered the question from much of its difficulty, he has confirmed by reasonings of considerable weight Dr. Clarke's opinion that the Ilium of Homer was near to *Tchiblak;* and that the modern Ilium was *Palaio-Califatli.* He has also restored to the Gheumbrek and Mender (in this point dissenting from that writer) the honours of being the Simois and the Scamander; has clearly identified the various tumuli on the Trojan plain with those which existed in the time of Strabo; and has at least raised a *probable* inference that they were those which were designated by Homer himself. The essential difference between the father of poetry and modern writers consists in arguments deduced from the sources of the Scamander, and from the hill on which Troy is supposed to have stood. This difference he has reconciled; and, with due deductions for the licences and exaggerations permitted to a poet, he has made the topography of the country correspond both to the delineations of the Iliad and the notices of the geographers: while he has candidly and perspicuously summed up the arguments of other writers, giving to each their due and appropriate weight.

The tract contains also much antiquarian discussion, into which we are forbidden by our limits to enter. Indeed, we do not feel the *Iliac passion* sufficiently strong to dedicate a greater space to a subject, concerning which enough (perhaps more than enough) has been said to fulfil the only practicable purpose of such commentaries; namely, a clearer exposition of the Homeric writings. It often happens, however, that beyond

yond a certain degree of discussion, the question to be solved grows more intricate and confused; and it is then that the maxim, which Lord Bacon applies to juridical, becomes also appropriate to literary controversies; "*Expedit, ut finis sit litium.*"

ART. IX. *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains*, &c.; *i.e.* New Biography of Contemporaries, &c. By MM. ARNAULT, JAY, JOUY, NORVINS, and others. Vols. III. IV. V. and VI. 8vo. Paris. 1821–2. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 14*s.* each.

THE first and second portions of this comprehensive repertory were duly noticed at p. 536. of our xcivth volume. It continues to be conducted with equitable candour and frank politeness, and forms a convenient book of reference to the historic fortunes of those contemporaries who have recently played, or are playing, a prominent part on the stage of the world. Not being confined to living merit or notoriety, to such as are yet "alive and kicking," it includes many names of those over whom the grave has already heaped its mold. We cannot better give an idea of the execution of the work than by translating or abridging a life from each volume.

(Vol. III.) '*Mary Francis Xavier Bichat* was one of the most distinguished anatomists of the present times; and, though he did not live thirty years, he led the way to the revolution which has lately been accomplished in physiology. Devoted to the service of the human race, he consecrated to it all his genius, and set the example in society of every private virtue. He was born 11th November, 1771, at Toissey, in the department of the Ain. His father, a physician of eminence, sent him to study first at Nantua and then at Lyons, where he walked the hospitals, under the direction of *Mark Anthony Petit*. At the age of twenty, he was distinguished by this celebrated surgeon, and received from him private instructions: but the civic troubles of 1793 separated the pupil from the master, and *Bichat* now removed to Paris, where he attended the lectures of *Dessault*. One day he made some inquiries and some observations which struck that professor, who soon afterward employed him as an assistant, and took him into his house. When *Dessault* died in 1795, he wrote a eulogy of him, and prefixed it to a collective edition of his works which appeared in 1797. He also continued to board with the widow of his protector, and assisted in the education of the son. Having become a member of the Medical Society of Emulation, he published, in the Transactions of that body, his various researches. Before his day, the metaphysician *Barthey*, and the observer *Borden*, had shaken that doctrine of physical and chemical laws which *Boerhaave* had introduced: but it was reserved for him to banish it from the schools; and his perfect knowlege of anatomy, his indefatigable patience, the prodigious number of his observations and experiments, seconded by the general movement of the age, succeeded in erecting on the ruins of former theories the *vitalism* of *Bichat*.

'His observations, which successively extended over the membranes and their different kinds, over the humours which lubricate the articulations, and over the symmetry of certain organs, resulted from innumerable dissections, and from the minutest spirit of comparison. He was always at the hospitals, examining bodies whose organs had been diseased, or seeking in the entrails of living animals the evanescent mystery of life. In 1800 he began to collect and edit separately his contributions to the medical journals, and published three distinct works, intitled 1. *Traité des Membranes.* 8vo. Paris. 1800. 2. *Récherches Physiologiques sur la Vie et la Mort.* 8vo. Paris. 1800. 3. *Anatomie générale, appliquée à la Physiologie et à la Medecine.* 4 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1801. These treatises include some memoirs which had been printed separately in 1797, and which advanced the simple and ingenious doctrine of vital properties, and the distinction between an internal and an animal life. He had begun a work intitled *Traité d'Anatomie descriptive*, when a putrid fever snatched him from science and from friendship, in July, 1802. The widow of his late master watched his last moments with assiduity; and MM. *Roux* and *Buisson* completed, with some help from his papers, this last effort of his pen. He was buried at the Hôtel Dieu, in the same vault with *Dessault*, and one inscription records the memory of both.'

An interesting life in this volume is the account given of *Bolivar*, the independent General of the South Americans: but it is considerably too extensive for our limits. A portrait of him is also attached to the biography. He was born in 1785, at Caraccas, sent to study at Madrid, and then to travel. He visited France, England, Italy, and part of Germany; became intimate with *Humboldt* and *Bompland*, and accompanied them in one division of their journey. He married, at Madrid, the daughter of the Marquis of *Ustariz*. It was in 1813 that he assumed the command of the military forces of his country, and hoisted the standard of independence which now floats on the altar of victory.

Sir *Francis Burdett* is here recorded with respect: but, agreeing in this point with some of his partizans in this country, the editors ascribe to him a natural indolence which circumscribes the sphere of his political utility.

(Vol. IV.) *E contrà*, in this volume another of our celebrated political men, the late Marquis of Londonderry, better known as Lord *Castlereagh*, has a place assigned to him, with no partial hand. The part which he acted in the late war was certainly not calculated to secure for him the praises of French biographers who evidently are not Ultra-Royalists, and who thus sum up his character as an orator:

> ‘We shall spare our readers even a list of his speeches, of which it is doubtful whether any one survives the occasion that called it forth, and shall confine ourselves to a view of the effect which he usually produces in the House of which he is a member. When he speaks, it is pleasing to contemplate him: his fine figure, his noble manners, his apparent suavity, and the tempered grace of his ready elocution, often conciliate his bitterest opponents; and, as he listens to others with attention and respect, he is generally heard with deference. It is scarcely perceived that he thinks but little, that his pronunciation is affected, that his information is superficial, and that he is not endowed with energy, with imagination, or with simplicity. He is an able minister, and a voluble speaker: but to this praise not another word can be added without committing an outrage on truth.’

We must also observe that the preceding account of the veteran Major *Cartwright* which is favorable to his political career and character, is marked by two mistakes. In the first place, he is improperly endowed with the honor of knighthood, and is miscalled *Sir John;* and next the circumstance of his having been a Major in the Nottingham militia, and not being allowed to succeed to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of that regiment, is magnified into his deprivation of the *Lord-Lieutenancy* of the county! — Dr. Cartwright, his brother, is next introduced, but his relationship to the Major is not stated.

The life of the Empress *Catherine* of Russia forms one of the prominent decorations of this volume, and is written with considerable boldness. In the days of Horace, the penalty of reproach limped after crime with a lame foot; and a bad prince did not incur the brand of infamy even during the reign of his successor: but the press has now given to reputation a swifter step, so that justice often overtakes the living culprit, and is frequently ready with a sincere funeral oration.

The memoir of *Catherine,* Ex-queen of Westphalia, is written with interesting accuracy. That of Francis Augustus, Viscount *Chateaubriand,* will be read with curiosity, but is, perhaps, too controversial. In the account of *Chatterton,* poor *Chaucer* is metamorphosed into *Chancer.* — An author little known in this country is *Clement,* and we will extract the notice concerning him.

> ‘*Francis Clement* was born at Beze, in the department of Cote d'Or, during the year 1714. At the age of seventeen, he entered into the society of the Benedictines at Saint Maur, and aspired to emulate the learned men who have illustrated this order. In 1770 he published a new and enlarged edition of the *Art of verifying* Dates,

Dates, which a member of the same society, also named *Clement*, had edited twenty years before. This second edition, as it was called, resembles the first only in plan and title, but is in fact a new work, with which every body was pleased but the author. He again undertook to refashion his labor, and, after thirteen years of industrious research, printed, in three folio volumes, a third edition of *L'Art de vérifier les Dates*, Paris, 1783—1787. This third edition is regarded by the learned as the noblest monument of erudition of the eighteenth century. M. *Clement* was named a member of the Academy of Inscriptions in 1785, and was collecting materials illustrative of French history, when death carried him off on the 29th of March, 1793, at the age nearly of eighty.'

(Vol. V.) In this volume may be remarked the life of *Benjamin Constant*, of political notoriety, and that of *Cuvier*, which we shall abridge.

'*George Cuvier* was born 25th August, 1769, at Mempelgard, in the department of the Doubs, which city at that time belonged to the Duke of Wurtemberg. His parents were Lutherans, and sent him to a classical school with the view of preparing him for the ecclesiastical profession. He was competitor for an exhibition, which would have removed him to the University of Tübingen: but the partiality of the tutor intercepted in favor of another lad the reward which he had deserved. The injustice, however, was so manifest that it reached the ears of the Prince, who gave him a station in the academy at Stutgard, where he was the fellow-student of the celebrated *Schiller*. He there attended to drawing, and to natural history, collected an herbal, and painted insects from living specimens. On quitting this college, he accepted the place of preceptor in the family of Count *Hericy*, who resided in Normandy, on a district which facilitated the study of petrefactions and of marine productions. His attention to those objects soon brought him into connection with the naturalists of Paris; and he assisted *Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire*, who was attached to the Museum of Natural History, with various memoirs relative to the classification of mammiferous animals. In the third year of the French Republic, M. *Cuvier* was appointed professor in the Central School of Paris, and drew up for his class an Elementary Sketch of the Natural History of Animals. He also became a member of the Institute. When M. *Mertrud* retired from the chair of comparative anatomy, *Cuvier* undertook in his stead that class of lectures, and was soon distinguished by the luminous eloquence of his diction and the original depth of his research. He afterward lectured at the Lyceum, and in the eighth year of the Republic succeeded *Daubenton* as anatomical professor in the college of France. He was much consulted by *Bonaparte* in organizing various institutions for public instruction, and then obtained appointments under government which have been confirmed to him. In his legislative capacity, he readily gave his support to ministerial and even to unpopular measures. The most important and original of his works is intitled *Récherches sur les Ossemens fossiles*, in which he disinters, reconstructs, and resuscitates entire races of lost animals and plants: it is a work of genius, not less than of learning, and forms an epoch in science. The cabinet of comparative anatomy attached to the Botanic Garden owes its institution and arrangement to the interposition of *Cuvier:* who is now a baron, privy-counsellor, officer of the Legion of Honor, and also secretary to the first class of the Institute, and member of the French Academy, besides being an associate of almost all the literary societies of Europe.'

A merited tribute is paid to the character of the late Marquis *Cornwallis;* in the course of which the biographer commits the singular blunder of identifying the Marquis Wellesley with his brother the Duke of Wellington!

In Vol. V. compensation is made for amalgamating the above-named two noblemen into one, by splitting into two persons the Reverend *James Dallaway,* author of well known works on Constantinople and on the arts: an operation which those who know that gentleman's *corporeal importance* might be tempted to excuse according to the rules of proportion; and an offence which those who know his good humor will recognize him as the first to forgive. — Sir *Hugh Dalrymple,* of Cintra memory, is here called Sir *Henry.* — Among other ornaments of this volume are *Decandolle, Delambre, Delille, Denon,* and *Desaix;* and a niche is accorded to our late Duchess of *Devonshire,* who is celebrated for her accomplishments, her beauty, her devotion to the political fame and interests of Mr. Fox, and her poem on the passage of Mont St. Gothard.

(Vol. VI.) In this volume we may distinguish the life of *Dumouriez:* but we shall prefer to abridge that of *Dupuis;* the former being in general well known; and military reputations, unless of the very highest order and most extensive influence, soon fading on the public interest, while those which are founded on literature retain their primary impression.

' *Charles Francis Dupuis* was born at Trie-le-Chateau, in the department of the Oise, October 16. 1742, of poor parents: his father, a schoolmaster, taught him to write remarkably well *, and instructed him in mathematics and land-surveying. The Duke *de la Rochefoucald* saw the lad one day measuring the height of the parish-steeple, and, desirous of encouraging early proficiency, sent him to the college of Harcourt, where he acquired the classical languages, and became fond of the orators. At the age of twenty-four, he took the professorship of rhetoric in the college of Lisieux, and entered himself for the bar, to which he was called in 1770. He soon afterward married. In 1775, he composed a Latin oration on the distribution of the prizes at the University, and in 1780 a funeral oration on the death of the Empress Maria-Theresa, both of which were much admired. In the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions he inserted dissertations concerning the Pelasgi. He attended *Lalande's* astronomical lectures with assiduity, and there conceived the idea of deriving from the primæval star-worship the hieroglyphic fables of the various religious sects. This idea he has perhaps pushed too far: but he has embodied it in a learned and curious work, intitled *Origine de tous les Cultes*, which appeared in 1794, in three quarto volumes. M. *de Tracy* abridged this somewhat tedious production under the title *Analyse raisonnée de l'Origine de tous les Cultes*. — *Dupuis* sat in the Convention, and voted for the detention of Louis XVI. Ultimately, he retired to a country-house in Burgundy, where he died of a putrid fever in 1809.'

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* A rare accomplishment among Frenchmen, who in general contrive to render their writing any thing but *legible* and *legitimate.* For examples, let the reader examine the signatures of the principal compilers of this Dictionary, prefixed to some of the volumes. — *Rev.*

Among the memoirs in this volume, are those of the *Didots*, *Dolomieu*, *Ducis*, Sir John *Duckworth*, *Dugommier*, *Dumas*, *Dupont de Nemours*, *Duroc*, *Dutens*, *Egerton* Duke of Bridgewater, *Eichhorn*, *Eliott* Lord Heathfield, and Sir *Gilbert Elliott*, afterward Lord Minto, (here miscalled *Lord Elliott*,) *L'Epée*, *Euler*, Lord *Exmouth*, &c. &c.

The principal contributors to this work are MM. *Arnault*, *Jay*, *Norvins*, and *Jouy*; which last writer is the most known by his lively essays of the *Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin*, noticed by us in vol. lxxii. p. 465. and elsewhere, and by his work intitled *Morality applied to Politics*, reviewed in Art. VI. of this *Appendix*. To have planned an universal map of living merit and eminence, — to have executed as it were a geography of extant celebrity, — and to have assembled, as if in one apartment, the scattered ornaments of actual human society, the movers of the moving world, — is to have deserved well of the present times. In general, we repeat that the judgments passed on the characters here brought together have considerable equity and liberality, and are likely by their impartiality to anticipate the verdict of posterity: but much of insignificance has also attracted the attention of these nomenclators; they make grave-stones and epitaphs for common earth and oblivious dust: and they must expect to find those memorials frail, which implore the passing tribute of a sigh for the natural "prey to dumb forgetfulness."

No volume beyond the sixth has yet reached us: but it appears from the French news-papers that the work has been continued as far as the eighth; and that for some *extra-liberality* or *deficient loyalty* in several articles of that volume, the authors have been cited before a *Juge d'Instruction*, who will probably give them a political lesson on the literary art of biography, to which their occasional leanings on the side of freedom and patriotism render them exposed from the agents of *ultra-royalism*.

Art. X. *Mémoires de Benvenuto Cellini,* &c.; *i.e.* Memoirs of *Benvenuto Cellini*, a Florentine, Goldsmith and Sculptor, written by himself; interspersed with many curious Anecdotes relating to History and the Arts. Translated from the Italian, by M. T. De Saint Marcel. 8vo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 9*s*.

It is not a little singular that the lively, energetic, and versatile genius of Italy has produced fewer and less excellent memoir-writers than any other civilized state: yet such is the fact. With all her treasures of poetry and art, and warm and animated as is her climate, she has to number in her annals scarcely any other than tedious and prosing historians, whose real merits are sadly deteriorated by the verbosity and inconsequence of their style. Their periods not unfrequently extend over whole pages, and their researches on the most indifferent point will occupy a series of sections. The biographers, also, and auto-biographers, are mostly chargeable with the same failings; and they are cold, dull, and heavy, in proportion as their abilities are opposed to every thing slender and superficial. They may be said to be the heavy ordnance of history; the *materiel* or main support of the parties which they compose; and of a *calibre* altogether discouraging and invincible to most readers. They are also not seldom inconsistent and faulty in their conclusions, and have been often taken to task or wholly displaced by foreign writers, as inadequate to do justice to their own great national characters and achievements.

We are not afraid of being told that this is too sweeping an accusation, or that we are unfairly severe, by those even among the Italians themselves who have attempted to digest the entire works of these giants of literature. Nor will some of their greatest names, — *Guicciardini, Davila*, or *Macchiavelli*, among their political writers, — *Muratori, Tiraboschi, Mazzuchelli*, and *Crescimbeni*, as literary historians, — *Segni, Platina, Gravina, Maffei*, and even *Alfieri*, together with *Lanzi* and *Vasari*, in the history of poetry and the arts, — form exceptions to some of these charges; charges less heavy, indeed, but more intolerable than those of plagiarism, dullness, and verbosity, which are not a little surprizing in southern writers, and are difficult to be endured or forgiven by the German and more northern literati.

They do not even always manifest those more valuable qualities of such species of composition, which we should naturally attribute to the extent of their researches and the prolixity of their language; we mean selection, correctness, and accuracy in their matter; furnishing rather a mass of information, out of which subsequent writers, the Gibbons, Robertsons, *Voltaires*, and *Schlegels* of their age, may gather important facts and incidents, in the formation of works at once more interesting and more analagous to the true nature, objects, and utility, of all memoirs and histories. Yet in this view, as the great precursors and authorities of modern historians, during some of Europe's most eventful periods, the writers of Italy fill a conspicuous and important place in the historical records of the world; while their annals are farther consecrated by Roman recollections, and by scenes enacted on the theatre of old Roman greatness and renown.

In directing our attention to the present work, we have to observe that the task which the most accomplished of the Italian literati, and men of birth, conceived to be beneath their notice, or which they were unable to effect, viz. the power of giving zest, interest, and animation to their memoirs and personal relations, seems to have been left for the genius of an obscure and self-taught artist of the fifteenth century: whose account of his own life and adventures, and of the age in which he lived, though filled with imposture and absurdities, and delivered in a rough provincial dialect, attracted more attention by its humour, anecdote, and vivacity, than any work of a similar kind that had before appeared. It not only ran through several editions in a short period, but was surreptitiously published, and translated into other languages, was read by all classes of people, and was the subject of comment from learned writers and Della Cruscan academies. These honours were, doubtless, little contemplated by *Cellini* when he dictated, with a chisel in his hand, to his apprentice-boy, his observations on the scenes and events in which he had been engaged with princes, popes, statesmen, soldiers, and artists, not less irritable though less courageous than himself. Occupied in numerous employments far less peaceful than that of a goldsmith, (which was his trade,) brave, credulous, and infatuated, many were the assassinations which he escaped, and many those which he committed, though in his code of honor they were deemed strictly honorable. Alternately a favorite and a victim to the caprice of Popes and Princes, he preserved an unconquerable pride and audacity to the last; and, perfectly sensible of his genius and merits, he always asserted his claims to notice on nearly equal and familiar terms, in the presence of nobles and of kings. His interviews with Francis I. and the ladies of the French court, with Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., and with the Dukes of Florence, are described rather with the ease and dignified indifference of one of their friends and equals, than with the pen of a poor artist, thankful for the notice, the patronage, and the protection of the great.

It is this self-consequence, and this determination on all occasions to do himself full justice, combined with a bold and happy manner of delineating characters and events as they passed before him, which form the chief recommendation of *Cellini's* work. The laudatory and triumphant tone assumed throughout is certainly its greatest charm; creating a new species of humor, in the very admiration which he evinces of his own talents and achievements. His defence of the castle of St. Angelo, his imprisonment there, the reception of the bravos hired to assassinate him, and his quarrels with the Pope and Madame *D'Estampes*, are all touched with the hand of a master; exhibiting fine examples of "his vaunting vein," and of the fiery and resolute character which he displayed as well in deeds as in words. In the same spirit, he asserted his title to the rank of nobility, and vindicated his genealogy and a coat of arms belonging to the *Cellini* family among the antient gentlemen of Ravenna. From a man of this kind, the son of a musician, we think that such traits of his life are truly amusing and mock-heroic; and to these features of his character and adventures we propose to confine our attention, in the extracts which we shall make from his Memoirs. In quoting them, we shall avail ourselves of the corrected text of the last English edition, lately published from that of Dr. Nugent, with notes from the Italian edition by Signor *Carpani*, whenever we find it to correspond with that of the French translation before us. On a careful comparison, it appears to us that both, indeed, often vary from the Italian editions, and from each other, in the numerous alterations and omissions which have been made to adapt them to the prevailing taste and delicacy of the modern public. That they have thus lost much of the raciness and genuine humor of the original, and sometimes more than the most fastidious nicety required, will be agreed by all who may have happened to be entertained with the free and unshackled efforts of *Cellini's* gaiety and wit; not regarding a little of the *extravaganza*. The French translation, however, is less chargeable with unnecessary omissions, curtailments, and alterations, than that of the new English edition; which, *on the score of omission*, seems to have sinned at least on the safest side. The former is defective only in a few instances, where common propriety and good manners certainly required erasure. In other points, it is faithfully and well executed; conveying with sufficient ease and freedom the spirit and strong impression of the original.

Passing over the handsome testimonials in favor of these Memoirs, from the pens of numerous friends and contemporaries of the author and of subsequent writers, (among whom Lord Orford declared them to be "more amusing than any novel,") we proceed to give specimens of the author's style and character. — On one occasion, *Cellini* seeing his brother almost killed in a fray, naturally took his part, and was in consequence banished from Florence.

'At this same juncture,' says he, 'an adventure happened to my brother, which was attended by very serious consequences to us both. He was two years younger than I, of a warm temper, and the most undaunted courage; qualities which fitted him for the military school of the illustrious Signor *Giovanni de' Medici*, father of Duke *Cosmo*, where he became an excellent proficient. One Sunday, in the evening, between the gates of St. Gallo and Pitti, having given a challenge to a young man of the age of 20, though he was but 14 himself, he behaved so gallantly, that, after having wounded the youth dangerously, he was on the point of either killing or disarming him. A great crowd was present, and among others were many of his relations: who, seeing the young man hard pressed, took up stones and threw them at my brother's head, who immediately fell to the ground. I who happened also to be present, unaccompanied by friends, and unarmed, cried out to my brother, as loud as I could, to quit the place: but, as soon as I saw him fall, I took his sword, and, standing as near to him as possible, I confronted a great many swords and stones, till some valiant soldiers, who came from the gate of St. Gallo, saved me from the exasperated multitude. I carried my brother home apparently dead, and he was with great difficulty brought to himself, and afterward cured. The Council of Eight condemned our adversaries to a few years' imprisonment, and banished me and my brother, for six months, to the distance of ten miles from the city.' (Vol. i. pp. 14, 15.)

While the author takes care in this passage to acquaint us with his valor, in the following he presents us with virtues of a more tender cast:

'About this period, I sometimes went to draw at the chapel of *Michel Angelo*, and sometimes at the house of *Agostino Chizi* of Sienna, in which were several admirable paintings by that great master *Raffaello de Urbino*. This was only on holidays, because Signor *Gismondo*, brother of the said Signor *Agostino*, was come to live there. The family, however, were greatly pleased when they saw such young men as me frequent their house as a school of painting. The wife of the said Signor *Gismondo*, a most genteel and beautiful lady, having often observed me thus employed under her roof, one day came to examine my drawings, and asked me whether I was a painter or a statuary. I told her that I was a goldsmith; when she replied that I designed *too well for one of that trade;* and, having ordered her waiting-maid to bring her a set of very fine diamonds in the form of a fleur-de-lys, mounted in gold, she desired me to tell their value. I estimated them at eight hundred crowns, and the lady declared that I had judged very rightly. She then asked me whether I would undertake to set them properly, and I answered that I would do it most willingly, and I began the design in her presence, for I took pleasure in conversing with so fair and agreeable a lady. When I had finished my design, another beautiful lady, who had all this while been above stairs, entered the room and asked *Porzia* (which was the first lady's name) what she was about: to which the latter answered, smiling, "I am diverting myself with admiring the drawings of this *ingenious young man,* who is an excellent hand." Though I had acquired some assurance, I had with it a mixture of bashfulness; and I coloured and said, "Let me be what I will, Madam, I shall always be ready to serve you." The lady, reddening a little herself, replied, "You are an able artist, and I have a mind to employ you." She then bade me take the diamonds home with me, and pulling out her purse gave me twenty gold crowns; saying, "Set these diamonds according to the designs which you have drawn, and preserve for me the old gold in which they were mounted." The other lady then said, "If I were the young man, I would go off with what I had obtained." Signora *Porzia* rejoined, "That virtues are seldom coupled with vices, and by behaving in that manner, I should *belie my honest countenance.*" Then taking the other lady by the hand, she turned about, and said to me, with a smile of condescension, "Farewell, *Benvenuto.*"' (P. 200.)

When *Cellini* waited on the lady with the jewels, she was so delighted with them that she desired him to make a farther charge, "to ask something in her power to bestow."

'I answered that the greatest recompence which could crown my endeavors was the satisfaction of having pleased so excellent a lady. This I said in a cheerful way, and having made my bow began to take my leave, declaring that I desired no farther payment; when Signora *Porzia,* turning to the other lady, said, "You see he justifies the good opinion which we had conceived of him;" and they both expressed equal admiration. Signora *Porzia* then said to me, "My good *Benvenuto,* did you never hear it observed that when the poor give to the rich the devil laughs?" I replied that, since he had met with so many vexations, I had a mind that he should laugh for once: but, as I was going away, she said that she did not intend to favor him so much this time.'

It appears that the Signora insisted on his receiving another purse of gold; and when he called to thank her, he added that she had done the reverse of what she said she would:

that he proposed to make the devil laugh, but that she had made him once more renounce God. 'We both were merry on the occasion, and she gave me orders for another fine and valuable piece of work.' His professional labors, however, were soon interrupted by the arrival of the Duke of *Bourbon*; whom he assures us, in his account of the sacking of Rome, that he dispatched during the storming of the city by a cannon-shot.

'The troops of the Duke of *Bourbon* having already appeared before the walls of Rome, *Alessandro del Bene* requested that I would go with him to oppose the enemy. I accordingly complied; and taking one of the stoutest youths with us, we were afterward joined on our way by a young gentleman, of the name of *Cecchino della Casa*. We came up to the walls of Campo Santo, and there descried that great army, which was exerting its utmost force to enter the town at that part of the wall to which we had approached. Many young men were slain without the walls, where they fought with the utmost fury. I turned to *Alessandro*, and spoke to him thus: "Let us return home with the utmost speed, since it is impossible for us here to make any stand; behold, the enemy scales the walls, and our countrymen fly before them, overpowered by numbers." Much alarmed, he answered, "Would to God that we had never come here;" and so saying he turned away in the utmost disorder, in order to depart. I thereupon reproved him, saying, "Since you have brought me hither, I am determined to perform some manly action;" and levelling my arquebuse, where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be elevated above the rest: but a mist prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then suddenly turning about to *Alessandro* and *Cecchino*, I bade them fire off their pieces, and shewed them how to escape the shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of *Bourbon*: for he was, as I understood afterward, that chief personage whom I saw towering above the rest.' (P. 78.)

Though we must receive *Cellini's* representations of political characters and events *cum grano salis*, we find that *Guicciardini* and most other historians are so far agreed in this account of the storming of Rome by the Imperialists, and the death of their leader, that *Bourbon* actually fell by an unknown hand, early in the assault; while, easily distinguished by his white mantle, he had a scaling ladder in his hand, leading up his troops to the walls. Of the distinguished service which *Cellini* professes to have rendered on this occasion, something must no doubt be granted to his vanity and fiery imagination: but, as our object is not so much to extract historical truth as to draw amusement from his Memoirs, we take his assertions on credit, as we would receive those of any other hero of romance; and his defence of the castle not being the least curious and interesting portion of the work, we shall keep an eye on his military operations.

'Quitting our post,' he continues, 'we now passed through Campo Santo, and entered by the quarter of St. Peter; thence we passed behind the church of St. Angelo, and reached the gate of Castello with the greatest difficulty: for Signor *Rienzo da Ceri*, and Signor *Orazio Baglioni*, killed or wounded every body that deserted the ramparts. When we arrived at the gate above mentioned, a part of the enemy had already entered Rome, and we had them at our heels. The Castellan having let down the portcullis, just room enough was made for us four to go in; and no sooner had we entered than the Captain *Pallone de' Medici* pressed me into the service, because I belonged to the Pope's household, and forced me to leave *Alessandro*, very much against my will. At this very juncture, as I mounted the ramparts, Pope Clement (VII.) had entered the castle of St. Angelo, by the long gallery from St. Peter's; for he did not choose to quit the Vatican sooner, never once supposing that the enemy would storm the city. As soon as I found myself within the castle-walls, I went up to some pieces of artillery, which a bombardier, named *Giuliano*, had under his direction. This *Giuliano*, standing on one of the battlements, saw his house pillaged, and his wife and children cruelly used: but fearing to shoot any of his friends, he did not venture to fire the guns, and, throwing the match on the ground, made a piteous lamentation, tearing his hair, and uttering the most doleful cries. His example was followed by several other gunners; which vexed me to such a degree that I took one of the matches, and getting some people to assist me, who had not the same passions to disturb them, I directed the fire of the artillery and falcons where I saw occasion, and killed a considerable number of the enemy. If I had not taken this step, the party which entered Rome that morning would have proceeded directly to the castle; and it might, possibly, have been a very easy matter for them to have stormed it, as they would have met with no sort of obstruction from the artillery. I continued to fire away, which made some cardinals and gentlemen bless me, and extol my activity to the skies. Emboldened by this, I used my utmost: let it suffice that it was I who preserved the castle that morning, and by whose means the other bombardiers began to resume their duty; and so I continued to act the whole day.' (P. 30.)

Attracting the Pope's attention by his skill and bravery, he proceeds to give an instance of those qualities in his Holiness's presence.

'One day, the Pope happened to walk on the round rampart, when he saw in the public path a Spanish colonel, whom by certain tokens he knew; and who stood with a spear in his hand, dressed in rose-colour. I took my swivel, fired it off, and hit the man in red exactly in the middle: he had arrogantly placed his sword before him, with a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece hit against his sword, and the man was severed into two pieces. The Pope, who did not imagine any such thing, was highly delighted and surprized at what he saw; as well because he thought it was impossible that such a gun could carry so far, as that he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces.' (P. 87.)

The hero's defensive operations, however, are rather awkwardly interrupted:

'While I was firing, a cannot-shot fell near me, which hit a part of the battlement, so that its force was considerably spent: but a great mass, falling on my breast, stopped my breath, and I lay prostrate on the ground, but could hear what was said by the by-standers; among others, Signor *Antonio Croce* lamented me as dead, and exclaimed aloud, "Alas, we have lost our best support."'

The castle of St. Angelo was besieged from the 6th of May to the 5th of June; during which time, slaughter and desolation, accompanied by every excess of impiety, rapine, and lust on the side of the Imperialists, devastated the city of Rome. For this picture of horrors we need only refer the reader to the sacking of Rome by *Guicciardini*, by *Jacopo Buonaparte*, and by *Valdes*. The Pope surrendered the castle with all its treasures, and remained a prisoner until the 9th of September; when, disguised as a merchant, he fled almost alone to Orvieto, having learnt too late the folly of relying on conventions. During the siege, *Benvenuto* had been employed by the Pope to melt down all his plate, and his gold and silver vases, to pay the soldiers; and he was afterward accused of having purloined a portion of the precious metals, and imprisoned in the same castlé, whence he made his escape in a most daring and extraordinary manner. The Pope, astonished at this exploit, sent to the governor of Rome, and said to him laughing, "This *Benvenuto* is a brave fellow: the feat which he has performed is very surprizing; and yet, when I was a young man, I descended from the very same place." His Holiness spoke the truth; for he had himself been a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo for forging a papal brief, when he was abbreviator, in the pontificate of Pope Alexander, who kept him a long time in confinement, and formed the resolution of having him beheaded: but luckily he chose to defer the execution till after *Corpus Christi* day; and *Farnese*, having discovered his design, induced *Pietro Chiavelluzzi* to come to him with some horsemen, and bribed several of the guards: so that, while the Pope was walking in procession on that day, Farnese was put into a basket, and with a cord let down to the ground. It is, however, observed by *Cellini* that the precincts of the castle wall had not then been erected, — only the tower; 'so that the Pope had not so many difficulties to encounter in making his escape as I had; and, besides, he was a prisoner for a real crime, and I on an unjust accusation.'

Though this representation may not agree with *Cellini's* own confession elsewhere, that he only put apart *a small portion of* gold-dust for the purposes of his art, the particulars of his trial on the occasion are not the less curious and amusing. *Pier Luigi*, the Pope's illegitimate son, whom our hero held in great detestation, hoping to recover the secreted wealth, persuaded his father to proceed against *Cellini* with great severity, and he was brought before the governor of Rome and other magistrates to undergo an examination.

'They began first to examine me in an amicable manner, but afterward broke out into the roughest and most menacing terms, occasioned, as I apprehend, by this speech of mine: "Gentlemen, you have for above half an hour been questioning me about an idle story, and such nonsense that it may be justly said of you that you are trifling, and there is neither sense nor meaning in what you say; so I beg it of you as a favor that you would tell me what you really mean, and let me hear something like sense and reason from you, and not these idle stories and fabulous inventions." At these words the Governor could no longer disguise his brutal nature, but said to me, "You speak with too much confidence, or rather too much insolence: but I will humble your pride and make you as tame as a spaniel by what I am going to tell you, which you will find to be neither an idle story nor nonsense, but such conclusive reasoning that you will be obliged to submit to it."'

This threat poor *Benvenuto* found to be verified, though his high spirit scorned to yield to the repeated persecutions of the ferocious and avaricious *Pier Luigi*, and the Pope; who immured him in a solitary tower, attempting to wring the secret out of him by means of starvation and oppression. After his surprizing escape, he threw himself on the protection of Cardinal *Carnaro*; who was induced by motives of interest to deliver him again into the Pope's hands, and he was a second time committed close prisoner to the castle of St. Angelo, and treated with the utmost severity by a crazy constable. In spite of the barbarities which he suffered, we are assured of his great resignation under affliction, and of a wonderful vision denoting his speedy deliverance. He also wrote a sonnet on his distress, which softened the heart of the constable; and at last he obtained his liberty.

Among some of the best scenes in which *Cellini* figured, we must include the exhibition of his statues before Madame

D'Estampes, the king's favorite, and the court of France; together with his quarrel with that lady, and some of the cardinals; and his presentation of the Pope's gifts to the Emperor Charles V. The manner in which the Pope prepared him for the grand occasion, and schooled him as to the words that he should use, with *Cellini's* raillery and flattery of the Pope, is humorous and amusing.

'When I carried the book to his Holiness, he appeared to be highly pleased with it; consulting me respecting the excuse to be made to the Emperor for the non-completion of the work. I said that the most plausible apology was my being indisposed, which his Imperial Majesty would be very ready to believe on seeing me so pale and emaciated. The Pope answered that he was satisfied with the excuse, but desired me to add in his name that, in presenting his Majesty with the book, I at the same time made him an offer of myself. He then suggested the words that I was to pronounce, and the way in which I was to behave. These words I repeated in his presence, asking him whether he approved of my delivery; and he replied that, if I had but the confidence to speak in the Emperor's presence in the same manner, I should acquit myself to admiration. I replied that, without being in the least confusion, I could deliver not only those words but many more, because the Emperor wore a lay habit like myself, and I should think I was speaking to a human form: but it was quite different when I addressed myself to his Holiness, in whom I discovered a much more awful representation of the divine power, as well because of his ecclesiastical ornaments, which were heightened by a sort of glory, as on account of his venerable and majestic age; all which circumstances made me stand much more in awe in his presence than in that of the Emperor.—The Pope then said, "Go, my good friend, *Benvenuto*; acquit yourself like a man of ability, and you will find your account in it." (P. 216.)

Cellini was accompanied in his mission by Signor *Durante*, the Pope's chamberlain, with a present of two fine Turkish horses.

'We all went together; and, when we were admitted into the presence of that great prince, the two *horses* entered the place with so much stateliness and ease, that both the Emperor and all the by-standers were astonished. Whereupon *Durante* advanced in the most aukward and ungracious manner, and delivered himself in a sort of Brescian jargon, with such hesitation, and so disagreeably, that the Emperor could not help smiling. In the mean time, I had already uncovered my work; and, perceiving that his majesty looked at me very graciously, I stepped forwards and expressed myself thus: "Sire, our Holy Father, Pope *Paul*, sends this office of our Lady as a present to your Majesty. It was written, and the figures of it were drawn, by the ablest man whom the world ever produced. He presents you also with this rich cover of gold and jewels, though it be as yet unfinished in consequence of my indisposition: on which account his Holiness, together with the book, presents me also, desiring that I should come to finish the work near your sacred person, and also serve your Majesty in whatever you require, as long as I live." To this the Emperor made answer: "The book is highly agreeable to me, and so are you likewise: but I wish you to finish the work for me at Rome; and when it is completed, and you are thoroughly recovered, I shall be glad to see you at my court." In the course of his conversation with me, he called me by my name, at which I was greatly surprized, as not a word had passed between us in which it had been mentioned. He told me at the same time that he had seen the button of Pope *Clement*'s pontifical habit, on which I had designed such admirable figures. In this manner, we protracted our discourse for the space of half an hour, talking on many other curious and entertaining subjects. I acquitted myself, on the whole, better than I expected; so that, when the conversation came to a pause, I bowed and retired. The Emperor was then heard to say, "Let five hundred gold crowns be given to *Benvenuto* immediately.' (P. 216.)

These specimens will be deemed sufficient to give a tolerably accurate idea of *Cellini*'s peculiar merits, by all those who know how to appreciate the genuine "spirit of his book," with all its defects and absurdities.—The astonishing credulity, bravado, and coarseness in which it abounds,—its fiery and bold impressive character,—and the marks of originality, genius, and humor every where abundantly manifested,—are attractions too powerful to be resisted; and we yield to their impression with the same luxurious feeling as to that of a first rate novel or romance. In such a light, indeed, and such only, ought we to view the *personal* achievements of *Cellini*: but on matters of more disinterested import we may generally consider his remarks as both highly curious and valuable. The friend and pupil of *Michel Angelo*, his productions and his treatises on works of art are far from being unworthy of that great and enlightened master: while his intimacy with all the first painters and sculptors, and his frequent interviews with princes, commanders, and prelates, afforded him a wide range of observation and experience, of which he has availed himself to give us a series of admirable sketches of society and manners, and of the secret character and opinions of the most celebrated personages in the sixteenth century. They little imagined, while allowing him such facilities of access, that they were *sitting for their portraits*;—stooping from the formality and state-dignity of their rank, to have their peculiarities and failings "set down and conned by rote," in the hands of an adventurous artist.—On the whole, we may say of this uncommon and entertaining work what *Baretti* and many of *Cellini's* contemporaries have said before us, that "no book is better worth reading in our language than the Life of *Benvenuto Cellini*, written in the Tuscan dialect." He is a real hero, who wins for himself a reputation, puts himself on a level with sovereigns, struggles even against the popes at Rome itself, and at Paris refuses to submit even to the influence of Madame *D'Estampes*, the favorite mistress of Francis I.

ART. XI. *Histoire de l'Administration des Secours Publics, &c.*; *i. e.* A History of the Administration of Public Charities, &c. &c. By Baron DUPIN. 8vo. pp. 470. Paris. 1821. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 9*s.* sewed.

THIS general view of the charitable institutions in France betrays occasionally an air of gasconade, but altogether exhibits considerable research, and is digested in a clear and perspicuous method. One half of the work is occupied with details respecting hospitals for invalids; of which M. DUPIN examines in succession the antient and the present state, the permanent and occasional funds, and all the circumstances of internal administration. The second part comprehends the charities for foundlings; and the last gives the state of the poor-laws in France. The Revolution, as it caused changes in every part of the kingdom, and indeed gave a fresh tone to every thing in French manners and opinions, produced a new æra in their charitable institutions, particularly in their hospitals; and it cannot be doubted that much mismanagement was checked, and many abuses rectified, by the investigations which then took place. Still, the tide of popular opinion was so strong against all antient establishments, and especially against any thing which tended to perpetuate the mischiefs of priestcraft, that many benevolent usages were discountenanced as connected with superstition, and some entirely discontinued. The meritorious attendance of the nuns to comfort and relieve the sick was for a while wholly interrupted, and the severities which visited the abuses of abbeys extended in their effects to suppress the tender offices of humanity.

M. DUPIN speaks with great judgment and discrimination of the varying views of governments, together with the slow progress of the true science of legislation: he mentions several instances relating to the subject of his work, in which changes that have been rejected with scorn in one age, as fantastical innovations, have been adopted and recognized in another as valuable improvements; and he seems to indulge the hope that, as knowlege is advanced, the happiness of society will be still farther extended. He assures his readers that he shall be but little satisfied with the execution of his own book, if it merely gratifies their curiosity to know what has already taken place; without leading them to make active exertions on behalf of the suffering and indigent part of the community, and to forward any measures which may appear yet more conducive to their relief than those that have been already devised.

With regard to mendicants, nearly the same regulations have been adopted in France as in this country for their suppression. The metropolis no longer swarms with sturdy beggars; and in the provinces, wherever mendicity-societies have been established, the old and the maimed have been maintained, and the idle have been compelled to work. The law directs that

' "All persons who are found begging, in a place which has a public establishment for preventing the necessity of begging, shall be punished with imprisonment from three to six months, and, at the expiration of their term, shall be taken to the mendicant-establishment. In places where no such establishment exists, healthy beggars shall be punished with imprisonment from one to three months; and, if they are taken when out of their own district, the imprisonment shall extend from six months to two years. All beggars, even the disabled, who make use of threats, or who may have entered, without leave from the proprietor or people of the house, either into a habitation or into a neighbouring inclosure, or who pretend to be wounded or infirm, or who beg in a party, (unless they are husband and wife, father or mother, and their young children, or a blind man and his leader,) shall be punished with imprisonment from six months to two years. All beggars, or vagabonds, who may have been seized or found concealed in any way whatever, either bearing arms, although they may neither have used nor threatened to use them, or provided with files, picklocks, or other such instruments, whether to commit robbery or to perpetrate any other crime, or to break into houses, shall be punished with imprisonment from two to five years. All vagabond-beggars, who are discovered with effects on them above the value of 100 francs, and who cannot explain how they obtained them, shall be punished with imprisonment from six months to two years. All beggars and vagabonds, who have committed an act of violence on any body, shall be punished with solitary confinement, with the addition of greater punishments, if necessary, on account of the nature or the circumstances of the injury.

' "All vagabonds and beggars, who have committed any crime for which they are liable to compulsory labour for a time, shall receive such punishment in addition. The penalties enacted against individuals carrying false certificates, false passports, or false papers of the road, shall be always enforced to the highest degree, when applied to mendicants and beggars. — Vagabonds and beggars, who have suffered the penalties named above, shall remain afterward at the disposal of government." '

Baron Dupin complains that, in several of the provinces, imaginary obstacles are allowed to prevent the establishment of mendicity-societies; and that this law does not produce all the benefit which might be expected from it, because the beggar is able to say that he is willing to work but no work can be provided for him.

The public situation which the author holds, as '*Conseiller Maitre à la Cour des Comptes*,' has enabled him to enter into very minute details of the revenues of the different charitable establishments; and, on the whole, the volume before us contains a body of information at once minute and valuable, and such as must prove highly acceptable to those who are interested in promoting the welfare of the lower orders in France, or even in England. The account of the different hospitals in Paris is written in a manner particularly clear and succinct: but it is too long to be extracted, and we dare not venture to make an abridgment.

Art. XII. *Histoire des Croisades*, &c.; *i. e.* A History of the Crusades, Fourth Part, containing the Two Expeditions of Saint Louis, the Wars of the Christians against the Turks, and general Remarks on the Result of the Crusades. Vols. IV. and V. Also, the Bibliography of the Crusades, containing an Analysis of all the Chronicles of the East and West which treat of those Events; in Two Volumes, forming Vols. VI. and VII. By M. Michaud, of the French Academy. 8vo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Pric 2*l.* 2*s.*

M. Michaud has at length completed his laborious history of the Crusades. We have already noticed[*] the earlier parts of his work with qualified approbation; and a perusal of these later volumes confirms us in the sentence which we then passed, on the abundance of the author's industry, on his deficiency in judgment, and on his want of those enlarged views of human nature and of society, which are absolutely necessary to qualify any writer to appreciate justly the benefits and the mischiefs resulting from these Quixotic enterprizes of the dark ages. It is true that at the beginning of the last century, and particularly in France, it was very much the fashion to consider the Crusades as productive of unmixed evil; and the writers of the day thought that they could not sufficiently expose the arts and imposture of the Popes, and the delusion of the general body of Christians, without proving at the same time that this warfare of bigotry and infatuation recoiled with unqualified evil on those who commenced it. M. MICHAUD seems anxious, in his holy zeal, to go into the other extreme; and, as many advantages certainly did accrue from these circumstances to literature and to the arts, though such benefits were little connected with the object of the adventure, or within the contemplation of the adventurers, he chuses to fancy that it is the mere obstinacy of modern *philosophy* to characterize these holy wars as mad in their projection and absurd in principle. Perhaps, indeed, he considers himself as bound by the rules of his knighthood, (as belonging to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and of the Holy Sepulchre,) and justified by the spirit of certain parties and the revival of other orders in France in the present day, to maintain that infidels may be edified by the sword; and that Christianity permits the extermination of those perverse beings who will not listen to self-evident truths, and refuse to be converted.

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[*] See Monthly Review, N. S. vol. lxxi. p. 493.; vol. lxxvii. p. 520.; vol. lxxxvii. p. 519.

We know not whether it be the spirit of worldly hypocrisy, or the spirit of religious enthusiasm, or that strange mongrel spirit which is yet without a name in our language but is a compound of the two, and is more prevalent than either of them among political devotees, that has possessed the brain of M. MICHAUD: but so it is that even the last crusade, and the abundant follies of Saint Louis in Egypt, are recorded by him with unaccountable admiration for the wisdom and sanctity of the monarch; and with a sort of indefinite wish that the days in which religion had such a happy influence on the lives and conduct of men, and when popes could govern kings and kings govern subjects as they listed, might once again shine on Europe, and exalt France as the leader of the champions of the faithful. The machinery of the political system, however, has been much altered since the times on which his imagination dwells with so much fondness and regret; and other powers have been brought into the ascendant, to diffuse their influence over great events. The days of crusadism, we hope, are passed away; and the favorite notions of the present author on the supremacy of the Pope, and the mediate agency of legitimate despots, are as obsolete as the congenial dreams of judicial astrology.

"*Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.*"

The last Crusade, and general reflections on the effects of those expeditions, occupy the fourth and fifth volumes. After having commented with so much frankness on the general bearing of M. Michaud's reflections, we have much pleasure in extracting a passage in which it will be seen that, now and then, clearer views of the state of society pressed themselves on his attention. The concluding observations on the circumstances in which Spain was placed, we think, are particularly just.

'The glory, which the emperors of Germany acquired by their conquests, was only personal glory, and could not interest the German people. This display of their power had nothing in common with the nation over which they ruled. As soon as this power ceased to be a bond, and a support of the people, they separated themselves from their chiefs, and each sought his safety, or his advancement, in his own strength. — This gave rise to a state of things which was more unfortunate perhaps for Germany than the absolute authority of the emperors; for, from the ruins of imperial grandeur arose a number of states, opposed one to another by a variety of laws and a spirit of rivalship. All those ecclesiastical and secular principalities in which a monarchical spirit prevailed, those towns in which a spirit of liberty fermented, and a nobility was animated by the hopes of an aristocracy, could have neither the same interests nor the same views, nor could their efforts be directed towards one common and salutary end.

'The Popes, after having destroyed the power of the Emperors, wished to dispose of the broken sceptre of Charlemagne, and offered it to all those who longed to satisfy their vengeance. A crowd of princes was then to be seen, who, protected by the court of Rome, made pretensions to the empire; and the more the number of pretenders increased, the more ruinous became the state of the empire. In the midst of these civil dissensions, Germany lost for ever her political union, and in the end lost also her religious union.

'In order to judge how difficult it was to put in motion this enormous mass, which was called the German confederacy, it is sufficient to observe, in the 14th and 15th centuries, how numerous were the diets which assembled to deliberate on the war with the Turks, and in which even the actual presence of danger could not make them come to an energetic decision for the safety of Germany.' —

'In each European nation, there was at that time an overwhelming power, or rather authority, which was, as it were, a rallying point; a centre round which a society was formed, and united its strength to defend its political existence. Italy had not, like France and other countries, this inestimable means of preservation. Nothing better proves the state of dissolution in which this rich country was, than the manner in which she endeavored to maintain her independence in the middle ages. That separation into several states, that division of territory, that immense population formed into a thousand parts, all betray the absence of every tie, or of any common centre. Italy included many various people: twenty republics had each their own laws, interests, and history.

These perpetual wars with the inhabitants of the same city, these quarrels with the different republics, the constant necessity of calling in strangers to support their cause, the suspicion which fell more on the citizens than on the hired adventurers, all tended to efface the true sentiment of patriotism, and caused even the name of the Italian nation to be forgotten.

'The feudal system was abolished sooner in Italy than elsewhere: but with the feudal system vanished also the antient honor of the valiant, and the virtues of knighthood. In republics defended by mercenaries, valor, and the generous sentiments accompanying it, are no longer esteemed. Passion has no longer any curb either in the laws or the opinion of man; and it is in this sad period that we behold burst forth the hatred and vengeance which appear to us hardly probable when represented in our tragedies: — nothing is more afflicting than the spectacle of Italy in the fourteenth century; and we may say that Dante had only to look around him for the model of his *Hell*.

'Society, always ready to dissolve, appeared to have no other spring of action than the violence of party, no other life than discord or civil war: there was no guard against licentiousness but tyranny; and against tyranny nothing but the despair of faction, or the poignard of conspirators. As the strength of the greater part of these small states, which filled Italy, was rarely proportioned to their ambition, — and as the princes, or the citizens, for the same reason which rendered them weak, were at once deficient in both moderation and courage, — they sought their elevation or their safety by any means that treason or perfidy could suggest. Conspiracies, insurrections, and the most odious crimes, appeared justifiable, and requisite to support their quarrels, or to satisfy their ambition or their jealousy: in a word, morality disappeared, and then was formed that school of politics of which we find the lessons or rather the satires in the work of *Macchiavel*.

'It has been said that the Italians had the first idea of what statesmen call *political balance:* but we do not think that Italy can claim such an honor: for that which is called political balance is not an invention, but the natural resource of weakness which seeks a support. Following the progress of events, we see that this long boasted system became unfortunate for Italy, by inviting thither those conquerors who have made it, even down to our days, the theatre of the most bloody wars.

'At the time of the Crusades, the cities of Lombardy, and the republics of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice, had attained great prosperity, derived from the trade with the East which Italy carried on before the Crusades, and which she continued, with all the advantages that were opened to her by trans-marine enterprize.

'Finally, these republics, which disputed the empire of the seas, though they occupied only a nook of land in the Mediterranean; which had their eyes fixed on Syria, Egypt, and Greece; and which left to strangers the care of defending their territory, arming their own citizens solely for the protection of their commerce; these mercantile republics were much more fit to enrich

Italy, than to maintain among the Italian people the feeling of real independence.

'We must, however, admire the republic of Venice, whose power had every where preceded the arms of the Crusaders, and whom the people of the middle age ought to regard as the queen of the East. Her decline began only when the progress of navigation, to which she had so much contributed, opened at length a way to the Indies, and led to the discovery of the New World. The greatest part of the other republics had neither the same splendor nor the same duration; and many among them, particularly those in which democracy prevailed, had disappeared, at the end of the Crusades, in the chaos and tumult of the civil wars. In their stead, dukes and princes arose, who substituted the intrigues of politics for popular passions, and sometimes indulged their ambition in favoring the revival of literature and the arts, the true glory of Italy. — The kingdom of Naples and Sicily, situated at the extremity of Italy, was the route of the Crusaders to Greece and the East. The riches of that country, which appeared to have no guardians, and a territory which its inhabitants never knew how to defend, must often have tempted the avarice and ambition of the princes, and even of the knights, who went to seek their fortune in Asia. The history of this fine state, indeed, is interwoven for more than two centuries with that of the holy wars; and the Crusades often served as a pretext or an occasion to make a conquest of it. All the wars undertaken for the kingdom of Naples, which exhibited more monstrous crimes than glorious exploits, and more revolts than battles, completed the corruption of the Neapolitan character; which was always remarkable for a disposition to shake off the yoke of the reigning government, and for extreme resignation in submitting to the yoke of the conqueror.

'In thus glancing over the different countries of Europe, it is striking to observe the great diversity in the manners, institutions, and fate of their inhabitants. How can we trace the progress of civilization in the midst of so many republics and monarchies, some emerging brilliantly from the bosom of barbarism, while others are falling in ruins? Or how can we shew the influence of the Crusades through so many revolutions, which had often the same cause, though their effects were so different, and frequently even so opposed to each other? Spain, to which we are now going to turn our attention, will offer to us new pictures, and furnish us with fresh subjects of contemplation.

'Throughout the whole course of the Crusades, Spain was engaged at home in defending itself against the same Saracens which the other inhabitants of Europe were fighting in the East: but there were some Christian kingdoms at the north of the Peninsula, which began to make themselves formidable under Sancho the Great, King of Castile and Aragon. The valor of the Castilians, supported by the example of the Cid and the influence of chivalric manners, and assisted by warriors who joined them from every province in France, had succeeded in regaining Toledo before the end of the eleventh century. The conquests of the Spaniards, however, did not answer the brilliant expectations raised by their first successes; for the provinces were no sooner regained from the Moors than they were formed into separate kingdoms, and the power of Spain, so divided, was in fact even weakened by its own victories.

'The invasion of the Moors in Spain bore some resemblance to that of the Franks in Asia. As it was the Mohammedan religion which excited the Saracen warriors to battle, so it was the religion of Christ which inflamed the zeal and ardor of the soldiers of the Cross. Often had Africa and Asia replied to the appeal of the Mussulman colonies in Spain, in the same manner that Europe had answered the cry of alarm of its Christian colonies in Syria. In both cases enthusiasm gave birth to prodigies of valour, and kept fortune suspended for a long time between the contending people and their disputed religions.

'A spirit of independence naturally arose among the Spaniards in the midst of a war in which the state had need of all its citizens, and in which each citizen consequently acquired a great degree of importance. It has been justly remarked that a nation which has performed great actions, and a whole people that have been called to the defence of their country, entertain an exaggerated notion of their rights, are more exacting, and sometimes unjust to those who govern them, and are often tempted to employ against their sovereigns the strength which they had directed against their enemies. Thus it may be seen in the annals of Spain, that the noblesse and the people have shewn themselves more turbulent there than in any other country, and that monarchy was more limited there than among other European nations.

'The institution of the Cortes, the enfranchisement of the Commons, and a number of privileges granted to towns, soon testified to the Spaniards the decay of the feudal system and of the absolute power of the kings. If we argued from the public acts of the legislature, we should imagine that the Spanish nation had enjoyed liberty before all the other people of Europe. But, in such unsettled times, we must not judge of the liberty of a nation by what passed in the political tribunes, or by charters and institutions alternately obtained by violence and destroyed by force, and always situated between two rocks,—monarchy and despotism. The history of Spain at this period is filled with crimes and monstrous deeds, which injure the cause of princes not less than that of the people; and which prove at least that manners did not keep pace with the laws, and that institutions created in times of public discord had not softened the national character.

'In the midst of the revolutions which agitated Spain, political feelings sometimes even obliterated the recollection of the dominion of the Moors. When at the end of the thirteenth century the Mussulmans, defeated by John of Aragon, abandoned the Baleares, and the kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, the Spaniards all at once suspended the progress of their arms. While in the East the victorious Mamelukes had redoubled their efforts to chase the Franks entirely from the coasts of Syria, in the West the

> Moors remained for two centuries in possession of a part of Spain, without the Spaniards making any serious attempt to regain their own country. The standard of Mohammed waved over the cities of the kingdom of Grenada, down to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; and it was only at that epoch that the Spanish monarchy sprung all-powerful out of the chaos of revolutions, and revived in the people that warlike and religious enthusiasm which achieved the expulsion of the Moors. Then was this struggle terminated which had lasted during eight centuries, and which, according to Spanish historians, had occasioned three thousand seven hundred battles. Such continued fighting, which was like one long crusade, must have been a school for valor and heroism. The Spaniards were in fact considered, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as the bravest and most warlike nation in Europe. Philosophers have endeavored to account by the influence of climate for the fierce and haughty spirit, as well as the grave and austere demeanour, by which to this day the Spanish nation is distinguished: but it appears to us more natural to seek for an explanation of this national character in a war both patriotic and religious, in which twenty successive generations concurred, and the dangers of which would naturally inspire so many serious reflections and promote so many noble sentiments.'

This view of Spain, however, leads M. MICHAUD to some reflections, not in absolute justification, but in mitigation and extenuation, of the "Holy Inquisition:" but we forbear to continue an extract, for the present length of which we ought perhaps to apologize to our readers. We were anxious to do justice to the author; and the view which we have copied is in fact the most judicious passage which we have perused in the whole work.

Volumes VI. and VII. are occupied with what the writer terms the Bibliography of the Crusades; consisting of a review of the original and contemporaneous writers on those expeditions, and an analysis of the contents of the principal Chronicles respecting them. He accordingly specifies the authors whom he has found adapted to his purpose in the extensive collections of French historians by *Bongars*, *Duchêne*, *Martenne*, *Durand*, *Mabillon*, and the Benedictines; in the collection of English authors by Gale; of German authors by *Struvius*, *Heineccius*, *Pez*, and others; in *Baronius*'s Ecclesiastical Annals; and in Rymer's *Fœdera*. These sources have been before examined by the principal modern writers on the Crusades, and particularly by Gibbon among our own countrymen: but M. MICHAUD's industry has engaged him also in an examination of the Oriental Chronicles; and, by the assistance of some friends conversant in the eastern languages, he has given valuable abstracts of such parts as are connected with the subjects of the Crusades. Some of the translations of important passages at full length, which he has interspersed, are exceedingly curious, and, as to all the principal events, corroborative in an extraordinary degree of our western annals: while the inflation and figurative language of the East give them a very amusing air.

Our readers may perhaps be pleased with the details of the death of the famous Saladin, and of the siege of Koukabac, which we quote as favorable and at the same time characteristic specimens of the Oriental Chronicles; and we are glad to close our remarks with such interesting results of the present author's indefatigable research.

'At the beginning of the year 1193, Saladin was most prosperously situated at Damascus, and, with Malek Adel, absented himself for a fortnight to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. On his return, his brother quitted him in order to repair to his principality of Carac, without knowing that he took leave of him for ever! On Friday, the 21st of February, the Sultan mounted his horse to go and meet some pilgrims from Arabia. When on horseback he was generally clad in a cuirass made either of leather or hemp: but on this occasion he forgot it.

'It happened that a considerable crowd was assembled at the same place, either to see the pilgrims or in honour of the presence of the Sultan. The Prince, on welcoming their arrival, shed tears of commiseration, and reproached himself with not having shared their happiness. After the ceremony, Saladin returned to the citadel. On Saturday, he felt an unusual numbness, and on the following night had an access of bilious fever, and his illness assumed a serious aspect. On the fourth day he was bled, and from that time he continued to grow worse. On the ninth he was seized with an universal tremor, accompanied by delirium, so that it was not possible to make him swallow any medicine. In the mean time, the report of the Sultan's illness spread rapidly through the town; grief and consternation were painted on every countenance; the merchants no longer exhibited their goods; and it would be in vain to attempt to paint the state into which every one was plunged.

'On the twelfth day, that is to say, in the night preceding the 27th, the Sultan was at the last extremity; and the iman of the mosque of Kellasch went to the citadel in order to pass the night with him, and not quit him until after his death. Saladin expired on the following Wednesday, after morning prayer. He was washed by the khaytyb of Damascus. On the same day the body was placed on a covered bier, and they ascertained whether the money, which was employed to purchase the stuffs used to wrap it, was lawfully gained. On the same day, also, after the usual prayers, he was buried in the citadel, on the very spot on which he had died. His son, Malek Adel, received the customary compliments, and omitted nothing that could restore tranquillity to the minds of his people. "Every heart," said Boha'eddin, "was a prey to grief; every eye was moistened with tears; and the affliction was so general that they forgot to plunder the city." Malek Adel built, later than he had intended, a mausoleum near to the grand mosque, on the site of a house which had belonged to a rich man; and three years afterward he removed into it the body of his father, and accompanied the procession himself on foot, from the place in which he had deposited the corpse to the habitation prepared for its ultimate destination. After the prayers were concluded, the body was put into the ground, and Malek Adel retired into the palace, where for three hours he received compliments of condolence. Gitt'alscham, on this occasion, distributed considerable sums of money to the poor.

'Saladin was born at Tegrit on the Tigris, and died at the age of 57 (lunar) years, after having reigned over Egypt 24 years, and about 19 in Syria. At his death, he left in his treasury only 47 pieces of silver, (about 30 francs,) which were all that remained of the revenues of Egypt, Yémen, Syria, and a part of Mesopotamia. In such a prince, this was doubtless a proof of an excess of liberality, since he left neither house nor property.

'Saladin was never known for a moment to put off the performance of prayers; and he never offered them up except in company. When he undertook an enterprize, he put his trust in Providence, without believing that there was any more virtue in one day than in another. His manners were mild: he was patient under contradiction; and he shewed great indulgence to the faults of those who served him. If his self-love was wounded by any remark, he took no notice of it, and shewed no ill will to the person who had made it. One day, when he was seated in his own house, a Mameluke threw his boot violently at the head of one of his comrades; but, instead of striking the fellow's head, it fell quite close to the Sultan, and he was very near being hit by it. This kind-hearted prince, however, turned his head, and seemed not to perceive it.—In conversation he was reserved; his example inspired others with the same self-command; and nobody in his presence would dare to defame a fellow-creature.—With Saladin (said Emad'eddin his secretary) died all great men; with him all merit disappeared; goodness became unfashionable; the wicked might enjoy themselves; all rational happiness was extinguished; the earth was filled with darkness; the age had to deplore its phœnix;—and islamism lost its support.'—

'*Siege of Koukabac.*

'While Safed was closely besieged, the Franks who were collected at Tyre reasoned thus: If Safed is taken, Koukabac will not resist; and we shall be deceived in our hope of retaining it. We ought therefore to send it prompt assistance, and perhaps it may courageously resist till the arrival of our princes from the West. They therefore dispatched 200 men, who dispersed themselves in the vallies, and laid ambushes in the defiles. It happened that one of our Emirs, being hunting, met one of these Infidels, who was astonished at finding him in this place; and, by threats and punishments of various kinds, he forced him to confess where his companions were concealed. While they were expecting nothing, Saam'eddin fell on them with his troop, chased them all from their retreats, and not one escaped. We, who were engaged at the siege of Safed, were ignorant of all this, when Saam'eddin arrived with his prisoners in chains.

'Afterward (*proceeded Omad*) we came to Koukabac, and we found this fortress as if it were attached to the stars; it appeared like the eirie of eagles, and the dwelling-house of the moon. It was inhabited by barking dogs, and perfidious wolves, who excited hatred: they said among each other, "If there be only one of us left, he will maintain the order of the Hospitalers, and will preserve it for ever from infamy, for the Franks will return into these countries; and in the mean time let us defend ourselves with all our strength." The siege began; the walls, attacked by machines, gave way, and we made large breaches in them. The season was a severe one; the rain was abundant; the torrents increased; the tents were overthown into the dirt. We were constantly occupied in driving into the ground the stakes by which they were held, and which were drawn out every moment: but the cords becoming loosened the tents fell. The sky was darkened by storms. Notwithstanding the torrents of rain, drink was scarce: the roads were either slippery or dirty; and, although once broad, they were become narrow. The Sultan moved his tent to a spot whence he could see the barriers which had been raised. He ordered all the baggage to be transported to the foot of the mountain, and attacked the citadel with great vigour. Every morning and every evening we went to him to offer him our salutation, and proceeded in our work till the miners had succeeded. The Infidels then deemed it proper to submit, and abandoned the citadel. The Sultan offered the government of it to several of his Emirs, and Scheimaz was forced to accept of it, in spite of himself. Saladin then returned to his camp in the province of Gour.

'The following details, relative to what passed at the siege of Koukabac, are to be found in a letter written by Fadel to the Prince of Yémen:

'"This city is the dwelling-place of the Hospitalers, and the abode of infidelity. It is the usual residence of the grand masters of this order; it is the depôt of their arms and provisions; and it serves as the point of union of the roads. We have waited for an opportunity to attack it, and this siege has terminated all the others. The roads are now safe and quiet. We are in peaceable possession of the fortresses, and Tyre is now the only city that is wanting to us. If this town were not succoured by vessels which approach its walls, it would soon be in our power, and the refractory persons within it would be forced to yield us obedience. Heaven be praised, they are not in an ark which protects them, but rather in a prison! They are captives, although they may have been freely dismissed; they are dead, although living. God has said, Do not oppress them, but God has appointed their time. We came to Koukabac; after having made ourselves masters of Safed, which belonged to the Templars; we have taken Karac and its citadel. The divan of Syria has learnt how painful, difficult, and embarrassing a work this has been to the Musulmans. Nothing is heard in the towns of Syria but conversations on the unjust and presumptuous conduct of the Infidels. When we came to Koukabac, the winter was very severe; the sky surcharged with clouds; the hills covered with snow; the vallies resounded with the noise of the waters rushing down into them; overwhelming torrents leaving visible signs of their passage, by furrowing the ground, and depositing their slime and mud at the foot of the mountains. The mud rendered the roads impracticable, and even an unincumbered man walked in them as if his feet were in shackles. Our soldiers, and we ourselves, supported courageously the fatigue of the journey, and combated at once both the enemy and the season: our good fortune crowned us with victory. God knew our motives, and seconded our endeavours. He saw our sincerity, and gave us success.

' " There were none among the Franks but barking dogs, deceived by Satan. If we had not attacked them on all sides, they would have rushed on us like lions. Falsehood would have triumphed over truth. Our brothers of Alexandria, the Emperor of Constantinople, and the governors of the western provinces, have all written to acquaint us with what the foe proposed to do against us. They informed us that, excited by anger, our enemies had lighted the flame of war, which they wished us to commence, and they had unsheathed the sword to attack us: but they shall soon restore it to its scabbard. The disciples of error had made a treaty among them. May God confound them! With his assistance we shall repulse his enemies. Let us supplicate God to strengthen our hearts, and to keep us united. If our hearts are weak, it is to be feared that we shall be divided.

' " We shall attack Antioch this year, and shall send our son Mozafa to besiege Tripoli. Malek Adel will remain in Egypt, and guard the country; for it is said that the enemies have planned an invasion of this coast, and intend to disperse their troops through this kingdom and in Syria. Our minds will not be perfectly tranquil until Sefaysislam has entered the maritime places; when, with the sword in hand, he will watch over the towns that we have taken, and reduce those that we have not yet been able to render submissive to our power. Great men only can be chosen to perform great actions; honourable men can alone make a figure on the amphitheatre! Whatever God decrees, that will be performed. His will surmounts all obstacles. If he pleases, he can make us conquerors over a great multitude, although we ourselves may be only a small number of warriors." '

Art. XIII. *Virginie*, &c.; *i. e.* Virginia, or the Enthusiasm of Honor; founded on the Roman History, with Notes. By Madame Elizabeth C * * *, Author of *Emile et Rosalie*. 4 Vols. 12mo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 15*s*.

More historical novels! and by the pleasing but somewhat trifling writer of "*Emile et Rosalie*." Really the French public ought to confess its obligations, by a deputation of novel-readers (all ladies), to the great unknown Scotch novelist: for he has not only been valuable to them as the skilful manufacturer of a new material, but he has set them the example of producing a similar sort of article for themselves. A few of the French ladies, we think, have done themselves credit by the imitation, and seem to have carried their ingenuity of taste in ornamental work into the productions of the imagination. We consider the specimen before us as of a richer and more durable quality than the former efforts of Mad. C., which, nevertheless, underwent too severe a scrutiny from the foreign party-critics of the day: for, since the reign of the *De Staels*, the *Genlis*, the *Montolieus*, and the *Cottins*, seems to be nearly closed, we do not see how the lighter writers could be better employed than by encouraging a taste for more pure and elevated models than they in general possessed; nor how they could, on the whole, have been expected by the Parisian critics to have acquitted themselves better than they have done, — without even taking into consideration that many of them are fair candidates in this new career. Their productions at least cast no disgrace on their names by any of the usual sins of dullness, licentiousness, and frivolity.

The tale before us is written in a series of letters; and the epistolary form has long been the favorite of the French novel-reading public, though it appears to be fast wearing out. In some prefatory remarks on historical romance, the fair author manifests much good sense and good feeling; affording a pleasing earnest of those powers which are by no means wanting in her work. Indeed, it has much more of a Roman air and character than we could have supposed; unless we were inclined to attribute a larger proportion of classical and antiquarian study to the ladies of France, than we might be justified in doing. In this instance, however, we observe a consistency, and, if we may so express ourselves, a native Roman resemblance and probability in the different characters, incidents, and descriptions, which can only be the result of extensive reading and accurate observation. Mad. C. appears, likewise, to have perused the best French critics; and to have so far profited by them, as to avoid the danger of rendering herself obnoxious to the observation quoted from *Boileau*:

> " *Gardez vous bien de donner, ainsi que dans Clelie*
> *L'air ni l'esprit Français à l'antique Italie ;*
> *Et sans des noms Romains faisant nôtre portrait,*
> *Peindre Caton galant, et Brutus dameret.*"

'My sex,' she observes, 'my youth, French habits and education, as well as the character of my first work, all combined to mislead me, and augur the failure of my undertaking. If I do not greatly deceive myself, however, *Virginia* is SOMETHING more than an elegant young Parisian belle, Terentillia not a mere *merveilleuse*, nor Virginius a *petit-maitre*.' Although this species of self-assertion goes a little farther than English feminine courage would venture, we are ready to admit, on the evidence of the book itself, that Madame C. has some ground for the remark. It manifests something more than an attempt to catch what may fairly be supposed to be the spirit and peculiarities belonging to the government, social habits, and manners of the people in republican Rome; and the author, indeed, assures us that she more than once perused Plutarch, Livy, and many others of the antient writers, with the view of rendering her portraits and descriptions more probable and correct. Her delineations are often conveyed in eloquent and pathetic language, with an earnestness of manner which confers an air of originality and truth.

The picture of Appius, flying from the vengeance of the people, is naturally and powerfully touched, and not a little characteristic of the author's general style.

> 'Appius descends precipitately from his tribunal, places himself at the head of his satellites and lictors, and rushes on the consul Valerius, to wreak all the fury with which he is animated by being disappointed of his prey. Virginius beholds him, and, bounding forwards with the spring of the lion, deals desperate blows with the fatal knife: — "Strike, strike, O citizens; — let us rid ourselves of a monster, whom the furies have long devoted to the infernal abodes!" The Romans follow him; furiously repulsing the lictors, trampling the sacred ensigns of their power under their feet, and striving to reach Appius himself. Every thing is converted into a weapon in their hands; and their idols, Thermes, broken hatchets, fly in a shower round the decemvir. He hears the imprecations of Virginius, and "Death to the tyrant!" repeated amid a storm of hisses and stones that impede his way. Abandoned at last, fear-stricken, and alone, he covers his ears with his robe from the stunning curses that pursue him, and flies for refuge to the Temple of Courage, whence he had once torn Vitellia; the only place which divine justice offered to his view.'

The procession of the dead body of Virginia through the streets of Rome is also sketched with much historical truth and feeling: but we have not room for farther quotation, on so well-known a subject.

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